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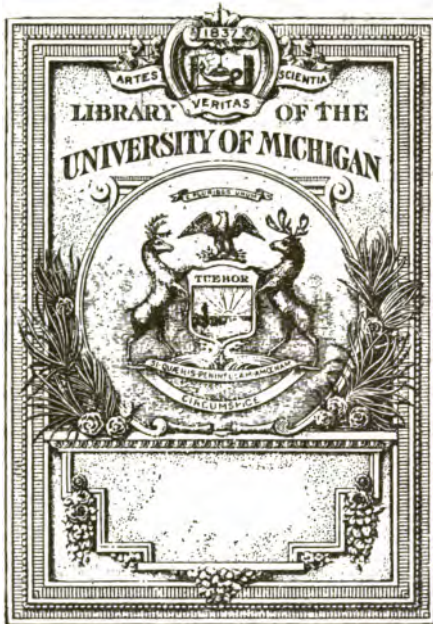
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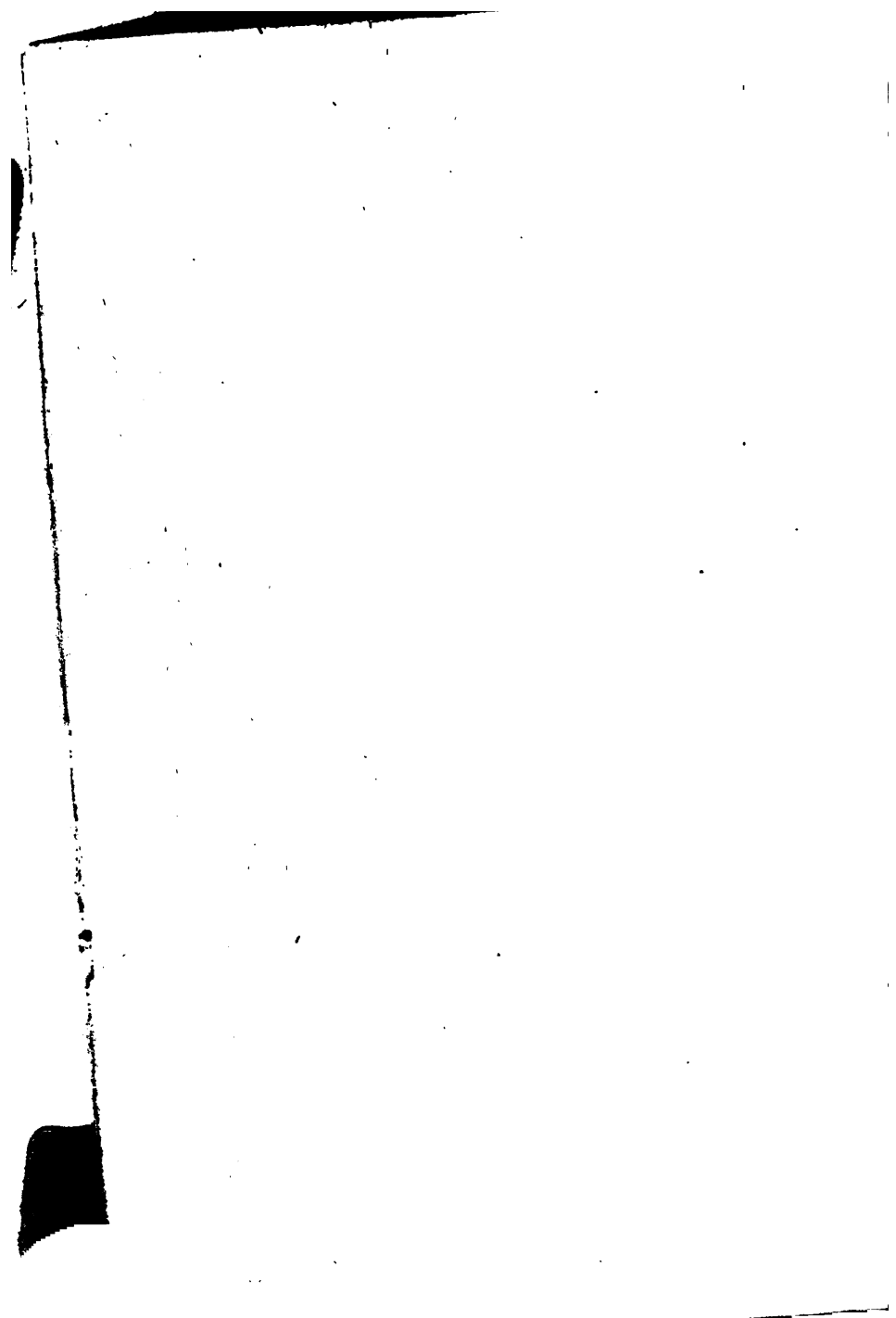
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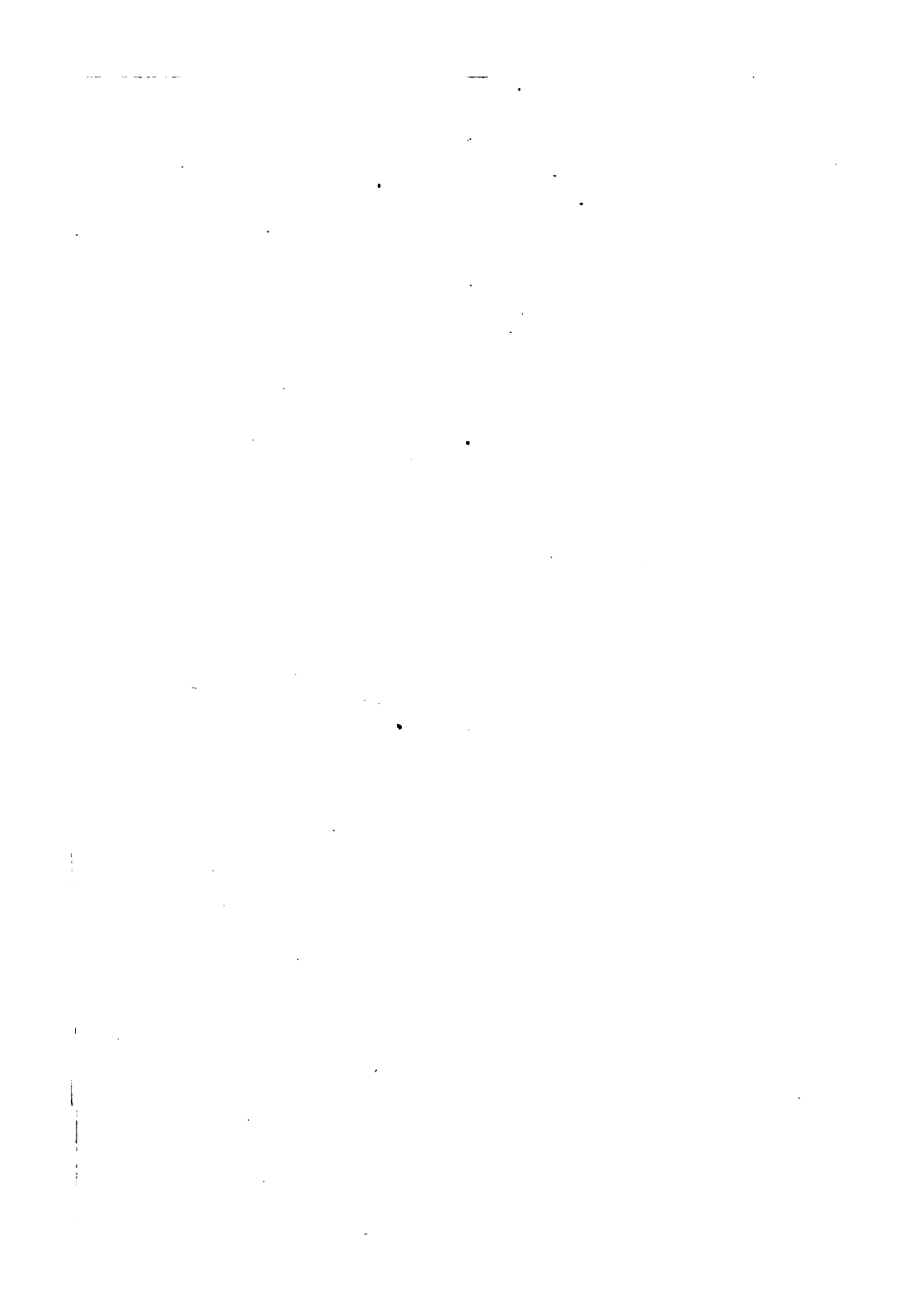
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*A. Sidgwick. 1905*

**INTERLUDES  
IN  
VERSE AND PROSE**









*Go Tevelyan*

1881.

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# INTERLUDES

IN

## VERSE AND PROSE



By THE RIGHT HON.

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, BART.

HONORARY FELLOW, AND FORMERLY SCHOLAR, OF  
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE



LONDON  
GEORGE BELL AND SONS

1905

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CHISWICK PRESS : CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

## PREFACE

THE pieces in this volume were written from forty to forty-five years ago; but they are still in fairly brisk demand. The author has thought it advisable, while time is left to him, to revise and rearrange them; and they here appear in the shape in which he would desire them to be read.

With the exception of the prose passages from the "Competition Wallah," they are little altered from their earliest form; for their merit is youth, and that quality would only be spoiled by fastidious re-handling. Some few personalities have been expunged; although many more remain. After this length of time personal allusions cannot hurt, whether or not they retain any power to amuse. One of these productions is pretty deeply coloured by politics; but those politics are now ancient history. It is curious to remember that the "Ladies in Parliament," after having been accepted for a first-class magazine, and actually set up in type, was on second thoughts reluctantly declined by the editor on the express ground that it contained passages which were too respectful to Mr. John Bright.

Much of the book was collected into a small volume by Messrs. Bell, in the year 1868, and has since formed part of the Bohn Series. The extracts, in verse and prose, from the "Letters of a Competition Wallah," were written, in their original shape, in the year 1863. They appear here with the kind acquiescence of Messrs. Macmillan.

WALLINGTON,  
Cambo,  
Northumberland.  
*August, 1905.*

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**HORACE AT THE UNIVERSITY  
OF ATHENS**

**1861**

**B**



**T**HIS little extravaganza is at the disadvantage of having been composed for acting, and altered for printing. It lays claim, however, to perfect historical accuracy, as it faithfully records the known occurrences in the life of Horace;—his residence at Athens as a student, his enlistment in the Republican army, his behaviour at Philippi, his pardon at the instance of Maecenas, and his appointment to a post in the Roman Treasury. It was written in the summer of 1861; as may be seen from the allusions to the battle of Manasses Junction, and to the University Volunteer Corps, which then had all the popularity of a recent institution.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AUGUSTUS.

MAECENAS.

BRUTUS.

CASSIUS.

CAIUS,

BALBUS,

HORACE,

DECIUS MUS,

SEMPRONIUS VIRIDIS, *a Freshman,*

} *Students of the University of  
Athens.*

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE PUBLIC ORATOR.

QUINTUS RUSSELLUS MAXIMUS, *the Special Correspondent of the*  
*"Acta Diurna."*

THE GHOST OF CAESAR.

LYDIA.

STUDENTS, SOLDIERS, GUARDS, etc.

## SCENE I

*In front of the great gate of the College. LYDIA'S  
house on the left of the stage.*

CAIUS *and* BALBUS *in cap and gown.* HORACE *and*  
DECIUS MUS *lounging in the background.*

*Caius.*—What time d'ye call it, Balbus? Why,  
good heaven,  
I do declare it's only half-past seven!  
And I was up last night till after two,  
And lost,—the Furies know how much,—at loo.  
As I was dreaming how you trumped my knave  
The bell its matutinal warning gave:  
Forth from his cosy bed the student shoots  
Clad in a toga and a pair of boots,  
Knocks down his soap-dish, blunders with his  
brushes,  
And, half-undressed, to morning temple rushes.

*Bal.*—Pray: who's that young Apulian? To my  
knowledge  
I was on nodding terms with all the college.

*Cai.*—That? Why, 'tis little Horace. Don't you  
know him?  
The same that got the Chancellor's Prize Poem;  
Who wears six rings, and curly as a maid is;

Who's always humming songs about the ladies;  
Who never comes inside the gates till four;  
Who painted green the Senior Tutor's door.  
I'll make you both acquainted. Here, my fuchsia,  
This is the famous freshman from Venusia!  
And this is Balbus, cleverest of dabs  
At losing races and at catching crabs.  
As to his antecedents, you must look  
In the first page of Henry's Latin Book.

*Hor.*—Can this be Balbus, household word to all,  
Whose earliest exploit was to build a wall?  
Who, with a frankness that I'm sure must charm  
ye,

Declared it was all over with the army.  
Can this be he who feasted, as 'twas said,  
The town at fifty sesterces a-head?  
But, while the thankless mob his bounty quaffed,  
Historians add—that there were some who laughed.  
I should be deeply honoured if I might  
Secure your presence at my rooms to-night.  
A friend has sent me half-a-dozen brace  
Of thrush and blackbird from a moor in Thrace.  
These we will have for supper, with a dish  
Of lobster-patties, and a cuttle-fish;  
While those who have not dined in hall may rally O  
Round that gigantic mess beginning galeo—  
Lepado—temacho—and the Lord knows what.  
You'll find it all in Liddell and in Scott.

*Bal.*—A thousand thanks: the honour will be  
mine.

But our Homeric lecture stands for nine.

Let's go to breakfast, Caius; since I hate  
To scald my mouth for fear of being late.

[*Exeunt all but HORACE and DECIUS MUS.*

*Hor.*—My Decius, since our earliest private school  
You always were my fond and faithful fool.  
I ate the blackberries: you scratched your legs.  
I took the nests: you blew the addled eggs.  
When we stole out at night to see the play  
'Twas you, not I, who could not sit next day.  
And now we live, a pair of trusty friends,  
With common pleasures and with common ends.  
To you, my Decius Mus, to you alone  
I trust the secret that I burn to own.  
Why is my colour gone, my visage lank?  
Why did I steer our boat against the bank?  
Why is my wine untasted in the glass?  
Why do I tremble when the Proctors pass?  
By Proserpine below, by Jove above,  
By mine own head I swear that I'm in love!

*Dec. M.*—Don't swear so loud. I've not the slightest doubt of it.

I never knew the time when you were out of it.

*Hor.*—'Tis true! 'Tis true! But this is not the same.

So pure, so ardent, and so bright a flame!  
Oh face! oh form celestial!

*Dec. M.*— I knows her.

*Quis multâ gracilis te, Pyrrha, in rosâ?*

*Hor.*—Pyrrha, the faithless sorceress!

*Dec. M.*—

Ah, I see!

*Extremum Tanaim si biberes, Lyce.*



Or her you told us of last night when beery,—  
*Dic et argutae properet Neaerae.*

*Hor.*—My sweetheart, Mus, outshines Neaera far  
As D'Orsey's comet<sup>1</sup> beats the polar star.  
Unkind as Lyce, and than Pyrrha giddier,  
Whom can I mean but lovely wayward Lydia?

*Dec. M.* [*aside*].—Perdition catch this fellow and  
his curls!

That such a doll as this should please the girls!  
Lydia, my fondest hope, my only joy!  
[*Aloud*] Horace, you're taken in this time, my boy.  
Your darling Lydia is not all you think.  
For a young lady she's a whale at drink:  
And, though I don't believe the fact the least,  
They say she went to the Olympian feast  
In young Muraena's drag.

*Hor.*— They lie! They lie!  
They dared not breathe a word if I were by.  
I love her, though she's petulant and cruel,  
As Radley boys adore the Reverend Sewell.  
And now I've come to spend some anxious hours  
Prostrate before her threshold, crowned with flowers.  
Such was the custom, as good scholars know,  
Of classic lovers long long time ago.  
And if they doubt it, let them please to look  
At my sixth line, ode twenty-fifth, first book;

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1860 the Rev. Mr. D'Orsey obtained the Chancellor's medal for a poem on the Great Comet of 1858. This gentleman soon after became English lecturer at Corpus College, and commenced a course of instruction in clerical and public elocution: an undertaking in which the undergraduates of the day chose to discover something ludicrous.

And as a penance let them learn by heart  
The note by Anthon, and the verse by Smart.

*Sings.*

“Wake, O wake, my soul’s enchantress!  
Listen to your lover’s pleadings!  
Recognize in each effusion  
Doctor Bentley’s various readings.  
Fair as golden Aphrodite;  
Piquante as Rebecca Sharpe;  
Worthy of the pen of Trollope;  
Theme for old Anacreon’s harp;  
Colder than out-college breakfasts;<sup>1</sup>  
Harder than the Old Court stones;  
Beam upon me from the window;  
Have compassion on my groans!”

[HORACE *lies down on the threshold of* LYDIA’S house  
*LYDIA opens the door, and stumbles over him.*

*Lyd.*—Plague take you, Horace! See, you’ve torn  
my gown.

Get up; and don’t stay sprawling like the clown  
Who lies with fiendish craft athwart the floor,  
Then knocks at some unconscious tradesman’s door.  
Come, don’t look like a fool, because you’re not one!  
But use your tongue:—at least if you have got one.

*Hor. [Getting up].*—When like Diana’s sorb, serene  
and bright,

<sup>1</sup>The kitchen being within the Great Court, it is needless to describe the condition in which stewed kidneys or curried fish arrived at lodgings distant half a mile from the college gate.

You rise resplendent on my aching sight,  
My senses with a strange emotion swim,  
And a cold shudder runs through every limb.  
My eyes are dazzled, and my features glow,  
As when a student in the Little-Go  
Draws from his breast a surreptitious Paley,  
Notes the contents, and floors the paper gaily;  
Then sees with horror in the gallery frowning  
Some dread examiner from Cat's or Downing.

*Lyd.*—What have you brought me, Horace? You  
shall rue

Unless it's something elegant and new.

*Hor.*—Alas, my charmer, I have nought to bring.  
I am too poor to buy a brooch or ring.

*Lyd.*—Don't talk of brooches or of rings, you dove  
you,

'Tis for yourself, yourself alone, I love you.  
Since I've been here I've had a hundred dangles,  
Lords, Fellow-Commoners, and Senior-Wranglers,  
Scholars, Smith's Prizemen, Deans, Professors,  
Dons,

Fellows of Trinity, and Queen's, and John's;  
But none like you, from all that brilliant throng,  
I've loved so readily, or loved so long.

Your wit's so racy, and your words so glowing,  
Your dress so spicy, and your wink so knowing.  
Your songs are better than ten thousand purses;  
So run me off some amatory verses.

I'll be your critic:—and beware, I tell ye.  
You'll find me worse than Hermann or Orelli.  
But first we'll try one figure of the dance,

A thought pronounced, that Balbus learned in France:  
(Confound my stupid head! I mean, in Gaul;)  
The year he brought me back my Cashmere shawl:

[*Dance. Exit HORACE.*

*Dec. M.*—You faithless baggage, am I so much dirt,

That thus before my very nose you flirt?  
Have I not lain long evenings at your door?  
My whole allowance spent, and hundreds more?  
When the last Isthmian contest had begun,  
And the two-thousand-drachma race was run,  
Did I not bet my money on a screw  
That I might lose four dozen gloves to you,  
White kid and primrose, sixes and a quarter?  
Was it for this I jilted Gnatho's daughter?  
Was it for this I got on the Committee,<sup>1</sup>  
And sent you all my tickets? More 's the pity!

*Lydia.*—And if you did, though even that is false,  
Did I not dance with you the fifteenth valse?  
And would have tried a galoppe with you gladly,  
Except for very shame, you waltzed so badly.  
You purchased me the gloves; (may harpies tear them!)

But what of that? I let you see me wear them.  
Do what you will: your time and money waste:  
But pray allow me to consult my taste.

*Dec. M.*—For your sake, Lydia, while you still were mine,  
They gated me for half the term at nine:  
And for your sake uncounted sums I owe

<sup>1</sup> The Committee of Management of the Bachelors' Ball.

To Gent and Matthew, Litchfield, Ingrey, Rowe.  
And yet you still my hand and heart despise,  
Won by the glances of a Freshman's eyes.  
You and your minion all your lives shall cuss  
The day you played the fool with Decius Mus.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*The Rooms of HORACE.*

BALBUS, CAIUS, HORACE, DECIUS MUS, *and others,*  
*at table.*

## SONG

"Natis in usum laetitiae."—ODE XXVII. Book I.

To fight o'er cups for joy ordained  
Suits well barbarian morals.  
Let us our blushing Bacchus keep  
From taint of bloody quarrels.

For Median daggers ill agree  
With beer-cup rich and brown:  
So rest your elbow on the couch,  
And take your liquor down.

Come, drink about! and, if you wish  
That I should do the same,  
I must request yon Junior Soph  
To tell his sweetheart's name.

Bend close this way.—Ah, wretched boy,  
You're not her only suitor.  
That lady has been long engaged  
To our Assistant Tutor.

*Dec. M.*—Horace, your supper has been quite  
the thing.

You entertain as bravely as you sing.  
I'm just three-quarters drunk, and tightly filled  
With roast, and boiled, and stewed, and pulled, and  
grilled.

But there is one sad void within your doors,  
One vacuum which nature most abhors.  
For nought avails the spiced and bubbling bowl,  
The pea in season, and the roe of sole,  
Without fair woman, nature's proudest boast,  
To pour the coffee and dispense the toast.

*Hor.*—That shall be remedied, or Pluto's in it;  
For I'm expecting Lydia every minute.

*Dec. M.*—Things must be wonderfully changed  
of late

If she's allowed to pass the college gate.  
I'll lay a mina on it.

*Hor.*— Done with you,—  
That she'll be here to-night.

*Dec. M.*— I'll make it two.

*Enter LYDIA disguised as a Bedmaker.*

*Sings—*

“I make the butter fly, all in an hour:  
I put aside the preserves and cold meats,

Telling my master his cream has turned sour,  
Hiding his pickles, purloining his sweets.  
I never languish for husband or dower:  
I never sigh to see gyps at my feet:  
I make the butter fly, all in an hour,  
Taking it home for my Saturday treat."

*[Discovers herself.]*

*Hor.* Oh, Lydia dear, I greatly fear  
The porters will look blue, love,  
On learning how you've tricked them now.  
It surely can't be you, love!

*Lyd.* But if the Dean my form has seen,  
Then you'll be up a tree, love.  
I could not wait outside the gate;  
And so it's really me, love.

*Hor.* Well: Lydia dear, now you are here  
We'll have a game at loo, love;  
Although I'm told the punch is cold  
With waiting long for you, love.

*Lyd.* Oh, bother punch! I've had my lunch,  
And afterwards some tea, love.  
A glass of sling is just the thing,  
And quite enough for me, love.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS VIRIDIS, a Freshman from  
Gallia Cisalpina.*

*Hor.*—Behold the prototype of Verdant Green!  
*S.V.*—Are these the chambers of the Junior Dean?

*Hor.*—Sir, I'm the Junior Dean.

*S. V.*—

I wish to state

The reason of my coming rather late

To early lecture on last Friday week.

*Hor.*—Young man, I bid you pause before you speak.

So grave a breach of college rules, by Castor,

Must come before no other than the Master.

In suppliant garb arrayed you'll duly call

Where stands his Lodge adjacent to the Hall.

There ask his pardon. If he chance to scold,

Back your entreaties with a piece of gold.

[SEMPRONIUS *begins to go.*

Stay for a moment; let me ask your name.

*S. V.*—Sempronius Viridis.

*Hor.*—

The very same!

I knew your father. Tell me, if you can,

Does he not look an oldish sort of man?

*S. V.*—Yes, that he does.

*Hor.*—

I fancied I was right.

Hair gray, or now perhaps a little white?

Sit down, and join our company, my boy,

Let's give an hour to chat and social joy.

The gravest of us now and then unbends,

And shares his old Falernian with his friends.

*Caius.*—But first, my dear Sempronius, pray let us

Inquire if you've ascended Mount Hymettus

To see the Term divide; for, if I'm right,

That incident comes off this very night.

*S. V.*—Does it indeed! I thank you from my heart.



If that's the case it's almost time to start.  
I don't like walking late in cap and gown,  
For fear of being beaten by the Town.

[CAIUS removes his gown, and substitutes his own, which is old and ragged. Dance expressive of remonstrance on the part of SEMPRONIUS, and derision on that of the others. They hustle him out.]

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS with Recruiting Ribbons.*

*Hor.*—Why here's two heroes coming to recruit us.

What is your business, pray?

*Bru.*— I'm Marcus Brutus:

And this is Caius Cassius, a name,  
Thanks to Will Shakespeare, not unknown to fame.  
We found our country groaning, and to ease her  
We sent to his account great Julius Caesar.  
But young Augustus with a hungry pack  
Of veteran troops came yelping on my track;  
While Antony, more truculent by far,  
Cries "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war.  
There must be here some smart young fellows  
willing

To serve their country, and to take the shilling.  
We find the uniform.

*Hor.*— And what's the pay?

*Bru.*—Your wine, and twenty sesterces a day.  
The bounty will be paid as best it can,  
For Brutus is an honourable man.  
Then there's the glory, and the smiles of beauty,

And some one else to take your turn of duty.  
Is there one true-born son of Rome who fears  
To meet the shock of Caesar's hireling spears,  
With me to conquer, or with me to die?  
If any, speak! I pause for a reply.

*All.*—None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.*— Then none have I offended.  
But now we'll go! 'Tis time this scene were ended.  
We start to-morrow, by Apollo's grace,  
On the main route for Macedon and Thrace.  
So get your kits packed up, and don't be late.  
The convoy's due at seven fifty-eight.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

### SCENE III

*The Senate-House of the University. AUGUSTUS, MAECENAS, the VICE-CHANCELLOR, the PUBLIC ORATOR, DECIUS MUS, LYDIA, STUDENTS in the Gallery, etc.*

*V. C.*—Your Royal Highness, wearied with the  
jars  
Of civil discord and intestine wars,  
Has for a while withdrawn you from the strife  
To taste the sweets of Academic life:  
And we have done our utmost to prepare  
A varied and enticing bill of fare.  
First, with absorbing interest you'll see  
Maecenas take an honorary degree.  
Next, Decius Mus,—of whom we're justly proud,

A youth with parts and modesty endowed,  
 On whom our fondest expectations hang,—  
 Will speak a complimentary harangue:  
 Which will be followed by a feast in hall,  
 Succeeded by a supper and a ball.

*Aug.*—Think you that to a fool I've such affinity  
 As to consent to dine in hall in Trinity?  
 I know a thing or two of your head waiter.  
 But let that pass:—I thank my Alma Mater  
 For all the kindness she deems fit to show;  
 And in return this favour I bestow.  
 In honour of my uncle I will found  
 A Julian scholarship worth sixty pound.  
 Examiners,—the Lecturer on Greek,  
 The preacher at St. Mary's for the week,  
 The last Seatonian prizeman, and the Deans  
 Of Pembroke, Corpus, Sidney, Christ's, and Queen's.  
 They will examine, such are my intentions,  
 In plane astrology of three dimensions. [*Applause.*  
 And in return, for purposes of state,  
 I shall make bold to take the college plate,  
 And lay a tax of ninety-nine per cent  
 On all the Fellows' stipends and the rent.

[*Great sensation.*

And now we will proceed, if so you please,  
 At once to the conferring of degrees.

PUBLIC ORATOR *leads up* MAECENAS.

*Pub. Or.*—Praesento tibi hunc baccalaureum, cui  
 reservatur sua senioritas. [*Cheering.*

*V.C.*—Maecenas, vir amplissime, edite atavis regi-

bus, O et praesidium et dulce decus nostrum, confirmo tibi tuam senioritatem. Neque dubitari potest, vir reverende atque doctissime, quin si natum haberem tuo ingenio praeditum, omnes omnia bona dicerent, et laudarent fortunas meas—

*STUDENTS in the Gallery.*

Three cheers for Caius Caesar!  
Three groans for Mr. Bright!  
And now, in hopes to please her,  
Three cheers for the lady in white!

*V.C.*—Since classic phrases pall on minds so weak,  
'Tis time for Decius Mus to rise and speak!

*Dec. M.*—Let me unfold before your royal ear  
The doings of the Academic year.  
Religious education and sound knowledge  
Have flourished generally throughout the college:  
Although the chapel-clerks, astounding fact,  
For every surplice seven-and-six exact.  
The porters too, who really should know better,  
Charge us a half-penny for every letter.<sup>1</sup>  
The Fellowships have gone, save one in three,  
In inverse ratio to the degree:  
And we expect next year a Junior Op

<sup>1</sup> This impost dated from the time when the postage of letters was heavy, and demanded a plentiful store of cash, and careful accounts, on the part of the officer whose business it was to take in the correspondence of a numerous society of people. Those who had the principal interest in the question,—the porters themselves,—credited the couplet with the abolition of the tax.

Will, by the aid of book-work, come out top.<sup>1</sup>  
 We've a Hall Steward, who becomes the place,  
 And draws his salary with wondrous grace;  
 But no one can perceive, as I'm a sinner,  
 A very marked improvement in the dinner.  
 We still consume, with mingled shame and grief,  
 "Veal that is tottering on the verge of beef";  
 Veal void of stuffing, widowed of its ham,  
 Or the roast shoulder of an ancient ram.  
 Illustrious founder of a mighty line,  
 Go forth, and seize the sceptre that is thine!  
 Thou who hast studied in thine uncle's school:  
 For he did rear a race he might not rule,  
 (Although he paid for it exceeding dear:)  
 So thou shalt rule a race thou didst not rear.<sup>2</sup>

[*Applause.*]

<sup>1</sup> In the first edition the above four lines, the dearest the writer ever penned, were suppressed at the last moment, and fresh matter substituted. But a thrifty bookbinder used the rejected pages to strengthen the covers of a certain number of copies, so that the purchaser could gratify his curiosity by the simple process of holding up the binding to the light. Few,—and, least of all, the then Master of Trinity,—could be induced to believe that the author was not a party to this suicidal policy.

<sup>2</sup> These lines were a parody on a passage well known at the time, occurring in the prize poem on the subject of The Prince of Wales at the tomb of Washington.

"For he did rear a race he might not rule.

So thou shalt rule a race thou didst not rear."

The university lyre, which for long past had given forth very feeble strains, was just then falling into the hands of a Cheltenham freshman, the late Mr. Frederick Myers, who in this performance gave promise that was worthily fulfilled by the all too little which he gave to the world.

*Aug.*—Upon my word, young man, you make me proud,  
Although you need not bellow quite so loud.  
So well you've learnt your speech, so nicely said it,  
It does yourself and your instructors credit.  
And therefore, in return, I'll not refuse  
Whatever boon you ask. Look sharp and choose.

*Dec. M.*—Then will your highness get me back,  
I pray,  
A female slave of mine who's run away?  
Restore the lass. I ask but for mine own.  
As lively Lydia through the town she's known,  
Free in her manners, saucy in her speech.  
While others strive a high ideal to reach,  
And labour to become whate'er they would be,  
She still remains no better than she should be.  
There stands the wench, blue-girdled round the waist.

*Aug.* By Hercules, this Decius Mus has taste.  
Well, since you say she's yours in justice, take her;  
And if she won't go with you,—why, I'll make her.

*Lyd.*—Sir, I entreat you by her name that bore you,  
By that dear maid whose beaming eyes adore you,  
Save me, O save me, from that bitter fate,  
To be betrayed to one I scorn and hate.  
I hate him, for he's rude, untidy, black,  
In debt to Parfitt, Warwicker, and Flack,  
To sum up all, deny it if he can,  
A jealous, hideous, odious Ten-year Man.

*Aug.*—Take off the girl!

*Lyd.* Oh, Sire!

*Aug.* Have done, I say!

I can't be waiting here the livelong day.

[*LYDIA is dragged off. Scene changes.*]

#### SCENE IV

*In front of BRUTUS's Tent.*

*HORACE on guard. Enter CAIUS.*

*Cai.*—Horace, my lad, I thought I heard you singing,

And so I've come, these slight refreshments bringing.

We'll drain a bumper to your absent Lydia,

The sweetest girl from Britain to Pisidia.

And that reminds me. Some one in the band

Has brought a letter, in a female hand,

Addressed to you: an obol to be paid.

[*CAIUS delivers the letter.*]

*Hor.*—There's something wrong with Lydia, I'm afraid.

What's this? [*Reads.*] "My Horace, 'tis not yet too late

To save your darling from a dreadful fate.

The fatal time draws nigh. Haste, haste, and save!—" [*Dashes down the letter.*]

Shall Lydia be my faithless rival's slave?

Caius, 'tis now the time to come down handsome.

You shall provide the money for her ransom.

*Cai.*—But all my ready cash has gone in liquor  
For your consumption.

*Hor.* Well then, pawn your ticker.

*Cai.*—But why not pawn your own?

*Hor.* Oh, heartless friend,  
Your selfish words my tender bosom rend.  
Was it for this I loved you as myself?  
Was it for this I freely shared your pelf?  
Was it for this your board I nightly graced,  
And criticized your wines with faultless taste?

*Sings.*

We were fresh together.  
I never can forget  
How in October weather  
On Parker's Piece we met;  
Nor how in hall we paid so dear  
For shapeless lumps of flesh,  
And sized for cheese and college beer,  
When you and I were fresh.

We were Junior Sophs together,  
And used one Paley card.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The card alluded to was an epitome of The Evidences of Christianity, which work formed one among the subjects of the Little-go examination. In this synopsis doctrinal arguments were summed up in rude Hexameters and Pentameters for the assistance of treacherous memories. The eleven proofs of the authenticity of the Historical Scriptures were contained in a couplet of barbarian jargon.

"Quoted, sui generis, vols, titles, publicly, comment,  
Both sides, without doubt, attacked, catalogue, apocryphal."



They plucked my every feather,  
A usual fate, but hard.  
You got the Craven and the Bell,  
While I in folly's mesh  
Without a single struggle fell,  
When you and I were fresh.

We're Questionists together;  
We both have reached the verge  
And limit of our tether,  
The hood of fur and serge.  
Though this should be a Federal firm,  
And that a hot Secesh,  
We'd fondly still recall the term  
When you and I were fresh.

*Enter BRUTUS, at the head of his army.*

*Bru.*—Halt! Right face! 'tention! Don'tbecrowd-  
ing there!

You seem to think we're forming hollow square.  
Now, since this neighbourhood is somewhat damp,  
To-morrow morning we shall strike our camp,  
And, having marched some twenty miles with unc-  
tion,

Take up our ground beyond Philippi junction.  
When the first beams of Sol the meadows kiss,  
Be all of you prepared to start. Dis-miss!

*[Exeunt all but BRUTUS.]*

*The Stage grows dark.*

There's nothing stirring all along the line.

Boy, place a chair, and bring a flask of wine.  
I'll sit a while alone, and drown my sorrow,  
And think about my tactics for to-morrow.

[*Sits and sips. Ghost of CAESAR rises, to music.*

Unless I'm wrong, this Massic's rather fruity.  
I'll have another bottle.

*Ghost.*

Et tu, Brute!

SONG AND DANCE.

I shrink from the light,  
But at dead of night  
In a ghastly polka skip I:  
And all this way  
I've come to say  
That I'll meet you again at Philippi.

*Bru.* I very much rue  
That I ran you through.  
I've been a terrible rip, I.  
But please, Sir, don't!  
I hope you won't .  
Ever meet me again at Philippi.

*Ghost.* By the light of the moon  
I have come full soon  
All armed with Tisiphone's whip, I.  
Your sins shall be lashed,  
And your hopes all dashed,  
When I meet you again at Philippi.  
[*Exeunt dancing.*

## SCENE V

*The Plains of Philippi. BRUTUS and CASSIUS at the head of their army.*

*Bru.*—Cassius, the fatal hour is drawing nigh.  
The time has come to conquer or to die.  
That veteran force at which you daily scoff  
Is marching to the fight some furlongs off;  
While all our three-months' volunteers go home,  
And meet a cordial welcome back to Rome.  
'Tis time to form my soldiers for the fight.  
Fall in! Attention! Number from the right!

*[That manœuvre takes place with the usual success. The Army marches out. Alarms. Excursions. The Army rushes in again in confusion.]*

*Enter QUINTUS RUSSELLUS MAXIMUS.*

*Rus.*—What means this most discreditable bustle?  
I am the correspondent, Quintus Russell.  
Describe the enemy, that I may draw him.

*Sol.*—We can't describe him, for we never saw him.

*Rus.*—You never saw the foe! This is indeed  
A most confused, unsoldierlike stampede.  
I never met with such a shameful scene,  
As Daily Correspondent though I've been,  
(At least I doubt if you will find a dailyer,)  
In every fight from Munda to Pharsalia.

My military knowledge is not small.  
I witnessed Caesar's first campaign in Gaul,  
And found myself in an unpleasant mess  
For making known his tactics through the press.  
The late reforms, as e'en the Horse-guards own,  
Are due to me, and due to me alone.  
Give me the standard! On to martial deeds!  
None dare turn craven when their critic leads.  
This foul dishonour from your annals wipe!  
Whoever runs shall read his name in type.

*Sol.*—Now by our free and most enlightened nation

We'll teach this Britisher to know his station.  
We are afraid of being killed, 'tis true:  
But strike me blind if we're afraid of you!  
We'll tar and feather you from head to tail,  
And ride you round the country on a rail.  
Scene-painter, lend us all your brushes, pray.  
We'll take our chance of what the "Times" may say.

[*They seize* QUINTUS RUSSELLUS MAXIMUS.

*Enter* CASSIUS and BRUTUS.

*Rus.*—Release me, Brutus! In the English press  
I'll say you gained a glorious success.  
I will indeed! Or, if it suit you better,  
You shall yourself compose to-morrow's letter.  
Stain not your spotless name with useless crimes!  
O save the correspondent of the "Times"!

*Bru.*—Forbear, my soldiers! For 'tis most absurd  
To make a correspondent like a bird.

Protect the baggage, lest their stragglers loot us.

[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.]

Fly, stranger, fly, and bless the name of Brutus!

[*Exit* QUINTUS RUSSELLUS MAXIMUS.]

All hope has faded. Cassius, be not weak.

A Roman's fate together must we seek.

Present thy sword, and when I give the sign

Fall on my point, and I will fall on thine.

*Cas.*—Ah, Brutus, this fond faithful heart will  
burst.

Move you far too well to die the first;

But, when I've mourned thy death with many a  
groan,

I'll bid thy life-blood mingle with mine own.

*Bru.*—Well, be it so. Hold out the fatal blade.

One! two! three! Off! Confound it, who's afraid?

[*Rushes on the sword, and falls.*]

This was the way I died, but they relate, O,

That I was murdered by my freedman Strato.

[*Dies. Cassius runs off with an air  
of relief.*]

*Enter* HORACE *humming.*

*Hor.*—The minstrel-boy from the wars is gone,

All out of breath you'll find him;

He has run some five miles off and on,

And his shield has flung behind him.

I hope this spot is out of range of fire.

Why! here's the general prostrate in the mire,

Dead as a stoker on the Brighton line!

Speak, my lord Brutus! Speak! He gives no sign.

Woe worth the day! Woe worth this fatal field!  
I've lost my leader, thrown away my shield.  
My mother charged me, as she tied her bonnet,  
To come back either with it or upon it.  
My honour could endure no worse disaster  
Unless I voted for myself as Master.  
I'm sure I heartily repent, by Juno,  
*Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.* [Exit.

## SCENE VI

*The headquarters of AUGUSTUS, near Philippi.*

AUGUSTUS, MAECENAS, DECIUS MUS, LYDIA,  
HORACE *in custody*, SOLDIERS, GUARDS, ETC.

*Soldier.*—My Lord, while foraging the country  
round,  
Our skirmishers this prisoner have found;  
Who, by his gallant mien and splendid coat,  
We guess will prove an officer of note.  
He ran so quickly from the scene of strife  
That his must be a valuable life.

*Aug.*—So young, and yet a rebel! Oh, for  
shame!

Are any here acquainted with his name?

*Dec. M.*—This wretched youth, a nursling of  
sedition,  
At Athens College holds an exhibition,

Which would have gone to me, without a doubt,  
Had but the Founder's will been carried out.  
When Rome your Highness for her consul chose  
He ventured at the Union to propose  
"That this assembly views with reprobation  
A measure fraught with danger to the nation ;"  
A motion which, although opposed by me,  
Was passed by eighty votes to twenty-three.  
And in his ode,—conceive it if you can, Sir,—  
He dared insert a most Horatian stanza  
Which speaks of Tully as our Forum's pride,  
A man he knows your Highness can't abide.

*Aug.*—Enough, his guilt is proved, at least to me.  
Rig up a gallows on the nearest tree!  
What, in reply to all we just have heard,  
Can you allege that sentence be deferred?

*Hor.*—My loved protector, patron kind and true  
Of hapless genius, I appeal to you ;  
To you, Maecenas, sprung from royal stock,  
My sweetest glory, and my guardian rock.  
There are whom it delights with wondrous gust  
To have collected the Olympic dust—

*Maec.*—Perhaps so, but I can't discover quite  
How that will help you in your present plight.  
Unless your circumstances greatly alter  
You're much more likely to collect a halter.  
Augustus, spare this most unlucky lad  
Who's far too idle to be very bad.  
He sings a sparkling song, can write a bit,  
And boasts some talent, impudence, and wit.  
He's asked to every supper in the town ;

He got a Camden, and he halved a Browne;<sup>1</sup>  
And, as a coping-stone to all his praise,  
He took a seventh class in both his Mays.

*Aug.*—Well, if this budding hero is a poet,  
We soon will find some means to make him show it.  
To 'scape the consequences of your frolic,  
Be pleased to parody the Tenth Bucolic.

*Hor.*—What haunts detain you on this ill-starred  
day,

Castalian Muses, say?<sup>2</sup>

What seat of classic lore, what hallowed stream?

Stray you by sedgy Cam,

While from the Barnwell dam

You watch the gambols of the silver bream?

Or by the willows weeping

O'er Cherwell slowly creeping

Swoll'n with the suds of many an ancient hall

Past Jowett's cloistered cell and Stanley's stall?

Or have ye flown, invoked in boyish song,

To Harrow's far-seen hill?

Or hard by Avon's rill

Beloved of Hughes the earnest and the strong,

And along Barby-road, and round the Island

Goal,

<sup>1</sup> Of late years the Browne medal for Latin and Greek epigrams had been divided between the successful competitors in the respective languages: to the disgust of both the half-medallists, each of whom, with the partiality of an author, regarded himself as having lost by the change of system.

<sup>2</sup> "Quae nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae Naiades," etc.



And Caldecott's famed spinny do ye stroll  
On this unhappy morn  
When fair Venusia's tuneful swain  
Trembling all in captive chain  
With drooping eyes endures the victor's scorn?—

*Aug.*—Well done! You really have a turn for rhyme.

I think we'll hear the rest another time.  
Maecenas, you'll impress on him, I hope,  
How very narrowly he missed the rope.  
I'll give your protégé, still more to pleasure ye,  
A nomination in the public Treasury.  
So be prepared to pass, on this day week,  
In hydrostatics, German, French, and Greek,  
One eastern language, botany, précis,  
(I don't exactly know what that may be,  
Nor do I long to probe the fearful mystery,)  
Pure mathematics, law, and modern history.  
And as for Decius Mus,—well, stop a bit,  
I think I know a post for which he's fit,  
(Unless indeed our partial feelings warp us.)  
I'll make him English Lecturer at Corpus,  
There let him work a total revolution  
In Clerical and Public Elocution.

*Hor.*—My lord Augustus, by the Gods above,  
This one prayer grant me! Give me back my love.  
Without my Lydia life itself is loss,  
And Treasury clerkships seem but so much dross.  
Restore my darling! Well your poet knows  
To pay what debt of gratitude he owes.

*Aug.*—Let mistress Lydia pick, and pray make haste,  
Whiche'er of these two fellows suits her taste.  
Our judgement shall be guided by her voice.  
I cannot say I envy her the choice.

“Donec gratus eram tibi.”—ODE IX. BOOK III.

*Hor.* While still you loved your Horace best  
Of all my peers who round you pressed,  
(Though not in expurgated versions,)  
More proud I lived than King of Persians.

*Lyd.* And while as yet no other dame  
Had kindled in your breast a flame,  
(Though Niebuhr her existence doubt,)  
I cut historic Ilia out.

*Hor.* Dark Chlœ now my homage owns,  
With studied airs, and dulcet tones;  
For whom I should not fear to die,  
If death would pass my charmer by.

*Lyd.* I now am lodging at the rus-  
In-urbe of young Decius Mus.  
Twice over would I gladly die  
To see him hit in either eye.

*Hor.* But should the old love come again,  
And Lydia her sway retain?  
If to my heart once more I take her,  
And bid dark Chlœ wed the baker?



**THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA**

**1858**

ledge. The verse is in imitation of an Athenian Comedy. Whether it be that the author's mind was at the time more Greek than English:—or that Cambridge society was so limited as to admit of the personal allusions being generally intelligible, and, if truth be told, rather scurrilous:—or that the style and tone of a writer are most readily assimilated by those at his own period of life, (and, according to the received chronology, the great poet produced the *Knights* and the *Acharnians* while emerging from his teens:)—from some or all of these causes it happens that this trifle, while most inadequately representing the humour, the vigour, the fertility, the exquisite fancy of the comedian, faithfully enough reproduces his mannerism.

The plot, and much of the text, are in pretty close paraphrase of the "*Wasps*":—a drama widely known in the modern and rather awkward dress of Racine's "*Plaideurs*." By a fortunate chance the names of the two principal characters in the original play required nothing but the elision of a single letter to adapt them for Cambridge use: and Philoleon answers to the Athenian dotard who is placed under tutelage by his own son. Happy time, when an undergraduate in his last year of residence seemed an impersonation of old age!

The "*Cambridge Dionysia*" is the only one of the author's republished writings which ever was seen by Macaulay, who read it with the favouring eyes of a former Trinity undergraduate and a very indulgent uncle.

# THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

## A CLASSIC DREAM

TRINITY COLLEGE, *November, 1858.*

ON the first Audit-day of this year Shillibere, with whom I was engaged upon the Wasps of Aristophanes, told me that, as it was the Πιθοργία,<sup>1</sup> he would excuse my reading with him, but bade me get up the subject of the Dionysiac festivals against our next meeting. I took a longer walk than was my wont, and by hall-time was quite ready to appreciate the fact of its being a Feast. After dinner, Barlow, the Bachelor Scholar, came to my rooms, and we sat late, drinking sherry, and discussing the merits of the ale at the different colleges. When he had gone I took down the Wasps, but somehow or other I could not make much of them. So I drew my easy-chair to the fire, filled my pipe, and opened

<sup>1</sup> The classic mind of the great coach might well find an analogy between the day in the rubric of old Athens which derived its name from the opening of the casks to taste the wine of the preceding year, and the day in the calendar of modern Trinity when by solemn custom the fresh brew of college ale flows in mediaeval abundance.

Smith's Antiquities on the article "Dionysia." But the Greek words bothered me, and I was too lazy to rise for a lexicon. So I fell a thinking on Athens, and what glorious fun the festival must have been. I can recollect nothing more till I found myself in the midst of a strange dream. And yet, marvellous as it was, nothing seemed to surprise me; but I took it for granted that every thing was perfectly natural and consistent. And the dream was as follows:

I was still sitting in my rooms with my books before me: but it was broad daylight, and a lovely morning, such as sometimes breaks upon us, even at Cambridge, in the beginning of November. The courts were very quiet, but I heard a constant shouting in the distance, as if there was some tumult in the streets. Suddenly the door flung open, and Barlow appeared. He looked flushed and excited; on his head was a garland of ivy-leaves, and he swung in his hand a pewter. "Shut up your books," he cried: "no reading on the *Πισορυία*. If you do another equation I'll inform against you for impiety. The God, the jolly God, hates Colenso worse than he hated Pentheus. I've come to fetch you to the theatre, whether you will or no. There is a new comedy to be represented, and all the University will be there. By Hercules, I hope they'll hit the authorities hard. When the performance is over we sup with Rumbold of Caius, culinary Caius, the headquarters of good living. I am king of the feast, and not a soul shall get off under three bottles. We have stolen the chaplets from the Botanical Gardens; Ingrey sends

the dessert, and Stratton has promised to bring two flute-players from Barn——." Here I started up, crying, "Barlow, lead on! I'm your man." And we danced out of the New Court gate, and up the lane into Trinity-street. And there was a sight that made my heart leap.

The whole road was crowded with men, all in the wildest state of joy and liquor. Every one acknowledged the presence of the God, to whom liberty and license are dear. Laughing, singing, cheering, jesting, they were pouring in an unbroken stream towards Magdalen-bridge. Gyps mingled with the throng, enjoying perfect freedom and equality on this day of the year. Ever and anon some fresh band of revellers issued from the colleges and lodging-houses on the way, and swelled the main flood. Here came a mob of Queen's men, sweeping the street, and roaring at the pitch of their voices, "For he's a jolly good fellow": referring probably to the late Senior Wrangler. There, from the great gate of Harry the Eighth, streamed forth the whole club of Third Trinity. In front, arm-in-arm, strode the victorious Four; while elevated on the shoulders of the crew of the second boat sat the Secretary, his temples crowned with roses, riding a huge barrel, and bearing in his hand a silver bowl foaming with cider-cup. As we passed All Saints'-passage, from the direction of the Hoop Inn there moved a goodly company, twenty-five or thirty in number, and my companion whispered me that this was the Historical Society, and bawled out to them to ask whether



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Elizabeth was justified in putting Mary to death.<sup>1</sup> And just inside the gateway of St. John's College there was a group of young men who successively tried to dance on an inflated pigskin. And he who danced best received a draught of their ale. And presently there came by a drunken Trinity sizar, who, after a successful trial, took the flagon, but when he had tasted, he cursed, and spit, and swore no Trinity shoe-black would condescend to drink it. Upon which a stout Johnian kicked his shins, and, as it was evident that trouble would ensue, and that we as men of the same College would be implicated in it, we hurried away, not wishing to desecrate the festival of the God by evil feelings. And on Magdalen-bridge was seated a knot of idle fellows who chaffed all the passers-by. And among others they told a solitary individual in a Downing-gown that he was so few that his College did not think it worth its while to brew for him, but had sent out for a gallon of swipes from the Eagle for his special consumption. So at last we arrived at the gate of the theatre, and after paying threepence each, which had been furnished us from the University Chest, we went in and sat down.

One side of the Castle-hill had been hollowed out

<sup>1</sup> The Historical Society took its rise at a time when the debates at the Union had given such an impulse to oratory that men were found who thought once a week not often enough for discussing to what extent Hampden was legally authorized in resisting the imposition of ship-money, and whether Addison or the Duke of Malborough most deserved the admiration of posterity.

into a spacious theatre. Tier above tier the long benches rose to the summit of the slope. In the front seats were the Vice-chancellor, and the Heads of Colleges, and Doctors of Divinity, and Professors, and Noblemen, and all who could claim founders' kin. And the rest of the space was filled to overflowing with Undergraduates and Bachelors. But all females were excluded from the spectacle. And the throng was very clamorous, and many were provided with oranges, and nuts, and even stones, wherewith to pelt the unpopular actors. And in the orchestra was an altar, at which Shillibere stood, crowned with ivy, and robed in a long white robe. And from time to time he poured copious libations of ale upon the ground.

And the stage was veiled with a great curtain, embroidered with the loves and deeds of ancient and god-like men. And there I saw how the chosen heroes had launched a boat of pristine build, and ventured down the river in search of the Golden Fleece, where, as rumour said, the beer which the immortals drank was brewed. And I saw too how, as they passed along the black water, the first prow which had ploughed those waves, the men of Barnwell came down to the shore to wonder at the strange sight. And how, near the Stygian ferry, they came upon a fierce race, who seized their boat with long poles, and threw with unerring aim brickbats which ten bargemen of these days would in vain attempt to lift. And how, when at length they had found the Golden Fleece, their young chief was captured by

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Our master here, who keeps in the top-story,  
 Honest Philoleon, for his first three years  
 Led a most quiet and gentlemanly life.  
 He was not gated more than twice a term;  
 He read three hours a-day; rode every week;  
 Last year pulled seven in our second boat.  
 In all things moderation was his motto.  
 But now he's gone stark mad; and you must guess  
 What sort his madness is.<sup>1</sup> [*To the spectators.*]

*Gyp B.*—That Queen's man there  
 Says that he's bent on being Senior Wrangler.<sup>2</sup>

*Gyp A.*—No, no; he won't be old enough these  
 ten years.

*Gyp B.*—And that black-whiskered noisy party  
 yonder,  
 Sitting amongst a group of Harrow freshmen,<sup>3</sup>  
 Guesses he aims at office in the Union.

*Gyp A.*—What, to be called "united" and "com-  
 pact,"

And to be chaffed in the Suggestion Book?  
 Not quite so low as that. Come, try again.  
 D'ye give it up? Well, listen, and I'll tell you.

<sup>1</sup>

ἰσχυρὸν τοῦ πλάζου.

<sup>2</sup> Ἀμυνίας μὲν ὁ Προπάππου φησὶ αὐτοῦ;

εἶναι φιλόκευον αὐτόν. κ. τ. λ.—*Wasps*, line 73.

<sup>3</sup> Queen's college carried off the blue riband of the Mathematical Tripos in the years 1857 and 1858, in the person of champions who, according to the gossip of the Senate-house, were by some years senior to their competitors.

<sup>4</sup> "There they sit, compact, united": was the beginning of the peroration of a notorious attack upon the official party in the Union Debating Society at Cambridge.

One Sunday evening, last May term, at tea  
 He met by chance a troop of roaring Lions,  
 And came back swearing he must join their number,  
 Or give up hopes of immortality.  
 From that day forth he ran about the College,  
 Talking of "Truth," and "Realized Ideals";  
 And asking men to give him a *πῶ στῶ*; <sup>1</sup>  
 And telling them he saw within their eyes  
 Symptoms which marked affinity of souls.  
 So, in this state of things, his younger brother  
 Bdelyleon came up this term to College,  
 A sensible sharp-tempered Eton freshman;  
 Who, when he saw his brother's strange distemper,  
 Blushed for himself and for the family.  
 And first he tried by pleasing the old fellow  
 To wean him from his hobby; taught him songs,  
 And took him out to supper: but whenever  
 His health was drunk, and he was asked to sing,  
 He spoke straight off a canto from "St. Clair."<sup>2</sup>  
 And then he dressed him in his best, and washed  
     him,  
 And got him made a member of the Musical:  
 But, at the first rehearsal, off he ran,  
 His fiddle on his back, and never stopped  
 Till he was inside Palmer's Printing-office.  
 So, vexed and wearied at his constant folly,

<sup>1</sup> Give us a *πῶ στῶ*, and we will move the world."—Extract from the Preface to the "Lion."

<sup>2</sup> A poem in Octosyllabics, entitled "St. Clair," was among the contributions to the "Lion," which was published by Mr. Palmer.

The young one locked him up within his rooms,  
And placed us here on sentry, day and night.  
But the old chap is sly, and full of tricks,  
And loves his liberty.

[PHIOLEON *appears at the window.*

*Phil.*—Hallo, you scoundrel!

Just let me out: 'tis time to go to lecture.

*Gyp A.*—Why, you're a Questionist: you have no lectures.

[*Enter BDELYLEON.*

*Bdel.*—Was ever freshman plagued with such a brother?

What have I done that I deserve this evil?  
I never was undutiful; I never  
Have read a line of Alexander Smith;  
Nor picked a pocket; nor worn peg-top trousers;  
Nor taken notes at any college lecture.  
Who calls dame Fortune blind does not belie her.

*Phil.*—I want a supper order from my Tutor.

*Bdel.*—No, no, old boy, I took good care of that:  
I got you an Aegrotat. Sold again!  
Where are you now? Good heavens!

[PHIOLEON *puts his head out of the chimney.*

*Phil.* I'm the smoke.<sup>1</sup>

*Bdel.*—Confound the man who altered all our chimneys!

Jackson, run up, and beat him with the pewter  
Till he backs water; then clap on a sack.

[PHIOLEON *reappears at the window.*

<sup>1</sup> αἶψα, τίς εἰ σὺ;

καὶ τὸ ἐξέρχουαι.—*Wasps*, line 144.

*Phil.*—"O Lord St. Clair, on bended knee  
I charge you set the maiden free!"

*Bdel.*—In mercy stop that nonsense quick.  
Your Lion always makes me sick.  
I feel as ill as when I tried  
My first and only Smoker's Pride.

*Phil.*—O may the curses of the Gods light on  
you!

And may you wallow in the lowest Hades,  
Along with all the men who've struck their Tutor,  
Or laid against the boat-club of their College,  
Or caught a crab just opposite the Plough:  
In that sad place of punishment and woe  
Where lectures last from early dawn till noon,  
And where the gate-fines rival those at Christ's,  
And there's a change of Proctors every week!<sup>1</sup>  
Then you'll repent of having used me thus.

*Bdel.*—You blasphemous old villain! Come, you  
fellows,

We all must need some coffee this cold morning.

[*Enter Chorus of writers of the "Lion,"*  
*preceded by a chorister bearing a lan-*  
*tern.*]

*Chorus A.*—Rosy-fingered dawn is breaking o'er  
the fretted roof of King's.

Bright and frosty is the morning. Sharp and clear  
each footfall rings.

Gyps across the court are hurrying with the early  
breads and butters.

<sup>1</sup> New Proctors are as much dreaded in the college courts as  
new Ministers in the public offices.

52 THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Blithely hums the Master's butler while he's taking  
down the shutters.

In our rooms we left the kettle gaily singing on the  
coals;

And within the grate are steaming eggs, and ham,  
and toast, and rolls.

Soon we'll have a jovial breakfast with the members  
of our mess,

Chatting of our darling project, future hopes, and  
past success.

We have come to fetch our brother. What can  
cause his long delay?

It was not his wont to keep us shivering here the  
livelong day.

He was always sharp and sprightly when the Lion  
was in question;

Ever ready with an Essay; ever prompt with a sug-  
gestion.

Surely he must be offended

At our leaving out his poem:

Yet no insult was intended,

As our want of space must show him.

Or perchance he came home jolly,

Wishing to knock down the porter,

And lies cursing at his folly

With a tongue that tastes like mortar.

Show yourself upon the landing:

Hear your loved companions' groans:

For our feet are sore with standing

On the rugged Old Court stones.

[PHILOLEON *shows himself at the window.*

*Phil.*—Comrades, when I heard your voices, how  
 my heart within me leapt!  
 Thoughts of happier days came o'er my spirit, and  
 I almost wept:—  
 Those bright days when free and happy with some  
 kindred soul I strayed  
 Talking of The Unconditioned up and down the  
 chestnut glade.  
 Now a cruel younger brother keeps me under lock  
 and key.  
 Those I hate are always by me. Those I love I may  
 not see.  
 O my own, my cherished Lion, offspring of my  
 cares and toil,  
 Would that I and thou were lying underneath the  
 All Saints' soil!  
 Drop your voices, dear companions, lest you rouse  
 a sleeping Bear.

*Chorus A.*—Does he then despise our anger? All  
 men know who ate Don't Care.  
 Never fear him! We'll protect you. Do not heed  
 his threats and frowns.  
 Say your prayers, and jump down boldly! We will  
 catch you in our gowns.

[PHILOLEON *places his leg over the window-*  
*sill, but is seized from behind by* BDE-  
 LYLEON.

*Bdel.*—Not so fast, you old deceiver! From your  
 evil courses turn.  
 Never will I tamely let you join in such a vile con-  
 cern.



54 THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Sooner than behold my brother sunk to such a depth  
of scorn

Gladly would I bear to see him walking on a Sunday  
morn

'Twixt a pair of pupil-teachers, all the length of  
Jesus-lane,

With a school of dirty children slowly shambling in  
his train:

Or behold him in the Union, on the Presidential  
seat,

Shakspeare<sup>1</sup> smiling blandly o'er him, Freshmen  
ranting at his feet.

Get you gone, you pack of scoundrels! Don't stand  
bawling here all day.

Williams, fetch me out the slop-pail: Jackson, run  
for 20 K!

*Chorus A.*—Slay the despot! Slay the tyrant!  
Him who cannot brook to see

All his neighbours dwelling round him peaceable,  
secure, and free.

Well I know you've long been plotting how to seize  
the Castle-hill

With a band of hired assassins, there to work your  
cruel will.

Let the man who wrote "the Sirens" make a feint  
upon the door:

Bring us ladders, ropes, and axes; we must storm  
the second floor.

<sup>1</sup> In the old Union a Shaksperian bust of more than ordinary  
vapidity formed a prominent object above the head of the Presi-  
dent.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA 55

*[Enter Chorus of First Trinity boating-men.]*

*Chorus B.*—Here they are. Upon them boldly!

Double quick across the grass!

Cut them off from Bishop's Hostel, lest along the  
wall they pass!

Forward, Darroch! Forward, Perring! Charge  
them, Lyle, and now remember

'Gainst what odds you fought and conquered on the  
fifth of last November:

When you broke with one brave comrade through  
an armed and murderous mob.

Fear not an aesthetic humbug, you who've faced a  
Cambridge snob.

Men of twelve stone, in the centre! Coxswains,  
skirmish on the flank!

You're too eager there, you youngsters: Jones and  
Prickard, keep your rank!

Do not stay to spoil the fallen while a soul is left  
alive.

We must smoke them out and kill them, now we've  
caught them in the hive.

*[They charge the writers in the "Lion,"  
who fly in all directions.]*

Victory! Victory! Now for a shout

As when we bumped the Johnians out!

Vain was the might of Elective Affinities

When brought face to face with our valiant First  
Trinities.

Victory! Victory! Huzza! Tantivy!

For when a man

Who can hardly scan

56 THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Talks of "the pictured page of Livy,"  
 'Tis time for every lad of sense  
 To arm in honesty's defence  
 As if the French were steaming over  
 In rams of iron from Brest to Dover.

[BDELYLEON comes out leading PHILOLEON  
*dressed in a First Trinity costume.*

*Bdel.*—Thank you, my brave allies! and now to  
 prove

The confidence I have in your discretion  
 I here entrust to you my elder brother,  
 To watch his morals, and to cure his madness.  
 So treat him kindly; put him in a tub,  
 And take him down the river every day;  
 And see that no one asks him out to supper,  
 To make him tipsy. Be not hard upon him,  
 But let him have his pipe and glass of sherry,  
 Since he is old and foolish. And, if ever  
 He comes back sound in body and in mind,  
 I'll stand you claret at the next Club-meeting.

[*Exit* BDELYLEON.]

PARABASIS

We wish to praise our poet, who despising fame  
 and pelf  
 Flew like a bull-dog at the throat of the jagged-  
 toothed monster itself<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> θρασύως συστάς εἰδὺς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς αὐτῷ τῷ καρχαρίδοντι.

*Wasps*, line 1031.

Which rages over all the town, from Magdalene  
 bridge to Downing,  
 With the bray of a dreamy German ass 'neath the  
 hide of Robert Browning.  
 But some of you good fellows think, as the poet  
 grieves to hear,  
 That you are laughed at in "the Bears," the play  
 he wrote last year:  
 So he assures you faithfully no insult was intended.  
 Do not cherish bitter feelings; for least said is  
 soonest mended.

And next he bids us tax our wit  
 To tell some members of the Pitt,  
 Whose names he knows not, when they meet  
 Him passing into Sidney-street,  
 Not to bawl out "The Bear, The Bear!"  
 First because he does not care:  
 Then surely for a man of taste  
 It is a sin and shame to waste  
 In calling nicknames near the Hoop  
 The breath that's given to cool our soup.  
 So, being a good-tempered bard,  
 Whichever of them leaves his card  
 He'll ask him out next week to dine,  
 And shake hands o'er a glass of wine.  
 And now he bids you all good evening, and farewell  
 till next October;  
 And hopes to-night you'll sup like princes, and that  
 none will go home sober.  
 If policeman K arrests you, let not that your spirits  
 damp:

58      THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Break his head, and shave his whiskers, and suspend him to the lamp.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This advice was taken only too literally. The officer in question, on the night of the First Trinity boat-supper, ventured within the gates of the College, and was there handled in a manner that led, if the author's recollection serves, to the incarceration of some of the offenders. The prosecutor commented with much severity upon the concluding lines of the "Dionysia."

**THE MODERN ECCLESIAZUSAE,**

**OR**

**LADIES IN PARLIAMENT**

**1867**



THE following piece, originally published under the title "The Ladies in Parliament," a fragment after the manner of an old Athenian comedy, was composed during the great agitation which followed the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill of 1866. It was intended to be a modern and decent *Ecclesiazusae*: not such an imitation as would satisfy the scholar; but such as would give the general reader some notion of how a Greek comedian, not of a very high order, might have written if he had lived in modern London. The passage beginning "We much revere our sires,"—in which an attempt has been made to mimic the jovial conservatism that goes rollicking through the long swinging metres of Aristophanes,—reflects something of the old Greek manner and spirit.



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LADY MATILDA.

LADY SELINA.

FIRST LADY.

SECOND LADY.

MR. GAY, *a young Member of Parliament.*

CHORUS OF OWLS.

PLACE—*The South-east angle of the garden in Berkeley Square.*

TIME—*A Morning in July, 1866.*

LADY SELINA. LADY MATILDA.

*Lady Selina.*—'Tis hard upon ten. Since a quarter to eight

I've paced up and down within sight of the gate.  
If only you knew what a storm of abuse  
Five minutes ago was prepared for your use!  
But in your dear presence, I always have told you,  
I can't find the heart or the language to scold you.  
Well! Now you are here, will you kindly explain  
A question I frequently asked you in vain,  
And tell me the cause of the constant depression  
That weighs on your spirits this half of the session?  
You've not to my knowledge seen Phelps in "Macbeth,"

Nor suffered a recent bereavement by death:  
From duns you're exempted: at doctors you scoff:  
Your son has got in, and your girls are got off.  
Then why are you silent, abstracted, and odd,  
And deaf to a whisper, and blind to a nod?  
And, when you are spoken to, what makes you start?  
And why do you hum as if learning by heart,

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Like members whom sometimes I watch in the parks  
Rehearsing a string of impromptu remarks,  
For which in the course of a week they intend  
To beg of the House its indulgence to lend?

*Lady Matilda.*—Selina! The time has arrived to  
impart

The covert design of my passionate heart.  
No vulgar solitudes torture my breast.  
No common ambition deprives me of rest.  
'Tis not for a mind of my texture to fret  
Though half Westbourne Terrace the *entrée* should  
get.

Unenvied, my rival may labour to deck  
Her trumpery ball with a glimpse of Prince Teck.  
My soul is absorbed in a scheme as sublime  
As ever was carved on the tablets of time.  
To-morrow, at latest, through London shall ring  
The echo and crash of a notable thing.  
I start from my fetters. I scorn to be dumb.  
Selina! the Hour and the Woman are come.

Unless I'm deceived, through the railings I spy  
The form of a trusty and valiant ally.  
'Tis young Mr. Gay. Since at Brighton we met  
He ranks as the leader and life of our set;  
For nothing, except what is useful, unfit;  
A dash of the poet, a touch of the wit.  
A pet of the *salon*, the club, and the mess,  
He knows he can write, and he thinks he can dress.  
In Parliament, where he as yet is a dumb thing,

He sits for the Northern Division of something.

[*Enter MR. GAY.*

Why, Charlie, who ever would dream, I declare,  
Of seeing your face at this hour in the square:—  
Too late to be still on your way from a ball:  
Too early for even an intimate call?  
And then so untidy! I always can tell a  
Preoccupied man by his tumbled umbrella.  
And why is your brow with a shadow o'ercast?  
And why did you stare on the ground as you passed  
With one of those bits of white card in your mouth  
Which gentlemen smoke who have been in the South?<sup>1</sup>

*Gay.*—Dear ladies, be pleased to console with your  
pity

The slave of a tiresome election committee.  
For this did I canvass, and promise, and flirt,  
And drink so much sherry, and eat so much dirt?  
For this my unfortunate sister persuade  
To dress in a buff of most hideous shade,  
(Though yellow was just,—the poor girl would ob-  
ject,—

The very last tint that a blonde should select)?  
For this did I pay in my Published Expenses  
A sum which affected my guardian's senses:  
And what in Unpublished I venture to own  
To my Recognized Agent and banker alone?  
For this did I stand on the hustings an hour,  
My mouth full of egg, and my whiskers of flour,

<sup>1</sup> This couplet has been more than once quoted as a proof  
that in 1866 the cigarette was still an exotic rarity.

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Repeating in accents bewildered and hoarse  
 That sentence to which I have always recourse,  
 Whenever I come to the end of my tether,  
 About a strong pull and a pull altogether?—  
 In order to sulk on a quorum of five,  
 Attempting to keep my attention alive  
 By wondering wherefore the witnesses past  
 Should each be more dirty and drunk than the last,  
 And whether the next one can possibly swear  
 To cooler untruths than the man in the chair:  
 While over the window-sill temptingly play  
 The blithe mocking beams of the beautiful day,  
 Which shine on the Row, where in maidenly pride  
 She dashes along at her chaperon's side!  
 Her tresses——<sup>1</sup>

*Lady Matilda.*—Excuse me. We have not to spare  
 The time to descant on her ladyship's hair.  
 'Tis shocking to think, since that girl you have  
                     known,  
 How stupid, and useless, and dull you are grown.

The moment has come for the metre to change:  
 Since prudent stage-managers always arrange  
 At this point of the piece that the music should play,  
 For fear of impatient spectators, who say:  
 "These folks with their prologue are likely to bore  
                     us.  
 Let's take a short nap, and wake up for the chorus."

<sup>1</sup> These lines were written in the Spring of 1866, in the Huddersfield Election Committee, which was presided over by Lord Mayo, afterwards Governor-General of India.

[*Sings.*.]—As towards the City on the Shoreditch side  
Above a dreary waste of tiles we glide,  
Rejoicing that the Eastern Coast Express  
For once has brought us home in time to dress,  
Pale with the day-long labours of the woof

We see the weavers from their garrets crawl  
To court the air of evening on the roof,  
And their trained flocks of tumblers round them  
call:—

So I must modulate my throat,  
And pitch a high and jocund note,  
With melody the town to fill  
From Regent's Park to Campden Hill,  
And bid the doves together hurry  
Who get their plumes from Mistress Murray:  
Though certain little pigeons blue  
Prefer the feathers of Descou.

Haste to my aid, nor deem the summons pert,  
Ye stately queens of fashion and of fame  
Whose palaces in fair succession skirt  
The park which from its colour takes a name:  
And ye who dwell in Hill Street's ancient halls,  
Whereo'er the porch, whose oil-lamp faintly winks,  
A rusty quaint extinguisher recalls  
The bygone days of chairmen and of links;  
Or 'midst the pleasant back streets of the West  
That lurk 'twixt Grosvenor and Cadogan Place,  
Where newly-married couples choose a nest,  
And with the wedding-gifts their drawing-room  
grace;

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And a knot of young lieutenants at their new club  
entrance lean  
Little recking of the heroes who have stepped those  
gates between.  
Then in front of Francatelli's, where men never  
seem to know  
Whether they may take their sisters, turning to-  
wards the left you go ;  
And in picking out the foot-track see that special  
care you use,  
Since the lane down which you walk is half a street  
and half a mews.  
Stay not till you reach the kerb-stone, where in  
Berkeley Square I stand,  
With the princely house of Lansdowne and an ice-  
shop on each hand,  
(Overlook a slip of grammar sanctified by Byron's  
pen,)  
Thinking out our liberation from the irksome rule  
of men ;  
Peering back towards Lady Jersey's ; twirling the  
expectant thumb.  
By our common hopes and fortunes I adjure you,  
sisters, come !

*Enter a number of Ladies.*

*Gay.*—No passing whim, no croquet vain and light,  
Has snatched you, ladies, from your "Morning  
Post,"

Whose columns with their tale of over-night  
Give relish to a tiny plate of toast.

The hour is ripe an evil to debate  
Which threatens over head and ears to souse  
In seas of trouble this afflicted state——

*Lady Matilda.*—I think we're just enough to form  
a House,  
And, as for Speaker, I have seldom seen a  
More proper person than our friend Selina.  
You, Charley, fetch the roller from the square,  
And prop it up to represent her Chair.  
Some pebbles underneath will keep it steady.

*Gay.*—But where's the Wig?

*Lady Matilda.*—She's got one on already.  
I'll take my station on the fountain's base,  
Which kind Lord Lansdowne gave our square to  
grace:

And, when I think to whom my seat I owe,  
I hope in eloquence to match with Lowe.<sup>1</sup>  
The ministry, as decent is and fit,  
Shall just in front along the pavement sit,  
And try to look as if they did not mind  
The buffets which assail them from behind.  
We'll name a sensible and pleasant madam  
To act for Brand, and some smart girl for Adam;  
Who, when the younger members steal away  
To try the croquet hoops, or eat an ice,  
Shall seize their skirts, and stop them in a trice,  
And bid them either pair at once or stay.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lowe was then member for the borough of Calne, where Lord Lansdowne's influence was paramount.



*1st Lady.*—As from her agitation I imply  
 Matilda means to catch the Speaker's eye.  
 We used to notice, while together waiting  
 Behind the bars of Lord Charles Russell's grating,  
 That on the verge of any fine display  
 Men twist their feet in that uneasy way.

*2nd Lady.*—She's rising now, and taking off her  
 bonnet,  
 And probably will end by sitting on it.  
 For oft, as sad experiences teach,  
 The novice, trembling from his maiden speech,  
 Drops flustered in his place, and crushes flat  
 His innocent and all-unconscious hat.  
 And my poor husband spoiled an evening suit  
 By plumping down amidst a heap of fruit  
 Which some admiring friend, his thirst to quench,  
 Had peeled beside him on the Treasury Bench.

*Lady Matilda.*—Since Britain first, to hear her  
 charter sung  
 In florid numbers by angelic tongue,  
 At heaven's injunction left the azure deep;—  
 Since acres, kine, and tenements, and sheep  
 Enrich the eldest, while the younger sons  
 Monopolize the talents and the duns;—  
 In every age, so rule the Powers above,  
 Maternal foresight guides the course of love.  
 Nor seek I now your conscience to perplex  
 With strictures on the mission of our sex.  
 No London mother ever yet repined

Beneath a burden shared by all her kind.  
 In one short line my grievance thus I state:—  
 Our youngest girls come out a year too late.  
 For in the days when Pam retained the wheel  
 “We knew the men with whom we had to deal.”<sup>1</sup>

[*Applause.*

Then sucking statesmen seldom failed in seeing  
 The final cause and import of their being.  
 They dressed; they drove a drag; nor sought to  
 shirk

Their portion of the matrimonial work.  
 They flocked to rout and drum by tens and twelves;  
 Danced every dance; and left their cards themselves,  
 While some obliging senatorial fag  
 Slipped their petitions in the Speaker's bag.  
 They charged their colleagues of maturer ages  
 With pushing local bills through all their stages;  
 Consigned the dry routine of public life  
 To legislators furnished with a wife;  
 And thought it much if once in twenty nights  
 They sauntered down to swell the party fights.

But now what fond regrets pervade my breast  
 To note a stripling, from some lofty nest  
 Of bright historic fame but lately fledged;  
 To no loved object, save the ballot, pledged;  
 By travel taught less sharply to recoil  
 From notions grown on Trans-Atlantic soil;

<sup>1</sup> This phrase, applied by Mr. Gladstone to the seceders from the Liberal party in the Reform Bill divisions, was just then the subject of much criticism and complaint.

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Weaned from the creed of all his kin and kith;  
 On Bentham nursed, and fed on Goldwin Smith;  
 And fresh from learning at the feet of Grote  
 How governors should rule and freemen vote;  
 His one supreme intent, through woe and weal,  
 To hold by Gladstone as *he* held by Peel.  
 Refined yet negligent; for want of taste  
 In every groom's and valet's eyes disgraced;  
 Scorned by his tailor; little apt to mind  
 Though fashion leave him half a year behind.  
 In social wiles unversed, a rumoured ball  
 Extracts from him no mild suggestive call:  
 Nor deigns he in the ranged quadrille to stand,  
 Unless to claim a fair constituent's hand  
 Or serve some party end; and, if by chance  
 On one of our dear girls he wastes a dance,  
 She hears him wonder, 'midst the figure's pause,  
 How Coleridge will dispose of Heathcote's clause:<sup>1</sup>  
 Dread words, which damp, beyond all power to  
 scorch,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge, Q.C. had introduced a Tests Abolition Bill into the House of Commons. Sir William Heathcote was the Conservative member for Oxford University. His name gave occasion for one of those few repartees which, beyond all cavil, have been extempore. At the general election of 1866 the polling in the Oxford Senate-house was watched by leading friends of the respective candidates. An old Master of Arts, who doubtless had formerly supported Mr. Gladstone, when asked which way he voted, said; "I vote for Glad—; no, I mean for 'Eathcote and 'Ardy." The Liberals proceeded to claim the vote; but the Conservative managers objected, and said, very truly, "He never finished Mr. Gladstone's name." Professor Henry Smith quietly replied; "But he never began either of the others."

The match that might have kindled Hymen's torch.

And when at noon along the joyous Row  
 The ceaseless streams of youth and beauty flow,  
 Though azure habit and artistic hat  
 Invite to snatches of half-tender chat,  
 He turns where, grave and silent, yet serene,  
 His chieftain rides two mirthful troops between,  
 And meets the kindly breeze that fans away  
 Each trace and relic of the nightly fray;—  
 The trifling slip, by eloquence retrieved;  
 The words misconstrued, purpose misconceived;  
 The forced and mocking laugh of feigned surprise  
 That down the hostile lines by concert flies;  
 The taunt of fear too fevered to be just,  
 And shallowness which deems itself mistrust;  
 The venom'd stab of envy, that would fain  
 Assume the mien and language of disdain.

Yet long we suffered, chastened to endure  
 The ills that picnics and July might cure.  
 But summer wanes, and visions once so fair  
 Result in Prorogation and despair.  
 The mother sees a wan and jaded band  
 Unwed, undanced-with, and untalked-to, stand.  
 The wife, beguiled by dim and flickering hopes  
 Of random callers, in her boudoir mopes,  
 Or sits, with ears intent on casual knocks,  
 Though Patti sings, sole inmate of her box.

1st *Lady*.—Yes, indeed! 'Tis past all bearing  
 when a husband slights his bride

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O, to roam o'er glen and corrie, far away from fuss  
and sham,  
Lunching on a chicken sandwich and a slice of bread  
and jam;  
Tramping after grouse or partridge through the  
soft September air,  
Both my pockets stuffed with cartridge, and my  
heart devoid of care!"

*Gay.*—If Ministers wish us the Tories to beat,  
They surely should grant us the leisure to eat:  
But Liberal youngsters do nothing but fast  
Since ever this measure began to be passed.  
Brand kept me from table three nights in one week  
By hinting that Lowe was intending to speak;  
Although I suspect to detain me he tried  
In case Captain Hayter thought fit to divide.  
When all that is clever at Arthur's or White's  
Has set itself down for the gayest of nights;—  
When the steward is warned, and the cook has a  
hint  
To see there be neither redundance nor stint,  
That the whitebait are crisp, and the curry is hot,  
Since some one is coming who knows what is  
what;—

When over the port of the innermost bin  
The circle of diners are laughing with Phinn;  
When Brookfield has hit on his happiest vein,  
And Harcourt is capping the jokes of Delane;—  
Possessed by alarm of impending collisions  
With doubtful supporters who count my divisions

I crouch 'neath the gallery eating my fill  
Of biscuits concealed in the folds of a Bill:  
While stretched at my feet a promiscuous heap  
Of gentlemen lie in the gangway asleep.

*Lady Matilda.*—One chance remains, the last  
and surest course  
Of injured worth:—a bold appeal to force.  
Through Crescent, Terrace, Circus, and Arcade  
Shall scouts proclaim a feminine crusade.  
Let Knightsbridge, Pimlico, and Brompton meet,  
Where Grosvenor Place is lost in Eaton Street;  
While Portman Square and Hyde Park Gardens  
march  
At break of dawn beneath the Marble Arch.  
Across Victoria Road, with beat of drum,  
Straight towards the Abbey bid our musters  
come;  
Beset the House, and all approaches guard  
From furthest Millbank round to Palace Yard;  
Invest the lobbies; raise across the courts  
A barricade of Bluebooks and Reports;  
Suspend for good the Orders of the Day;  
To serve as hostage seize Sir Thomas May;  
And with one daring stroke for ever close  
The fount and origin of these our woes.  
Till man, who holds so light our proper charms,  
Is brought to reason by material arms,  
And learns afresh, what all his fathers knew,  
His highest function, our most cherished due.

[*Applause.*]

*Lady Selina.*—Thus we sit our treason netting,  
 Talking words that might have hung us,  
 All the while like geese forgetting  
 We have here an Owl among us.<sup>1</sup>  
 Yes, my Charley, I've a notion  
 That a youth who shall be nameless  
 Wrote the "Diary of Goschen,"  
 Though he looks so meek and blameless.

[*They surround GAY in threatening attitudes.*

*Lady Matilda.*—The Whig profane who rudely  
 pries  
 In regions masked from vulgar eyes,—  
 Who once has trod the sacred rug  
 Where Tories lounge in conclave snug,  
 And listen while their whips recite  
 The tactics of a coming fight,  
 Or speculate in murmurs low  
 How far the Cave intends to go,—  
 That rash intrusive wasp alive  
 Will never quit the Carlton hive.  
 We, less severe, accord you leave  
 To earn an undeserved reprieve

<sup>1</sup> The "Owl,"—the first in point of time among Society papers,—was then in its third season of publication. It was written by people all of whom might very fairly be called men of fashion, and who took no payment for their contributions. The profits were spent on a weekly dinner of extraordinary excellence; and those profits became a cause of great embarrassment, for they very soon were large enough to have feasted half Mayfair.

By coaxing with harmonious call  
 Your vagrant brethren hither all,  
 And warning them in silence deep  
 Our counsels and resolves to keep.

*Gay [sings.]*—Gentle birds of plumage tawny,  
 Whom the pale policeman greets  
 Flitting nestwards, as at dawn he  
 Treads his weary round of streets;  
 Tribe vivacious, bound to serve a  
 Term of seasons to Minerva;  
 This a poet, that a sceptic;  
 Tufted some, and others crestless;  
 Roguish, easy, gay, eupeptic,  
 Frisky, truant, vague, and restless;  
 Haunt and perch for ever changing  
 As the needs of gossip call;  
 Towards the hour of luncheon ranging  
 Round the Board-rooms of Whitehall,  
 Where a busy race of men  
 Tie the tape and drive the pen  
 Till the welcome stroke of four  
 Open throws their office door.  
 There the food which suits his humour  
 Never yet an Owl has lacked:  
 Scraps of talk and crumbs of rumour,  
 Here a guess, and there a fact.  
 So, through each Department hopping,  
 Culling truth, and fiction dropping,  
 Off you fly to print and risk it,



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When your crop with news is stored  
By some lazy Junior Lord  
Yawning o'er his mid-day biscuit.

Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!  
When the warning note I utter  
All the tuneful, roving crew  
Round their mate will swiftly flutter.

Once again, when chill and dark  
Twilight thins the swarming park,  
Bearing home his social gleaning,  
Jests and riddles fraught with meaning,  
Scandals, anecdotes, reports,  
Seeks the fowl a maze of courts  
Which with aspect towards the west  
Fringe the street of sainted James,  
Where a warm secluded nest  
As his sole domain he claims;  
From his wing a feather draws,  
Shapes for use a dainty nib,  
Pens his parody or squib,  
Combs his down, and trims his claws,  
And repairs where windows bright  
Flood the sleepless square with light;  
Where behind the tables stand  
Gunter's deaf and voiceless band;  
Where his own persuasive hoot  
Mingles with the strains of Coote,

While, retiring and advancing,  
 Softly through the music's storm  
 Timid girls discourse on dancing,  
 And are mute about Reform;  
 In a sea of flounces swimming;  
 Waves of rustling tulle above;  
 Strewn below the wrecks of trimming,  
 Shattered fan, and crumpled glove.

Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!  
 When they see I'm of a feather  
 All the tuneful, roving crew  
 Speedily will flock together.

*Enter Chorus of Owls.*

*Chorus.*—What the dickens means our brother  
 By tu-whitting and tu-whooing?  
 Much we fear he's laid another  
 Pun, as he is always doing;  
 Or has hatched a long acrostic  
 From the dictionary taken;  
 Something fit to pose a Gnostic,  
 And defy the skill of Bacon.

But now for half-an-hour must cease  
 The plot and business of the piece:  
 Because the audience has been  
 Long anxious for a change of scene  
 In dread of growing, ere it budes,



## 84 THE MODERN ECCLESIAZUSAE

As old as Derby's Irish Judges.<sup>1</sup>  
 So shift the canvas, while we speak  
 A chorus modelled from the Greek.

We much revere our sires, who were a mighty race  
 of men.<sup>2</sup>

For every glass of port we drink they nothing  
 thought of ten.

They dwelt above the foulest drains. They breathed  
 the closest air.

They had their yearly twinge of gout, and little  
 seemed to care.

They set those meddling people down for Jacobins  
 or fools

Who talked of Public Libraries, and grants to  
 Normal Schools;

<sup>1</sup> There was much debate in 1866 on the retention of the Lord Chief Justiceship in Ireland by a man of ninety-one, with the object, (as was reasonably conjectured,) that, after an approaching change of Government, the appointment of his successor might fall to the Prime Minister of his own party. He was defended in Parliament by his son, whose speech favourably impressed a House of Commons which always has a soft heart on such occasions. The effect, however, of this exhibition of filial piety was quite irretrievably spoiled by an Irish member who rose to inquire, with every mark of sympathy, whether the Honourable Gentleman who had just sate down had not been discharged from serving on Committees of the House on account of his advanced years. As a matter of fact the son had already passed sixty, which was the age of exemption.

<sup>2</sup> εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας ἡμῶν, ὅτι  
 ἄνδρες ἦσαν τῶσδε τῆς γῆς ἀξίωι, καὶ τοῦ πόντου. κ.τ.λ.

*Knights, 565.*



THE MODERN ECCLESIAZUSAE 85

Since common folks who read, and write, and like  
their betters speak,  
Want something more than pipes, and beer, and  
sermons once a week.  
And therefore both by land and sea their match they  
rarely met,  
But made the name of Britain great, and ran her  
deep in debt.  
They seldom stopped to count the foe, nor sum the  
moneys spent,  
But clenched their teeth and straight ahead with  
sword and musket went;  
And, though they thought if trade were free that  
England ne'er would thrive,  
They freely gave their blood for Moore, and Wel-  
lington, and Clive;  
And, though they burned their coal at home, nor  
fetched their ice from Wenham,  
They played the man before Quebec and stormed  
the lines at Blenheim.  
When sailors lived on mouldy bread, and lumps of  
rusty pork,  
No Frenchman dared his nose to shew between the  
Downs and Cork;  
But now that Jack gets beef and greens, and next  
his skin wears flannel,  
The "Standard" says we've not a ship in plight to  
keep the Channel.  
  
And, while they held their own in war, our fathers  
showed no stint



86 THE MODERN ECCLESIAZUSAE

Of fire, and nerve, and vigour rough, whene'er they  
took to print.  
They charged at hazard through the crowd, and  
recked not whom they hurt,  
And taught their Pegasus to kick and splash about  
the dirt;  
And every jolly Whig who drank at Brooks's joined  
to goad  
That poor young Heaven-born Minister with epi-  
gram and ode,  
Because he would not call a main, nor shake the  
midnight box,  
Nor flirt with all the pretty girls like gallant Charley  
Fox.  
But now the press has squeamish grown, and thinks  
invective rash;  
And telling hits no longer lurk 'neath asterisk and  
dash;  
And poets deal in epithets as soft as skeins of silk,  
Nor dream of calling silly lords "a curd of ass's milk."  
And satirists confine their art to cutting jokes on  
Beales,  
Or snap like angry puppies round a mightier tri-  
bune's heels:  
Discussing whether he can scan and understand the  
lines  
About the wooden Horse of Troy,<sup>1</sup> and when and  
where he dines:

<sup>1</sup> More allusions than enough to this animal were bandied about between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone during the debates on the 1866 Reform Bill.



Though gentlemen should blush to talk as if they  
 cared a button  
 Because one night in Chesham Place he ate his slice  
 of mutton.<sup>1</sup>

Since ever party strife began the world is still the  
 same,  
 And Radicals from age to age are held the fairest  
 game.  
 E'en thus the Prince of Attic drolls, who dearly loved  
 to sup  
 With those who gave the fattest eels and choicest  
 Samian cup,  
 Expended his immortal fun on that unhappy tanner  
 Who twenty centuries ago was waving Gladstone's  
 banner:  
 And in the troubled days of Rome each curled and  
 scented jackass  
 Who lounged along the Sacred Way heehawed at  
 Caius Gracchus.  
 So now all paltry jesters run their maiden wit to  
 flesh on  
 A block of rugged Saxon oak, that shews no light  
 impression:  
 At which whoe'er aspires to chop had better guard  
 his eye,  
 And towards the nearest cover bolt, if once the  
 splinters fly.

<sup>1</sup> In the London season of 1866 there was much gossip over the fact of Earl Russell having entertained Mr. Bright at dinner.

## 88 THE MODERN ECCLESIAZUSAE

Then surely it were best to drop an over-worried  
bone,  
And, if we've nothing new to say, just let the League'  
alone;  
Or work another vein, and quiz those patrons of their  
race  
Who like the honest working-man, but like him in his  
place;  
Who, proud of rivalling the pig which started for  
Dundalk  
Because it thought that Paddy wished towards Car-  
lingford to walk,  
In slavish contradiction all their private judgement  
smother,  
And blindly take one course because John Bright  
prefers another.

Let's rather speak of what was felt by us who value  
"Yeast"

On learning who had led the choir at that triumphant  
feast

Where Hampshire's town and county joined a civic  
wreath to fling

O'er him, the great proconsul, whose renown through  
time shall ring

In deathless cadence borne along pianoforte wires,  
As memories heroic haunt the chords of Grecian  
lyres.

That he, who gave our ancient creeds their first and  
rudest shock,

<sup>1</sup> The Reform League.

Till half the lads for pattern took his Chartist Alton  
 Locke,  
 Should tell us that Debrett within his gilded leaves  
 contains  
 The virtue of the British isles, the beauty, and the  
 brains!<sup>1</sup>  
 As if all moral folks were peers! As if the sweetest  
 kisses  
 Had ceased to lurk between the lips of many a charm-  
 ing missis!  
 While Cobden and Carlyle can boast no tall heraldic  
 tree,  
 And Tennyson is still Esquire, and Mill a plain M. P.  
 That he, whose brave old English tale set all our  
 veins aglow,  
 (How Hawkins, Cavendish, and Drake, went sailing  
 Westward Ho,  
 And how they led the Dons a life, and fought them  
 man to man,  
 And spared them when they begged for grace, and  
 chased them when they ran,)  
 Should teach that "modern chivalry" has found its  
 noblest egress  
 In burning Baptist villages, and stringing up a  
 negress!

<sup>1</sup> At the banquet given to Governor Eyre at Southampton the Rev. Charles Kingsley said that the House of Lords contained all the genius and all the virtue of the country, and that it was rapidly monopolizing all the beauty; as likewise that the conduct of Eyre in Jamaica was a brilliant manifestation of "modern chivalry."



90 THE MODERN ECCLESIAZUSAE

But 'tis not on topics like those  
Their talent that owls should exhibit.  
More suited for vultures and crows  
Are puffs of the cat and the gibbet.  
We leave it for Newman to search  
The doctrine professed by a parson  
Who runs from his schools and his church  
To gloat upon hanging and arson.  
Like garrulous birds we resort  
In quest of a frolicsome theme  
Where butterflies quarrel and sport  
On the brink of Society's stream.

Then hither and listen, whoever  
Would learn from our teaching the miracle  
Of passing for witty and clever  
Without being voted satirical!  
He'd better be apt with his pen  
Than well-dressed, and well-booted and gloved,  
Who likes to be liked by the men,  
By the women who loves to be loved:  
And Fashion full often has paid  
Her good word in return for a gay word,  
For a song in the manner of Praed,  
Or an anecdote worthy of Hayward.

So scorn not to heed our advice,  
Nor deem us impertinent fowls,  
Nor say that the catching of mice  
Is the proper department for Owls;

For Palmerston liked us and read us,  
 And all the vicinity knew  
 That the ivy which sheltered and bred us  
 Around the old forest-king grew.  
 Though parties and principles perish,  
 Though faint is consistency's flame,  
 Our loyalty ever shall cherish  
 That loved and illustrious name.<sup>1</sup>

Just one-and-fifty years had gone since on the Bel-  
 gian plain  
 Amidst the scorched and trampled rye Napoleon  
 turned his rein;  
 And once again in panic fled a gallant host and  
 proud,  
 And once again a chief of might 'neath Fortune's  
 malice bowed.<sup>2</sup>  
 So vast and serried an array, so brave and fair to  
 view,  
 Ne'er mustered yet around the flag of mingled buff  
 and blue,—  
 So potent in the show of strength, in seeming zeal  
 so bold,—  
 Since Grey went forth in 'Thirty-two to storm Cor-  
 ruption's hold.  
 But in the pageant all is bright, and, till the shock  
 we feel,

<sup>1</sup> These three stanzas were in "The Owl" of February 21, 1866.

<sup>2</sup> On the 18th June, 1866, the Liberal Government was defeated upon Lord Dunkellin's Amendment;—a defeat that was followed by resignation.

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We learn not what is burnished tin, and what is  
tempered steel.  
When comes the push of charging ranks, when  
spear and buckler clash,  
Then snaps the shaft of treacherous fir, then holds  
the trusty ash.  
And well the fatal truth we knew when sounds of  
lawless fight  
In baleful concert down the line came pealing from  
our right,  
Which in the hour of sorest need upon our centre fell,  
Where march the good old houses still that love the  
people well.  
As to and fro our battle swayed in terror, doubt, and  
shame,  
Like wolves among the huddled flock the Tory van-  
guard came.  
A moment yet with shivered blade, torn scarf, and  
pennon reft  
Imperial Gladstone turned to bay amidst our farthest  
left,  
Where, shoulder tight to shoulder set, fought on in  
sullen pride  
The veterans staunch who drink the streams of Tyne,  
and Wear, and Clyde;  
Who've borne the toil, and heat, and blows of many  
a hopeless fray;  
Who serve uncheered by rank and fame, unbought  
by place or pay.  
At length, deserted and outmatched, by fruitless  
efforts spent,

THE MODERN ECCLESIAZUSAE 93

From that disastrous field of strife our steps we  
homeward bent,

Erelong to ride in triumph back, escorted near and  
far

By eager millions surging on behind our hero's car;  
While blue and yellow streamers deck each Tory  
convert's brow,

And both the Carltons swell the shout: "We're all  
Reformers now!"



ANGLO-INDIAN LYRICS

1863

The four pieces, which follow, first appeared in much the same shape in the "Letters of a Competition Wallah."

## ANGLO-INDIAN LYRICS

LIB. III. CARM. 7.

*Quid fles, Asterië, quem tibi candidi  
Primo restituent vere Favonii?*

### I

**M**Y dear Miss White, forbear to weep  
Because the North-West breezes keep  
At anchor off Rangoon  
That youth who, richer by a lac,  
May safely be expected back  
Before the next Monsoon.

### II

Beneath his close mosquito nets  
With love and prickly-heat he frets  
On Irrawaddy's water,  
Nor heeds a dame on board the ship,  
Who lets no fair occasion slip  
For praising up her daughter.

### III

She talks of maiden's heart so true,  
And angry brothers six foot two  
Demanding satisfaction.

### H





And, as a last resource, throws out  
Hints very palpable about  
A breach-of-promise action.

## IV

She tells how Pickwick's glance of fire<sup>1</sup>  
Quailed 'neath an angry woman's ire:  
But let not that alarm ye.  
He still remains as deaf as those  
Who govern India to the woes  
Of Bengal's ill-used army.

## V

Fear not for him, but thou, beware!  
'Tis whispered, (though I hardly dare  
To credit the assertion,)  
How very kind an ear you lend  
To that young Civil Service friend  
Who lately passed in Persian;<sup>2</sup>

## VI

Than whom no other Wallah steers  
With less excruciating fears  
His buggy down the course;  
Or chooses out a softer place,  
And with a more seductive grace  
Drops off a shying horse.

<sup>1</sup> "Narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro.  
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens."

<sup>2</sup> "At tibi

Ne vicinus Enipeus  
Plus justo placeat cave."

## LIB. IV. CARM. 8.

*Donarem pateras grataque commodus,  
Censorine, meis aera sodalibus.*

IF all my "woulds," dear Jones, were changed to  
"coulds,"

I'd deck thy bungalow with Europe goods;  
With bronzes which the awe-struck Baboo stops  
To gape and stare at in Chowringhee shops;  
With flagons such as either Ross has won  
In many a hard-fought match at Wimbledon;  
With Brett's chefs-d'œuvre which Ruskins buy  
and praise

Amidst the scorn of petulant R.A.s.  
Brave presents these, but how can I dispense 'em  
With just four hundred odd rupees per mensem?  
One potent gift I boast, one treasure dear,  
The access to an editorial ear.  
Not full length portraits, frame and all complete,  
Nor yet ovations at his country seat,  
Nor presentation swords, nor statues, shed  
Such deathless lustre round his valiant head  
Who, when 'gainst fearful odds the English van  
Bore up the battle in the grim Redan,  
Calm from amidst the cloud of smoke and flame  
Across the death-swept glaxis went and came  
As that small squad which once the hero sent  
To pitch our Special Correspondent's tent.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Non incisa notis marmora publicis," etc.



What gives old Time the lie, and keeps alive  
 In school-boy mouths the mighty name of Clive;  
 Preserves great Hastings from oblivion's flood,  
 And daubs poor Impey with perennial mud?  
 Why, just two articles in that Review  
 Where gaudy yellow strives with dingy blue.  
 Ne'er will the man on whom the press has smiled  
 Pine in Collectorates remote and wild.  
 'Tis not for him the beaten path to trudge  
 From Sub-assistant up to Zillah Judge.  
 And when, persuaded by his wife to give her  
 The best advice in London for her liver,  
 He chooses a convenient month to start in  
 And hurries home to see Sir Randal Martin,  
 These magic words perchance may thrill his  
 breast,  
 "Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood request—" <sup>1</sup>

## LIB. I. CARM. II.

*Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,  
 Finem Dē dederint Leuconœ, nec Babylonios  
 Tentaris numeros.*

MATILDA, will you ne'er have ceased apocalyptic  
 summing,  
 And left the number of the beast to puzzle Dr. Cum-  
 ming?

<sup>1</sup> "Sic Jovis interest  
 Optatis epulis."



You should not vex your charming brains about,  
(confusion take her!)

The Babylonian Lament, the pretty dragon-breaker.  
What can't be cured must be endured. Perchance  
a gracious heaven

May spare us till the fated year of eighteen sixty-  
seven.<sup>1</sup>

Perchance Jove's Board of Public Works the dread  
decree has passed;

And this cold season, with its joys, is doomed to be  
our last.

Let's to the supper-room again, though Kitmutgars  
may frown,

And in Lord Elgin's dry champagne wash all these  
tremors down:

And book me for the fifteenth walse: there, just  
beneath my thumb.

No, not the next to that, my girl! The next may  
never come.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This was the date fixed by Dr. Cumming for the end of  
all things.

<sup>2</sup> "Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero."

ODE TO CALCUTTA<sup>1</sup>

## I

FAIR city, India's crown and pride,  
Long may'st thou tower o'er Hooghley's tide,  
Whose hallowed, but malarious stream,  
The peasant's god, the poet's theme,  
Rolls down the dead Hindoo;  
And from whose wave, a stagnant mass  
Replete with sulphuretted gas,  
Our country beer we brew!  
As o'er a pulse physicians stand,  
Intent upon the second-hand,  
Determined not to miss ticks,  
I watch thy sanitary state,  
Jot down of deaths the annual rate,  
And each new epidemic greet  
Until my system I complete  
Of tropical statistics.

## II

Of those with whom I laughed away  
On Lea's fair banks the idle day,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose love would ne'er my breast allow  
To hold concealed the thoughts that now  
Within my heart are pent,

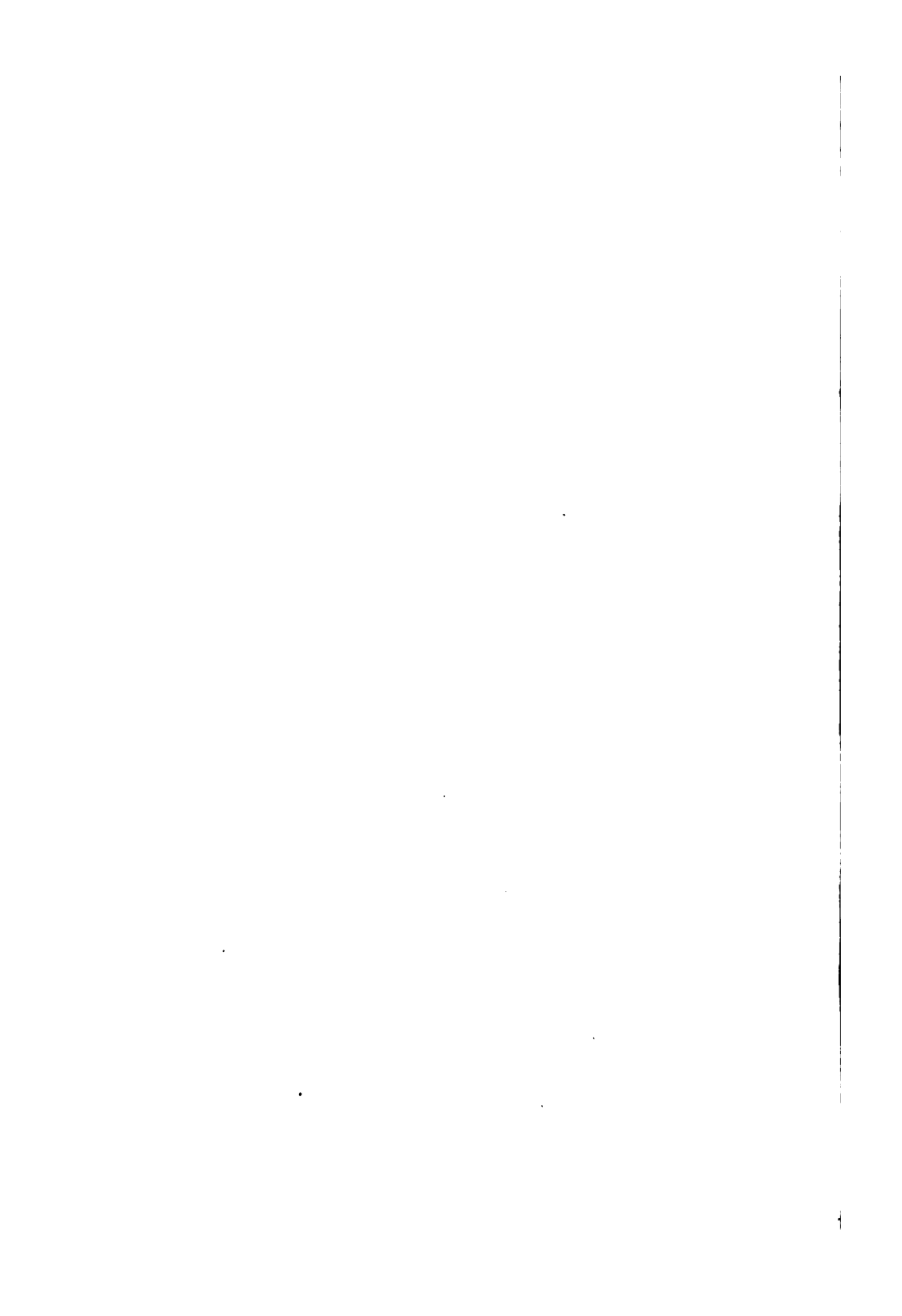
<sup>1</sup> These verses are supposed to be written by an elderly Indian Civil Servant, a passionate student of the laws of sanitation and mortality.

<sup>2</sup> The former East Indian College of Haileybury stood within a mile of the river Lea.

Who hung upon my every breath,  
Of those dear friends I mourn the death  
    Of forty-five per cent.:  
And Harry Gray, my soul's delight,  
The brave, the eloquent, the bright,  
    The versatile, the shifty,  
Stretched hopeless on his dying bed,  
With failing strength and aching head,  
In cholera's malignant phase,—  
Ah! woe is me,—will shortly raise  
    The average to fifty.

## III

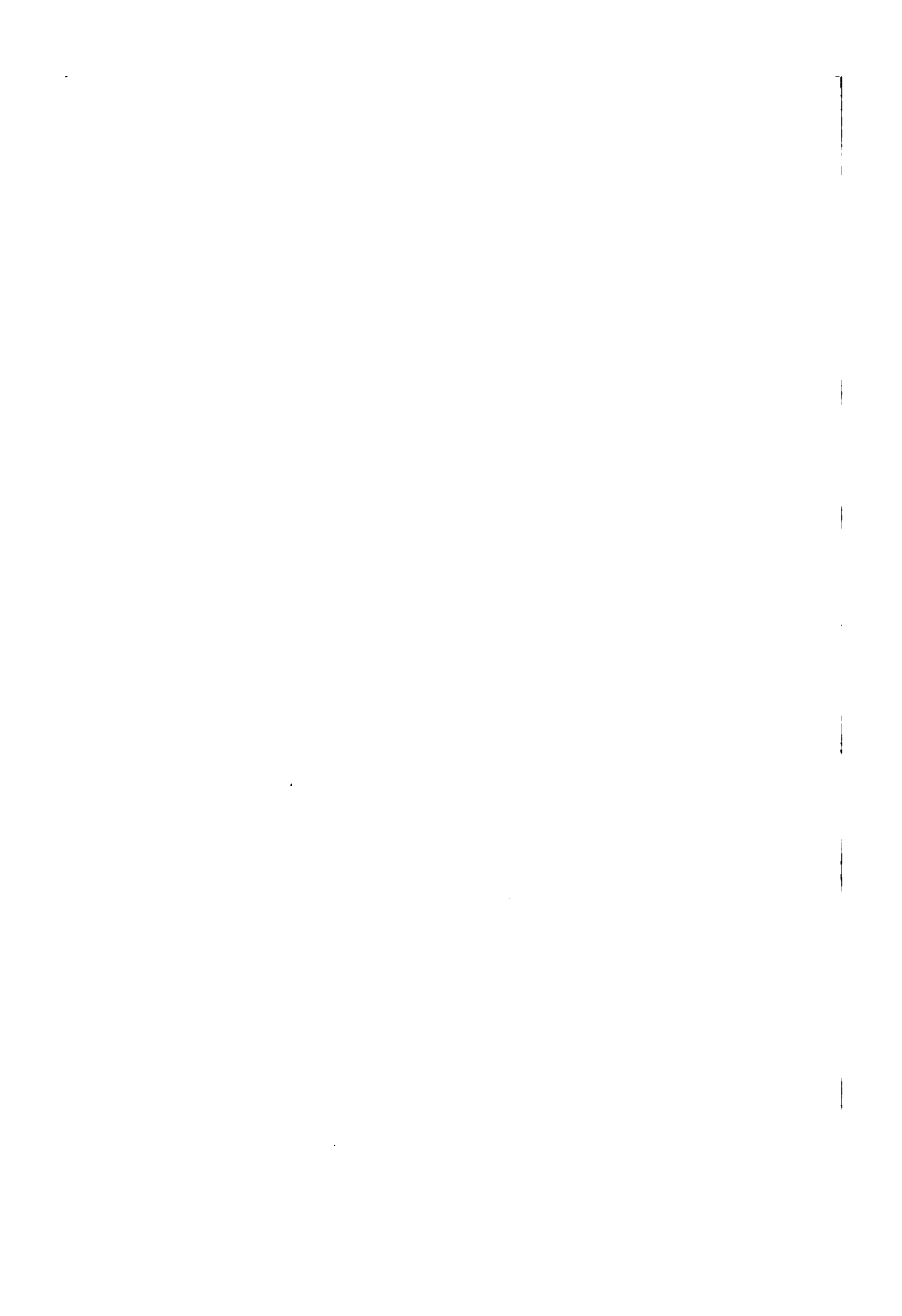
And when, before the rains in June,  
The mercury went up at noon  
To nine-and-ninety in the shade,  
I every hour grew more afraid  
    That doctor Fayrer right is  
In hinting to my wife that those  
Inflammatory symptoms rose  
    From latent Hepatitis.  
I'll, ere another week goes by,  
For my certificate apply,  
    And sail home invalided:  
Since, if I press an early bier,  
The deaths from Liver in the year,  
Compared with those produced by Sun,  
Will (fearful thought!) have then by one  
    Their ratio exceeded!



**LETTERS FROM PATNA**

**1863**





THE Letters from Patna are reproduced with some alterations, many omissions, and considerable re-arrangement, from the Letters of a Competition Wallah. The account of an Indian Civilian's career was therefore written more than forty years ago; but, in its essential features, it holds good to-day. Official incomes have altered for the worse; but the work is still as interesting, the daily life as unhampered and rational, the administrative posts as dignified and responsible, and the promotion to as great a degree dependent upon merit as ever. Civilians are still faithful stewards of India's resources; ardent promoters of her welfare; and, (as frequently as before,) true friends, and undaunted champions, of the native population. A most delicate scrupulousness against any employment of their official influence for private profit and advantage is the creed and tradition of Anglo-Indian public men in the same marked degree as of old. Many years ago the picture drawn in the following pages attracted some of the author's own contemporaries into a Service of which they have been bright ornaments; and the main outlines of that picture are true to the present hour.

The author is pretty generally believed, even by

intimate friends who did not know him in early youth, to have belonged to the Indian Civil Service. He had not that great honour. After leaving College, he spent the year 1863 as unpaid Secretary to his father, who was Financial Member of Council in India, and he never was in that country before or since.

## AN UP COUNTRY STATION

*Feb. 7th, 1863.*

TOWARDS the end of last month I applied for, and obtained, six weeks' leave, after passing in the first of my two languages. I left Calcutta by train, with the intention of living a week at Patna with Major Ratcliffe, who is on special duty there, and then passing the rest of my leave with my cousin, Tom Goddard, at Mofussilpore. Ratcliffe is a Bengal Club acquaintance, who gave me first a general, and then a most particular, invitation to stay with him up country. There is something stupendous in the hospitality of India. It appears to be the ordinary thing, five minutes after a first introduction, for people to ask you to come and spend a month with them. And yet there is a general complaint that the old good-fellowship is going out fast; and that there are so many Europeans about of questionable position, and most unquestionable breeding, that it is necessary to know something of a man besides the colour of his skin before admitting him into the bosom of a family.

There is something very interesting in a first railway journey in Bengal. Never was I so impressed

with the triumphs of progress, and the march of mind. In fact, all the usual commonplaces genuinely filled my soul. Those two thin strips of iron, representing as they do the mightiest and the most fruitful conquest of science, stretch hundreds and hundreds of miles across the boundless Eastern plains; through the wild hills of Rajmahal, swarming with savage beasts, and men more savage than they; past Mussulman shrines, and Hindoo temples; along the bank of the great river that cannot be bridged, whose crocodiles fatten on the corpses which superstition still supplies to them by hundreds daily. Keep to the line, and you see everywhere the unmistakable signs of England's handiwork. There are the colossal viaducts, spanning wide tracts of pool and sandbank, which the first rains will convert into vast torrents. There are the long rows of iron sheds, with huge engines running in and out of them with that indefiniteness of purpose which seems to characterize locomotives all over the world. There is the British station-master, grand but civil on ordinary occasions, but bursting into excitement and ferocity when things go wrong, or when his will is disputed; and there is the refreshment-room, with its half-crown dinner that practically always costs five and ninepence. Stroll a hundred yards from the embankment, and all symptoms of civilization have vanished. You find yourself in the midst of scenes that Arrian might have witnessed; among manners unchanged by thousands of years,—unchangeable, perhaps, by thousands more. The gay

bullock-litter bearing to her wedding the bride of four years old; the train of pilgrims, their turbans and cummerbunds stained with pink, carrying back the water of the sacred stream to their distant homes; the unkempt beggar, whom all the neighbourhood revere as a Saint Simeon,—these are sights which have very little in common with Didcot or Crewe Junction.

A station on an Indian line affords much that is amusing to a curious observer. Long before the hour at which the train is expected, a dense crowd of natives collects outside the glass doors, dressed in their brightest colours, and in a wild state of excitement. The Hindoos have taken most kindly to railway travelling. It is a species of locomotion which pre-eminently suits their lazy habits; and it likewise appeals to their love of turning a penny. To them every journey is a petty speculation. If they can sell their goods at a distance for a price which will cover the double fare, and leave a few pice over, they infinitely prefer sitting still in a truck to earning a much larger sum by manual labour. A less estimable class of men of business, who are said to make great use of the railway, are the dacoits, who travel often sixty or seventy miles to commit their villanies in order to escape the observation of the police in their own district. Every native carries a parcel of some sort or kind; and it often happens that a man brings a bundle so large that it cannot be got in at the door.

At length the barrier is opened, and the passengers

are admitted in small parties by a policeman, who treats them, it must be admitted, with scanty courtesy. When his turn comes to buy a ticket, your true Hindoo generally attempts to make a bargain with the clerk, but is very summarily snubbed by that gentleman; and, after an unsuccessful effort to conceal a copper coin, he is shoved by a second policeman on to the platform, where he and his companions discuss the whole proceeding at great length and with extraordinary warmth. The Bengalees almost invariably travel third class. At one time a train used to run consisting entirely of first and second-class carriages. Every first-class passenger was entitled to take two servants at third-class prices. It was no uncommon thing for well-to-do natives to entreat an English traveller to let them call themselves his servants for the sake of the difference in the fares. The wealthy Hindoos share the second-class with the poorer Europeans; for, in spite of the fraternity and equality which exists in theory between the subjects of our beloved Queen, our countrymen manage to appropriate to themselves the first-class carriages without any special regulation to that effect.

Suddenly, in the rear of the crowd, without the gates, there arises a great hubbub, amidst which, from time to time, may be distinguished an imperious, sharp-cut voice, the owner of which appears to show the most lordly indifference to the remarks and answers made around him. A few moments more, after some quarrelling and shoving about, the

throng divides, and down the lane thus formed stalks the Sahib of the period, in all the glory of an old flannel shirt and trousers, a dirty alpaca coat, no collar, no waistcoat, white canvas shoes, and a vast pith helmet. Behind him comes his chief bearer, with a cash-box, a loading-rod, two copies of the *Saturday Review* of six months back, and three bottles of soda-water. Then follows a long team of coolies, carrying on their heads a huge quantity of shabby and nondescript luggage, including at least one gun-case and a vast shapeless parcel of bedding. On the portmanteau you may still read, in very faint white letters, "Calcutta. Cabin." The Sahib, with the freedom and easy insolence of a member of the Imperial race, walks straight into the sacred inclosure of the clerk's office, and takes a ticket, at five times the price paid by his native brethren. Meanwhile, his bearer disposes the luggage in a heap, rewards the coolies on a scale which seems to give them profound discontent, and receives a third-class ticket from his master's hand with every mark of the most heartfelt gratitude. Thereupon, if there happen to be another Sahib on the platform, the two fall to talking on the extreme badness of the road in the district which has been made by the Supreme Government, as opposed to those constructed by the local authorities.

At length the train arrives. As the traffic is very large, and there is only a single line, (though the bridges and viaducts have been built for a double line), the trains are necessarily composed of a great



number of trucks. First, perhaps, come eight or ten second-class carriages, full of pale panting English soldiers in their shirt-sleeves. Then one first-class, of which the *coupé* is occupied by a young couple going to an appointment up country. They have become acquainted during the balls and tiffins of the cold season at Calcutta, and were married at the end of it. Perhaps they may never see it again until the bridegroom, who seems a likely young fellow, is brought down from the Mofussil to be put into the Secretariat. They have got a happy time before them. India is a delightful region for the first few years of married life. Lovers are left very much to themselves, and are able to enjoy to the full that charmingly selfish concentration of affection which is sometimes a little out of place in general society. When the eldest child must positively go home before the next hot season, and ought to have gone home before the last,—when aunts, and grandmothers, and schoolmistresses at Brighton, and agents in London have to be corresponded with,—then troubles begin to come thick. The next compartment is filled by a family party,—a languid, bilious, mother; a sickly, kindly, indefatigable nurse; and three little ones sprawling on the cushions in different stages of undress. In the netting overhead are plentiful stores of bottles of milk, bread and butter, and toys. Poor things! What an age a journey from Calcutta to Benares must seem at four years old! In the third compartment are two Sahibs smoking, who have filled every corner of

the carriage with their bags and trunks, the charge for luggage in the van being preposterously high out here. Our Sahib, who is too good-natured to disturb the lovers, and who has no great fancy for children as fellow-travellers through the dust and glare of a journey in India, determines to take up his quarters with the last-mentioned party. The two gentlemen object very strongly to being crowded, although there is full room for eight passengers; but our Sahib is a determined man, and he soon establishes himself, with all his belongings, as comfortably as circumstances will admit, and before very long the trio have fraternized over Manilla cheroots and the Indigo question. Behind the first-class carriage come an interminable row of third-class, packed to overflowing with natives in high exhilaration, stripped to the waist, chattering, smoking hubble-bubbles, chewing betel-nut, and endeavouring to curry favour with the guard,—for your true native never loses an opportunity of conciliating a man in authority. Though there does not appear to be an inch of room available, the crowd of new comers are pushed and heaved in by the station-master and his subordinates, and left to settle down by the force of gravity. In an incredibly short space of time the platform is cleared; the guard bawls out something that might once have borne a dim resemblance to “all right behind;” the whistle sounds; and the train moves on at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, including stoppages.

If one of the pleasures of travel be to find a pre-

conceived notion entirely contradicted by the reality, that pleasure I enjoyed to the full at Patna. It is a city of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of an immense province, one of the earliest seats of Batavian commerce, and connected with the history of our race by famous historical associations. I expected to pass through a succession of lofty streets of temples rich with fretwork, and of bazaars blazing with the gorgeous fabrics of the Eastern loom;—in fact, through such a scene as I described in my unsuccessful prize poem upon “Delhi.” Somewhere in the centre of this mass of wealth and magnificence I depicted to myself a square, or crescent, of architecture less florid than elsewhere, but more nearly approaching to European ideas of comfort. This was to be the quarter appropriated to the English residents. Here were to be their shops and factories, their Courts, their Offices, and the Churches of their various persuasions. Such was the picture which I had composed for my own delectation. Now for the original.

| We were due at Patna at 2 P.M., and, punctual to the time, the engine slackened its pace. There were no signs of a town to be seen; nothing but a large collection of mud huts standing in small untidy gardens, and shaded by a great number of trees. We arrived at the station, and I alighted, and collected my things,—a course of conduct which appeared to excite some surprise among the English passengers, none of whom left the carriages. The natives got out in herds, and the platform was instantly

covered with a noisy multitude, who surged round my baggage, which I had placed in front of me as a species of breakwater. After some minutes the train moved off, and the station-master came up and demanded my ticket. I asked him whether I could get a conveyance to take me to Major Ratcliffe's. "No. There were no conveyances at the station." Would he send some one to the nearest hotel to order me a fly? "Quite impossible. The nearest hotel was at Dinapore, twelve miles off." At length the awful truth began to dawn upon my bewildered intellect. Patna was the native town; Bankipore, the civil station, was six miles farther on; and Dinapore, the military station, six miles again beyond that. The railway people were very civil, and procured a couple of bullock-carts for my luggage. As it was so early in the day, there was nothing for it but to wait at least three hours before the sun was low enough to allow me to venture on a six-mile walk; and an Indian waiting-room is a perfect black-hole of dreariness. I abandoned myself to my own reflections, which, as there was nothing around me on which to reflect, soon became sufficiently dull; the only point which actively occupied my mind being the extreme helplessness of a stray European in India. His way of life is so essentially different from that of the native population that the country outside the English stations might as well be desert for all the accommodation it can afford him. He cannot eat the ordinary native food, or sleep under a native roof. The serais, or inns, are mere filthy sheds; and he

might walk through miles of bazaar without seeing an article which would add to his comfort. Fortunately, no Englishman of decent habits and trustworthy character need long be an outcast in Bengal.

As soon as the evening approached I proceeded on my way followed by two curious bullock-cars, so contrived that by great skill it was possible to place in them about one-fifth of the weight which the animals could draw; and by three coolies, each conveying with apparent ease half again as much as both the vehicles together. Our way lay at first through groves of palms, and patches of poppy and various sorts of lentil, interspersed with wretched mud huts, at the doors of which numbers of children were intently engaged in the only recreation indulged in by the Hindoo infant, that of making dirt-pies. I was much impressed by the portentous development of stomach among the younger ones, and by their dress, which consisted simply of a strip of red tape. However, their wrists and ankles were covered with silver ornaments; in consequence of which custom the decoying and murdering of children is a common crime. Along the gutters wandered the hideous foul Indian pig. It is only necessary to watch the habits of the animal for five minutes to understand why the eaters of swine-flesh are held unclean throughout the East. In this respect Englishmen have adopted what is generally looked upon as an Oriental prejudice, and no pork appears on a Calcutta table except such as has been sty-fed by hands in which the host reposes the most perfect confidence. Add a few bul-

locks sprawling in a roadside pool; a few thin-legged peasants half-dressed in a single garment of coarse cotton, sitting on their haunches in an attitude which can be imitated by no European who is not a practised athlete, sharing the alternate pipe, or cleaning their teeth with a bit of stick, the end of which they have previously chewed into a brush; a few slim mysterious poles of about twelve feet high, ornamented with bits of coloured rag; a few pariah dogs, and not a few smells; and you will have a very fair notion of a village in Bahar.

After a time we got into the main line of bazaar, which extends from the farther extremity of the city of Patna to the English station of Bankipore. An Indian bazaar is a narrow street of one-storied hovels, each with a small veranda, of which the floor is raised about two feet above the level of the road. The fronts are generally of wood, carved in tawdry patterns. The proprietor of the shop sits in the veranda surrounded by his stock-in-trade, which consists of a dozen bags of various sorts of grain; or as many baskets of sweetmeats, made of sugar and rancid butter; or three or four pounds' worth of silver anklets and charms; or a few piles of coloured handkerchiefs of the coarsest English manufacture. There is very little difference between the appearance of the town and country populations, and an utter absence of the picturesque costumes which, in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria, almost realize our ideas of the Bagdad of Haroun Alraschid.

There were already some ten minutes of daylight left when I arrived on a scene which amply repaid me for the dust and discomfort of the preceding hour and a half. On the left of the road lay an expanse of turf of some thirty acres, encircled by a race-course, an institution without which our countrymen seem unable to support existence in India. Surrounding the plain stood the residences of the officials, each in its own enclosure of from three to ten acres of lawn and garden. There is a strong family likeness between all European houses in the Mofussil. A one-storied building, covered with plaster of dazzling whiteness, relieved by bright green blinds, is surrounded on all sides by a broad veranda. Two lofty spacious sitting-rooms, with so wide an opening between that they almost form one hall, extend through the centre of the house from front to back, while either end is occupied by bedrooms, each with a bath-room attached. The servants sleep in sheds scattered about the compound; and the cooking is carried on in an outhouse, which gentlemen who are particular about their eating sometimes connect with the dining-room by a covered passage. The Sahib, generally speaking, has a sanctum of his own, where a confusion reigns which surpasses anything which could be found in a Lincoln's Inn garret, or the chamber in an English country-house appropriated to the son and heir. The walls are ornamented with mouldering antlers and dusty skulls of boar and tiger, the trophies of unmarried days; a map of the district, a ground-plan of

the station, a picture of Rugby Close in 1843, and a print of Lord Canning, cut out from the "Illustrated London News," marked with the generic sulkiness which characterises the portraits in that remarkable periodical. The furniture consists of a table overflowing with papers and pamphlets, which constantly encroach on the small corner reserved for an ink-stand and blotting-pad, in spite of a species of temporary dam formed by a dispatch-box and two bags of wadding; a dressing-table with very plain appliances; a camp-bed, so light as to allow of its being placed at will within range of the punkah; half a dozen cane chairs, and a vast leather couch, where the Sahib spends the half hour after his early morning walk, alternately dipping into the "Englishman," and sharing his tea and buttered toast with a favourite terrier. In one corner stand two splendid smooth-bores, stamped with the name of Westley Richards, and a double-barrelled rifle by the same hands; a long native gun, studded with glass beads, the muzzle shaped into a dragon's mouth; a couple of hog spears, a heavy hunting-crop, and two driving-whips; and the ancient family Joe Manton solemnly presented to the young writer by his anxious parent the day before he left the East India Docks in the Lord Minto, 1,200 tons, some fifteen years since. The other three corners are heaped with a chaos of Salt-reports, Minutes, blue-books, Codes and translations of Codes, and letters of every size and age, filed and unfiled, tied up with string, whipcord, boot-laces, or the frail, foul, execrable red-tape of



India, which has done more to break the hearts and health of English-bred Governors-General and Financiers than the mists of the Hooghley or the stenches of the Black Town.

By a careful inspection of the furniture and knick-nacks in the drawing-room, a close observer may be able to name with confidence the three years which his host passed at home on furlough. In one house there is a prevailing sense of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Everywhere you see those ideal views of the interior of the building, drawn by anticipation, and so unlike, and inferior to, the beautiful reality; filled by crowds of Turks and Albanians, Highlanders and Esquimaux, with here and there an individual in the hat and coat of modern civilization directing the attention of a female on his arm by pointing his stick at some interesting object in mid-air. On the table lie some Great Exhibition tokens. Till I came out here I never could conceive who bought those most futile and meaningless articles of commerce. In the book-shelves stands a long row of volumes of the Illustrated Catalogue, blazing with blue and gold. In other families, pictures of Solferino and the entry into Milan, maps of Sicily, and portraits of Cavour and Garibaldi, testify that the furlough of your host coincided with the struggle for Italian Unity. There is something touching in these memorials; for they remind one that, however devoted our countryman may be to the interests of the race which is entrusted to his charge, the objects dearest to his inmost heart lie far away, beyond the glaciers

of the Hindoo Koosh and the seething waves of the Red Sea.

On my right hand a smaller open space, likewise covered with grass, ran some way back from the road. On one side stood a church, as pretty as anything can be which is coated with yellow plaster, surrounded by a portico formed by means of graceful flying buttresses; on the other a row of low barracks, swarming with native policemen in bright blue tunics and scarlet turbans. At the end farthest from the road was the Collector's office, or Cutcherry, encircled by a rude fortification thrown up in the crisis of 1857. I was much interested in this, the first evidence I had met with of the great Mutiny. A mere ditch and mound overgrown with prickly pear, a man could walk over it without changing step. And yet it was behind such slender defences as this that in more than one isolated station a dozen or two of our people stood at bay for months before many times their number of infuriated enemies, disciplined by English skill, and armed from English arsenals. In those dreadful days this was the refuge for the Europeans from every one of the six or seven districts in the Patna division : from every one except Arrah, where eight or ten Civilians and railway officials, with a handful of stout Punjabees, were defending a billiard-room against the levée-en-masse of a province, supported by three strong regiments of regular infantry.

In the course of the next week I acquired a higher notion of Patna. Ratcliffe drove me in on two dif-

John Stuart. Their turn for mathematics is truly wonderful. A distinguished Cambridge wrangler assured me that the youths of eighteen and twenty, whom he was engaged in teaching, rushed through the course of subjects at such a headlong speed that, if they went on at the same rate, they would be in "Lunar Theory" by the end of six months. But it is allowed with equal unanimity that, at the period when the mind of young Englishmen is in full course of development, the Hindoo appears to have already arrived at maturity. It is often said that a liberal education is valued only as a stepping stone to Government employ;—that, as in everything else, the natives look upon it merely as a question of rupees. But this is very unfairly put. As well might you throw it in the teeth of the parents of all the boys at Harrow and Marlborough that they sent their sons to a public school in order to enable them to get their living in the liberal professions. A very respectable proportion of the Government scholars come from the homes of independent and opulent men, and would never dream of looking to official life for their maintenance. And, after all, why is it worse for a native gentleman to send his child to school, to qualify him for the office of a Treasurer or Deputy Judge, than for an English gentleman to engage a crammer to turn his son into a walking encyclopaedia against the next competitive examination? But the habit of sneering at our dark fellow-subjects is so confirmed in some people that they lose sight of sense and logic whenever the subject is introduced.

The headmaster asked Ratcliffe to examine the first class, which consisted of twelve or fifteen boys of about the same age and height as the sixth form at a public school. The class was engaged on "The Deserted Village." Each scholar read a few lines, and then gave a paraphrase of them in the most classical English. I sat aghast at the flowery combination of epithets which came so naturally to their lips; not knowing at the time that the natives who have been brought up at the Government schools, having learnt our language from Addison and Goldsmith, use, on all occasions, the literary English of the last century. They talk as Dr. Johnson is supposed to have talked by people who have never read Boswell. The passage before us was that beginning,

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey—"

an excellent sample of that mild conventional sentimental Conservatism which to so many minds is the constituent idea of poetry, and which appeals to man in his maudlin moments throughout all ages and in everyclime. There was something exquisitely absurd in hearing a parcel of young Bengalees regretting the time when every rood of ground in England maintained its man, and indignantly apostrophizing trade's unfeeling train for usurping the land and dispossessing the swain. And yet, was it more truly incongruous than the notion of English boys in the latter half of the nineteenth century upbraiding the descendants of Romulus with their

degeneracy and luxury; calling on them to fling into the nearest sea their gems and gold, the materials of evil; and complaining that few acres are now left for the plough?—though, if that implement resembled the one described by Virgil in the first Georgic, it is, perhaps, as well that the field of its operations was limited. Ratcliffe created a general agitation by asking whether commerce was really and truly a curse to a country. These young Baboos, destined, many of them, to pass their lives in the sharpest mercantile practice, seemed to consider any doubt on the subject as perfect heresy; until one of them, who expressed himself in a manner more nervous and less ornate than his fellows, solved the difficulty by stating that “the poets often told lies.” On the whole, the facility with which they used a tongue which they never hear spoken, except in school, was very creditable to the system.

## THE SIEGE OF ARRAH

*Feb. 17th, 1862.*

BEFORE leaving Patna I ran over to Arrah, and spent an evening and morning in visiting the scene of the most complete episode of the great troubles. The Collector entertained me very hospitably, and I passed the night in "The House" in a more unbroken repose than others of my countrymen have enjoyed in the same room. I was rather ashamed of having slept so well. The place is of extraordinary interest to an Englishman; and all the associations are concentrated within a small, well-defined locality, which vastly increases the interest which they excite. The compounds of the European houses at Arrah are very extensive; and the most extensive of all is that in which stands the residence of the Collector. It is, as far as I can judge from recollection, four hundred yards long by three hundred broad. It is bounded in most parts by a crumbling ditch and the remains of a hedge of prickly pear. The Collector's house is large and commodious, with spacious and very lofty rooms; one-storied, like all dwellings in the Mofussil, but with the floor raised several feet above the level of the ground. On one

side of the house is a portico; exactly forty yards from which stands a small whitewashed building, the basement of which consists of cellars, with open arches some four or five feet in height. A staircase in the interior leads to a single room, surrounded on three sides by a veranda. The dead wall faces the Collector's garden, which is thirty or forty yards off. It was formerly a billiard-room, and is now used for the accommodation of visitors when the great bungalow happens to be full. The house-top is reached by a ladder, and is surrounded by a parapet; but it is entirely commanded by the roof of the neighbouring building, from which the porch stands out like a bastion.

Arrah lies twelve miles from the Ganges, and at a distance of nearly 20 miles from Dinapore, which, (as will be remembered,) is the military cantonment of Patna. In the summer of 1857 there were stationed at Dinapore three regiments of native infantry,—a force of at least twenty-five hundred bayonets. The composition of this brigade was such as to give grave cause for alarm. The men were all drawn from the notorious turbulent district of Shahabad, of which Arrah is the official capital, and were united by the bond of an undefined allegiance to Coer Sing, who was recognized as chieftain by the Rajpoots, or soldier caste, of that region. There is a strong family feeling in the native mind. Your head-servant fills your house with young barbarians from his own village, whom he brings up to Calcutta to try their luck in service. As soon as a Government *employé*

is in receipt of a good income, relations and connections pour in from all parts of India, and claim to live at his expense. In the same manner the old sepoys introduced into their Company sons, nephews, and younger brothers; while any recruit who did not belong to the tribe was made almost as uncomfortable as a cockney in a crack Light Cavalry mess, and soon found it expedient to ask leave to change his quarters. The result was that the regiment had a tendency to turn into a clan, the members of which regarded each other with attachment and confidence, and carried out their common resolves with singular unanimity and secrecy.

The state of things at Dinapore excited profound uneasiness. For weeks previous to the catastrophe, letters appeared in the Calcutta daily papers urging the authorities to take measures to prevent an outbreak, which was regarded as now imminent. Unhappily, the Brigadier in command at the station was one of that class known at the Horse-Guards as experienced officers of long standing in the service, and by the world in general as old women. It is our misfortune that the commencement of every war finds our choicest troops, and our most precious strongholds, at the disposal of men who won their first laurels at Salamanca or Quatre Bras, and who should have been content to have closed their career at Sobraon. Such a chief, to the cost of humanity, was in charge of Meerut on that day of evil omen, the first of many such, when the troopers of the Third Light Cavalry, having shot down their officers and



information that a strong force of sepoys had crossed the Sone, at a point about four leagues to the eastward of Arrah, and that large numbers were still crossing. Then it became too evident that "some one had blundered." The moment had come when a resolution must be taken,—hurried, but irrevocable. A few hours more, and the enemy would be upon them, the country-people in arms, the roads impassable, and the bridges broken up for thirty miles round. While their communications were still open, should they retreat on Buxar, and wait there till they could be brought back to their posts by the returning tide of European re-conquest? It was too late to avert the destruction of their property; too late to keep the town to its allegiance, and save the treasure and the public records. There was nothing which they could stow behind their slender defences save and except the empty name of British rule. Was it worth while to run so frightful a risk for a shadow? Why, for an advantage so doubtful, expose their dearest to anxiety worse than death, to bereavement and desertion at such a time and in such a plight? On the other hand, should they skulk off like outlaws through the province which had been entrusted to their care, where but yesterday their will was law, leaving the district ready to receive the rebels with open arms, and afford them a firm foothold on the south of the Ganges,—another Oude, whence they might securely direct their future efforts against our power, which already tottered to the fall? If the rest of Shahabad must go, the authority

of old England and of John Company, the most generous of masters, should be upheld at least within the walls of one billiard-room, which was to witness such a game as never did billiard-room yet; a game at hopeless odds, amateurs opposed to professionals, fair play to knavery; a game where history stood by as marker, and where no starrng could recover a life once taken; a game which one losing hazard would undo, one cannon almost inevitably ruin; but which Wake and his fellows, as with clear eyes, brave hearts, and steady hands, they awaited the opening stroke, were fully determined should not be a love game.

There was no time to be lost. Rice and flour sufficing for a few days' consumption, and what other provisions came first to hand, were quickly stored in the house. The supply of water, which could be collected on such short notice, was alarmingly scanty. And then they made haste to enter their ark, before the flood of sedition and anarchy should engulf everything around. The garrison consisted of Herwald Wake, the Collector; young Colvin, and two other Civilians; Boyle, the engineer, the Vauban of the siege; Mr. Hall, a civil surgeon; an official in the opium agency, and his assistant; a Government schoolmaster; two native public *employés*, and five other Europeans in various subordinate grades; forty-five privates, two Naiks, two Havildars, and one Jemmadar,—names which so painfully bewilder an English reader of the list of killed and wounded in the Gazette after an Indian

victory. They were true Sikhs all, staunch as steel, and worthy to be the countrymen of our foes at Chilianwallah. Six-and-sixty fighting men by tale, with no lack of pluck and powder, but very badly off for meat and drink.

On Monday morning the sepoy poured into the town, and marched straight to the Treasury, from which they took eighty-five thousand rupees in cash. After this indispensable preliminary, they proceeded to carry out the next step in the programme usual on these occasions,—the slaughter of every one connected with the Government. It was very thoughtful of the Sahibs to have collected in one place, so as to spare Jack Sepoy the trouble of hunting them down in detail. It was best, however, to do the job in style; so a strong detachment was formed in column, and marched into the compound with drums beating and colours flying. It would give the men a good appetite for their curry to knock on the head the dozen or so of quill-drivers and railway people in the hole where they had taken refuge; and, if those unlucky Punjabees could not see on which side their chupatties were buttered, why, it should be the worse for them! But through every loophole in the brickwork on the first floor peered an angry Englishman, feeling at the trigger of his bone-crushing rifle, behind which he had stood the charge of many a tiger and buffalo,—unless, indeed, he was one of the school of sportsmen who prefer a smooth-bore for anything under eighty yards; while in the cellars below, and beneath the breastwork on the

roof, lurked half a hundred warriors of that valiant sect whom no other native army could look in the face. Just as the leading ranks were passing a fine tree, which grows a stone-throw from the house, they received a volley which laid eighteen of their number prostrate on the spot. As this made it evident that the Sahibs intended to die game, the mutineers, who had come out for a battue, and not on a storming party, broke their ranks, and dispersed behind the trees scattered about the compound, whence they kept up a desultory fire.

For long past Coer Sing had been watching the course of events with keen interest and a very definite purpose. This remarkable man came in for an abundant share of the abuse so indiscriminately dealt out to all who took part against us at that crisis. Coer Sing was described in the contemporary journals as a "devil," whose villainy could be accounted for only on the theory that he was not "of human flesh and blood." The time for shrieking and scolding has now gone by, and we can afford to own that he was not a devil at all, but the high-souled chief of a warlike tribe, who had been reduced to a nonentity by the yoke of a foreign invader. "What am I good for under your dynasty?" was his constant complaint to European visitors. He had already reached an age which in England is supposed to incapacitate for any employment short of the premiership. He well remembered the time when Scindiah and Holkar were not mere puppets of the Government of Fort William; when the Mahratta still ruled at

Poonah and Nagpore; when, what with Pindaree raids, and the long contest for the Helen of Odipore, and the extremely bellicose attitude of non-interference adopted by the Company, a dashing partisan leader, with a few thousand stout Rajpoots at his back, was good for a great deal in the estimation of Central India. He fretted, like the proud Highland chiefs when reduced to insignificance by the severe and orderly sway of the Southron. Surely, a people whose favourite heroes are Lochiel and Rob Roy Macgregor may spare a little sympathy for the chieftain who, at eighty years old, bade fill up his brass lotah, saddle his elephants, and call out his men, inasmuch as it was up with the turbans of Coer Sing; who inflicted on us a disaster most complete and tragical; who exacted from the unruly mutineers an obedience which they paid to none other; who led his force in person to Lucknow, and took a leading part in the struggle which decided the destinies of India; who, after no hope was left for the cause North of Ganges, did not lose heart, but kept his men together during a long and arduous retreat in the face of a victorious enemy; and, as the closing act of his life, by a masterly manœuvre baffled his pursuers, and placed his troops in safety on their own side of the great river, when friend and foe alike believed their destruction to be inevitable! On that occasion a round-shot from an English gun smashed his arm, as he was directing the passage of the last boatfuls of his followers, contrary to the habit of Eastern generals, who ordinarily

shun the post of danger. The old warrior, seeing that his hour was come, is said to have cut off his shattered limb with the hand that remained to him, and to have died of the flow of blood which ensued. But his army had not lost the impress of his skill and energy. During several months they maintained themselves at Juggdeespore, harassing with daily incursions the English garrisons in the neighbourhood; they repulsed with heavy loss a detachment sent to dislodge them; and finally laid down their arms under the general amnesty, after having defied our Government during more than a year of continuous fighting. Two facts may be deduced from the story of these operations; first, that the besiegers of the house at Arrah were neither cowards nor bunglers; and next, that it was uncommonly lucky for us that Coer Sing was not forty years younger.

Such, then, was the man who now claimed to take command of the levies of Shahabad by hereditary right. He brought with him a mighty following, and recruits poured in by hundreds and thousands daily. The sepoy veterans, who were living on pensions in their native villages, came forward to share the fortunes of their ancient regiments in greater number than in other districts. "That old fool, Coer Sing," was reported in the Calcutta papers to have held a review of eight thousand armed men, besides the three regular battalions. There was one cry throughout the province,—that now or never was the time to shake off the oppression of the stranger. When once they had put to the sword the Sahibs in

the billiard room, all would go well. But the Sahibs in question manifested a very decided disinclination to be put to the sword, so that it became necessary to put the sword to the Sahibs. The siege was pressed forward with vigour. Bullets rained on the defences day and night alike. The sepoy bawled out to our Sikhs that, if they would betray the Sahibs, they should receive a safe-conduct and five hundred rupees apiece. The Sikhs, in return, requested them to come nearer and repeat their liberal offers,—a compliance with which invitation resulted in the unfortunate agents of Coer Sing finding that, when they approached within ear-shot, they were within musket-shot as well.

Meanwhile, the most painful solicitude, which was fast deepening into despair, prevailed at Dinapore and Calcutta, and wherever else the tidings of the great peril of our countrymen had penetrated. The first intelligence received at the capital was conveyed in a letter which appeared in the "Englishman," dated the 27th of July, containing these words: "Mr. Boyle and the magistrate sent me a message to find a safe place. The Arrah people proposed to defend Mr. Boyle's fortification. If they have done so, I hope for the best, but dread the worst. What can a handful of Englishmen do with hundreds of lawless soldiers?" A correspondent writes on the 29th: "We have no news as to the English cooped up in Mr. Boyle's fortification, whether they are in existence or not." And again: "God knows what the fate of the unfortunate people at Arrah has been."

Towards the middle of the week it was determined at Dinapore to make an effort to raise the siege. An expedition started, consisting of nearly three hundred and fifty men of the 37th Queen's regiment, sixty Sikhs, and some young civilians who volunteered to accompany the party. Unfortunately, Captain Dunbar, the officer appointed to the command, was quite unfit for such a duty, his military experience having been gained in a Paymaster's bureau. The force was put on board a steamer, and sent up the Ganges. It was the height of the rainy season, and much of the country was under water. Accordingly, on arriving nearly opposite Arrah, the troops left the steamer, and embarked in some large boats, in which they followed the course of a nullah which brought them some miles nearer their point. By the time they were landed, evening had already closed in. The officers present, who knew something of night service, importuned their leader to bivouac on a bridge at some distance from Arrah, to give the soldiers their rum and biscuit, with a few hours' sleep, and then march in at daybreak. They urged on him the extreme danger of taking a small party of tired men in the dark through an unknown region swarming with foes who were thoroughly prepared for their reception. The answer was: "No. They expect us at Arrah, and I shall not think of halting till we get there." This was a reason which it was hard for Englishmen to gainsay. So the order was given to move on, and the men threw their firelocks over their shoulders, and set off on the march, the



Sikhs forming the advance-guard. Almost incredible to relate, Captain Dunbar had not sufficient foresight to throw out flankers. It never seems to have occurred to him that a march at midnight through three miles of bazaar and mud-wall, grove and garden, to the relief of a place beleaguered by ten thousand armed men, had need to be conducted with any greater caution than a change of quarters from Calcutta to Dum Dum.

A short league from the Arrah Collectorate, on the right hand of a man travelling towards the town, stands a large Hindoo temple, in grounds of its own. Just before reaching this point, the way, which has hitherto passed through open fields of rice and poppy, runs for some three hundred yards between belts of trees about fifty feet in width. The road lies along an embankment raised considerably above the level of the surrounding country. The Sikhs had already passed, and the straggling array of English soldiers were plodding along the defile, half asleep, with weary legs and empty stomachs, when the darkness of the grove on either side was lit up as by magic, and a crashing fire poured into their ranks. Exposed on the top of the causeway, their bodies standing out against what dim starlight there was, they afforded an easy mark to their invisible enemies, who swarmed in the gloom below. During the first minutes many were struck down; and at that short range there were few wounds which did not bring death. Then, by a sort of instinct, the men deserted the road, and collected in

groups wherever they could find cover. One large party took refuge in a dry tank, beneath the banks of which they loaded and discharged their pieces at random, as long as their ammunition lasted; while the flashes of their musketry enabled the sepoys to direct their aim with deadly accuracy. Another party occupied the temple, and throughout the night there went on constant skirmishing round the walls and in the inclosure of the garden. If the soldiers had been got together in one place, and made to lie down quietly in their ranks till the morning, they were still quite strong enough to perform the service on which they had been dispatched. In spite of their heavy losses, they were quite as numerous as the force which eventually succeeded in relieving Arrah. But there was no one there of the temper of Nicholson or Hodson; no one who at such a moment dared to step forward, and usurp authority in the name of the common safety. Split up into small sections, without orders from their superiors; ignorant alike of the fate of their comrades, the nature of the surrounding localities, and the number and position of their assailants; wasting their strength and powder in objectless firing, than which nothing is more sure to demoralize troops under any circumstances,—in such case our countrymen awaited the dawn of day.

Then, after a short consultation, the officers who survived got the men into some sort of order, and commenced a retreat upon the boats. But by this time the enemy, flushed with success, and increasing

every minute in strength, redoubled their efforts to complete the ruin of our force. In front, in rear, and on either flank hung clouds of sepoys, who kept up a withering discharge on the thin line of dispirited, exhausted Englishmen. At first our soldiers replied as best they could; but soon every one began to think of providing for his own safety. Our fire slackened, ceased; the pace quickened; the ranks became unsteady; and finally the whole array broke, and fled for dear life along the road in the direction of the nullah.

Then came the scenes which have ever marked the rout of a company of civilized men by barbarian foes. Some of the fugitives were shot down as they ran. Others, disabled by wounds or fatigue, were overtaken and slain. Others again, who sought preservation by leaving the line of flight, were mobbed and knocked on the head by the peasants of the neighbouring villages. More than one unfortunate European, who, after having been pursued for miles, took to the water like a tired stag, was beaten to death with bludgeons from the brink of the pond in which he had taken refuge. All who remained on the ground in the vicinity of the temple, whether dead or alive, were hung on the trees which fringed the road. The Sikhs that day proved that they were still animated by the same spirit which had formerly extorted the respect of their conquerors in many a fierce and dubious battle in the open field. Setting shoulder to shoulder, they fought their way to the boats in unbroken order, and found that in such a

strait the most honourable course is likewise the safest. Ross Mangles, a young Civilian, whose father was Chairman of the Court of Directors during that trying year, bore himself gallantly amidst the universal panic. He had joined the expedition purely out of love for Herwald Wake, and in the surprise of the preceding evening had been stunned by a bullet-wound on the forehead. His commanding appearance and cheery air now won the confidence of those immediately round him, and he succeeded in keeping together a small knot of men who supplied him with a succession of loaded rifles. As he was a noted shikaree, a dead hand at bear and antelope, the sepoy thought proper to keep their distance. Meantime he carried a wounded soldier on his back for six miles, laying him down tenderly from time to time when the enemy came too close to be pleasant. With a few score fellows of his own mettle at his side, Ross would have shaken his friend by the hand before night closed in, though Coer Sing stood in the way with all the mutineers in Bahar. The men of his term at Haileybury will long point with pride to the V.C. that follows his name in the list of the Bengal Civil Service.

On reaching the banks of the nullah, the soldiers, who had now lost presence of mind, self-respect, subordination, everything but the unbridled desire for safety, flung themselves into the water, and swam and waded to the boats, into which they crowded with all the unseemly hurry of an overpowering terror. As they struggled with the current,

floundered in the mud, and scrambled over the gun-wales, the sepoy's plied them with shot at pistol-range, directing their especial attention to a barge which was prevented from effecting its escape by a rope twisted round the rudder. The men inside crouched at the bottom of the boat, not daring to show their heads above the bulwarks as a mark for a hundred muskets. Nothing could have averted the capture and destruction of the whole party, had not a young volunteer, Macdonell by name, climbed out over the stern, and unfastened the rope amidst a hail of bullets; an action which gave another Victoria Cross to the Civil Service.

And now all was over; and the survivors, bringing home nothing but their bare lives, returned in mournful guise, full of sad forebodings about the brave men whom they were forced to abandon to their fate. The people at Dinapore, when the steamer came in sight, as they strained their eyes to catch some indication of the result of the expedition, saw the deck covered with prostrate forms; and the dejection expressed by the air and attitude of those on board convinced them at once that all was not well. Of four hundred men who went forth, only half returned. The others were lying, stripped and mangled, along those two fatal leagues of road. Captain Dunbar, in the Pagan phrase ordinarily used on such occasions, atoned for his obstinacy with his life. When the news of this reverse reached Calcutta, there were none so sanguine as to retain any hope of deliverance for the little garrison at Arrah.

The opinion which prevailed in Calcutta certainly coincided with that of Coer Sing and his army. Throughout the night none of the defenders of the house had slept. They listened with sickening anxiety to the noise of the firing, now beguiling themselves into the idea that it was drawing nearer; now desponding, as it remained ever stationary; and again comforting each other with the theory that their countrymen had taken up a strong position in the suburbs, and would advance to their relief at break of day. Alas! they little knew what that day would bring forth. When morning came, and when the reports of the musketry grew fainter and fainter, till they died away in the distance, their hearts sank within them. They were not long left in suspense; for the besiegers had no intention of keeping such good news to themselves, and they were speedily informed that the force from Dinapore had been cut to pieces; and that their last hope was gone. Yet not the last—for they still had the hope of dying sword in hand, instead of being tamely murdered like all who had hitherto put trust in the word of their treacherous and unforgiving Eastern foe. That foe now offered the whole party their lives, if they would give up Wake and Syed Azmoodeen Khan, the Deputy-Collector, a native for whom the Sahib of Sahibs, Lord William Bentinck, had entertained a great regard. This proposal having been rejected, nothing more was said about conditions of surrender, and both sides applied themselves to the serious business of the siege.

is the very type of armed civilisation. On the whole, the besiegers were not far wrong in regarding an attack by open force as a resource to be adopted only when all other devices had failed.

Meanwhile the temper of the people inside was as true as the metal of their gun-locks. Englishmen are always inclined to look at the bright side of things, as long as there is a bright side at which to look; and the English spirit was well represented here. Young Colvin was especially cheerful himself, and the cause that cheerfulness was in other men. The whole party accommodated their habits to their circumstances with great good-humour. The Sikhs occupied the cellarage. The Sahibs lived and slept in the single room on the first floor, and took their meals sitting on the stairs above and below the landing-place, on which the cloth was laid. On the wall above the hearth, Wake wrote a journal of the events of each day, in full expectation that no other record would be left of what had taken place within those devoted walls. One morning the Jemmadar reported that the water with which his men had provided themselves had all been drunk out. The Europeans offered to supply them out of their own store: but one Sikh obstinately refused to touch the same water as the Sahibs. He stoutly affirmed that he had rather die of thirst than give in to such a scandalous piece of latitudinarianism. It was not a time to disregard the whims and prejudices of any among the gallant fellows whom neither fear nor lucre could tempt to be false to their salt. So Natives

and English together set to work to dig a well in one of the vaults, and within twelve hours they had thrown out eighteen feet of earth by four, a depth at which they found abundance of water. At the end of the week close observation convinced them that the sepoy were engaged in running a mine towards the back of the house. This justly gave them greater alarm than any other machination of the enemy. But necessity is the mother of counter-mines; and these amateur sappers soon made themselves as secure against the new peril that threatened them as their scanty means would admit.

And so they staved off destruction another day, and yet another. But a far more terrible foe than Coer Sing now broke ground before the defences. The house had been provisioned for a week, and a week had already passed. Neither rifle, nor spear, nor British courage, nor Native fidelity, would avail aught, when the rice and the flour had all been eaten. At Arrah, as at other Indian stations where the residents know good meat from indifferent, there was an institution called a mutton-club, the sheep belonging to which were feeding about the compound under the hungry eyes of their owners. But no one could show himself for a second outside the walls and live. It might be a hundred, it might be a hundred and fifty hours, (for who could say beforehand how long human pluck and patience, when put to the test, could endure the last extreme of privation?) but the dread moment was steadily drawing on, when death must come by famine or by the



bullets of the enemy. In no direction could they discern a gleam of light. The only force that was near enough, and strong enough, to march to the rescue had been routed and disorganized. The English troops at Buxar were a mere handful, not numerous enough to guarantee the safety of the station. The days of miracles had gone by, and it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could deliver them. Unless it should come to pass that the angel of the Lord should go forth by night and smite the camp of the besiegers, they felt that this world, with its joys and troubles, would be all over for them ere but a few suns had set.

The English troops at Buxar certainly were a mere handful; but there was a man there who was neither a novice nor a pedant, neither a young soldier nor an old woman. Wherever hard knocks had been going within the last twenty years,—and during that period there was no lack,—Vincent Eyre had generally managed to come in for a liberal allowance. In the Afghan war, the roughest of schools, he had learnt to preserve an equal mind in arduous circumstances. When the intelligence of the outbreak, travelling with the proverbial speed of bad news, reached the station of Buxar, Eyre at once made up his mind to march, without waiting to hear whether an expedition had started from Dinapore. Perhaps he was unwilling to leave the fate of the garrison entirely dependent on the energy and promptness of General Lloyd. Perhaps he thought that a good thing like the relief of Arrah would

bear doing twice over. His force consisted of a hundred and fifty-four English bayonets, twelve mounted volunteers, and three field-pieces, with their complement of artillerymen. The distance to be traversed was fifty miles as the crow flies; and, as the waters were out over the face of the country, and the population was in a state of open hostility, the march proved long and formidable. On the way, Eyre received tidings of the reverse sustained by Dunbar's detachment. It seemed foolhardy indeed to advance to the attack of an enemy who had just cut in pieces a force twice as strong as his own. But, according to his view of the matter, this consideration did not in any wise affect the result of his reasoning. His axiom was that Arrah must be relieved. There was no one else now left to do the business; so of necessity it fell to him. He had not many soldiers, and would be glad to have more. He did not share the sentiment of King Henry at Agincourt. He would have been delighted to see at his back a thousand or two of those men at Aldershot who did no work that day. But, as he had only a few, he must perform the work with those few. So on he went, nothing doubting.

On the night of Sunday, the 2nd of August, our force bivouacked at Googerajgunge. In the morning the enemy put in an appearance, and the march was one constant skirmish as far as Bebeegunge, where the road crosses a deep nullah. The bridge had been destroyed; and Eyre had nothing for it but to direct his course towards the railway embank-

ment, along which he hoped to force his way to Arrah. This route, however, was barred by a wood, in and about which was drawn up Coer Sing's whole force,—two thousand five hundred mutineers, and the *posse comitatus* of the province, estimated at eight thousand men. The rebels, whom their recent success had inspired with unwonted confidence, did not wait to be attacked. The sepoy bugles sounded the "Assembly," then the "Advance," and finally the "Double;" and their battalions, in columns of companies, charged our guns in front, but were driven back several times with great slaughter. Then they tried a surer game, and endeavoured to crush our line with a heavy point-blank musketry fire. "And now," said Major Eyre, "we had as much on our own hands as we could manage." Large numbers of the enemy stole round under cover of the trees, and raked our whole array from either flank. The men began to fall fast; and, in an army of nine or ten score combatants, men cannot fall fast for many minutes together without serious consequences. Our troops began to be disheartened, and to be painfully aware of the overwhelming odds against which they were contending. It was trying work receiving twenty bullets for every one they fired. At such a moment the man of sterling stuff feels that things cannot go well, unless he personally exerts himself to the utmost. It is this state of mind that wins football matches, and boat-races, and battles. Now or never, was the word. The order was given, and our officers ran forward, sword in

hand, towards the point where the enemy stood thickest, with the men shouting at their heels. This appeared to the sepoys a most unaccountable proceeding; but they were not ignorant of the great military truth that when two hostile parties find themselves on the same ground one or the other must leave it; and, as our people kept coming nearer and nearer with the expression on their faces which the Sahibs always wear when they don't intend to turn back, they had no choice but to run for it. That charge saved Arrah. When once natives have given way, it is almost impossible to bring them again to the scratch. Coer Sing retreated, leaving on the ground six hundred of his followers, most of whom had been killed in the attack upon the battery; and our poor little force, which he had expected to devour at a single mouthful, gathered together the wounded, limbered up the guns, and with lightened hearts pressed forward on its mission of deliverance.

When the garrison looked out of their loopholes at dawn, on the 3rd August, they were surprised at seeing none of the besiegers stirring in the neighbourhood. As they were not the men to wait tamely for what might befall them without doing something to help themselves, they sallied forth, and took this opportunity to get some fresh air and replenish their larder. After a hard chase about the compound, they succeeded in capturing four sheep, which they brought back into the house amidst great rejoicing, together with one of the enemy's cannon. Presently the boom of guns was heard in the distance, and

excited a strange hope which, but just now, they expected never again to experience. Towards evening the beaten rebels poured into the town in dire confusion. They stayed only to collect their plunder, and marched off, bag and baggage, never more to visit Arrah, with the exception of a few who returned from time to time in order to be executed on the scene of their misdeeds. On the morning of Tuesday, the 4th of August, there was not a sepoy within miles of the station. And then our countrymen came forth, unwashed, unshaved, begrimed with dust and powder, haggard with anxiety and want of sleep, but very joyous and thankful at heart: pleased to stand once more beneath the open sky, and to roam fearlessly through their old haunts, in which the twittering of birds and the chirping of grasshoppers had succeeded to the ceaseless din of musketry; pleased with the first long draught of sherry and soda-water, and with the cool breath of dawn after the atmosphere of a vault, without window or punkah, filled to suffocation with the smoke of their rifles.

There are moments when an oppressive sense of Nineteenth Century weighs heavy on the soul. There are moments when we feel that locomotives and power-looms are not everything; when it is good to turn from the perusal of the share-list,—from pensive reflections on the steadiness of piece-goods, the languor of gunny-cloths, and the want of animation evinced by mule-twist,—to the contemplation of qualities which are recognized and valued by all ages

alike. It is good to know that trade, and luxury, and the march of science, have not unnerved our wrists, and dulled our eyes, and turned our blood to water. There is much in common between Leonidas dressing his hair before he went forth to his last fight, and Colvin laughing over his rice and salt while the bullets pattered on the wall like hail. Still, as in the days of old Homer, "Cowards gain neither honour nor safety; but men who respect themselves and each other for the most part go through the battle unharmed." Still, as in Londonderry of old, the real strength of a besieged place consists not in the scientific construction of the defences, nor in the multitude of the garrison, nor in abundant stores of provisions and ordnance, but in the spirit which is prepared to dare all, and endure all, sooner than allow the assailants to set foot within the wall. Though but six years have passed away, the associations of the events which I have related begin to grow dim. So changeable are the elements of Anglo-Indian society that not one of the defenders of the fortification is now resident at the station. Already the wall, on which Wake wrote the diary of the siege, has been whitewashed; and the inclosure, where the dead horses lay through those August days, has been destroyed; and a party-wall has been built over the mouth of the well in the cellars; and the garden-fence, which served the mutineers as a first parallel, has been moved twenty yards back. Half a century more, and every vestige of the struggle may have been swept away. But, as

long as Englishmen love to hear of fidelity, and constancy, and courage bearing up the day against frightful odds, there is no fear lest they forget the name of "the little house at Arrah."

## THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

*March, 1862.*

I HAVE lately witnessed some phases of life in India which have little in common with Calcutta grandeur and civilisation. To begin with the travelling, I spent sixteen hours on the four hundred miles between the capital and Patna, and eighteen hours on the forty miles between Patna and Mofussilpore. I started late in the evening in the time-honoured palanquin. My suite comprised sixteen bearers, two men with torches, and four porters carrying my baggage. At five o'clock next afternoon we had still an hour's journey before us; so that I sent on the bearers and the baggage, and walked into the station alone.

It was nearly dark when I arrived at the Collectorate, where my cousin Tom welcomed me warmly, if the idea of warmth can be connected with anything pleasant in such a climate as this. There was a large dinner-party in the evening, and every guest on his arrival was duly acquainted with my having performed the last four miles of my journey on foot. It was very amusing to observe the incredulity with which this statement was received by some, and the



hilarity which it excited in others. One or two old Indians were seriously put out at such a piece of enthusiastic folly; and a young Assistant-magistrate, who had won the mile race at Eton, and who, in the long vacation before he came out, had discovered three passes in Switzerland, talked of my "super-abundant energy" with the languid pity of an Oriental voluptuary. From the moment when he is cheated in the purchase of his first buggy by a third-hand dealer in Calcutta, to the time when, amidst an escort of irregular cavalry, he dashes through wondering villages in all the state of a Lieutenant-Governor, your true civil servant never goes a-foot on the high-road for a hundred yards together. And this does not proceed from indolence or effeminacy: for a Mofussil official, on the most dim rumour of bear or tiger, will carry his gun for days over ground that would heartily disgust an English sportsman. But horses and grooms and fodder are so cheap out here, and the standard of incomes so high, that no one need walk except for pleasure; and the pleasure of walking in Bengal is, to say the very least, equivocal. Everybody I have met in these parts has at least three animals in his stable; and no one who meditates a journey feels any delicacy about asking for the loan of as many as he requires from the factories and stations bordering on his route. Mofussil horses behave in a most fiendish manner at starting; but, when once well off, they complete their stage with laudable zeal and propriety. Some are incorrigible planters, and consider it essential to

their dignity to stand perfectly still for ten minutes after they have been put between the shafts. Others jib violently, and back into the ditch at the roadside, while a cascade of gun-cases slides over the rear of the dog-cart, and a stream of Collectors pours out in front. In other cases the owner holds the animal's head high in the air, to prevent him from kicking the vehicle to pieces; and, when the harness has been adjusted, sends him off at a gallop, and jumps up behind as best he may.

It so happened that the Rajah of Futtehgunge, which lies somewhere in the outskirts of this district, called at Mofussilpore on his way back from the Durbar, held by the Viceroy at Agra. He had invited all the English residents to a grand entertainment at his camp, which was to take place the evening after my arrival. We left the Collectorate at nine at night, and drove to the tents, which were nearly half a mile off, between hedges of blazing lights, in three rows, one above another. The Rajah received us at the entrance of the pavilion; and, after mutual compliments, we seated ourselves on a row of arm-chairs on either side of the great man. The scene was very picturesque. The tent, which was of immense extent, open at the sides, was thronged with guards and retainers in the most gorgeous costumes, studded with gems which glittered and twinkled in the fitful flaring torchlight. In the darkness outside thronged the whole population of the neighbourhood. The centre was spread with a broad rich carpet, on which were seated the

performers. First came a nautch, which afforded a striking example of the profound dissimilarity in taste between Asiatics and Europeans. I have witnessed the exhibition of Mr. Woodin; I have seen Charles Kean enact the lover in a sentimental comedy; I have a horrible dream of having sat through the explanation of the comic dissolving views at the Polytechnic Institution; but, though a being of melancholy experiences, I could not have believed in the existence of an entertainment so extravagantly dull as a nautch. A young lady not remarkable for her charms, dressed in a very splendid robe which was several inches too long for her, came forward a few paces, stumbling over her skirts, and commenced a recitation in a singular and monotonous key, accompanied by three musical instruments of barbaric fashion. She sang the praises of Tom Goddard, his early promise, his beauty, his high birth. She related how he excelled all his companions in manly exercises, and how the Moonshes, who conducted his education, foretold his future greatness. (The fact is, that he was a very poor hand at cricket, and that the Principal of Haileybury threatened him with expulsion at the end of every term.) Then she described how the deities of the sea made smooth the waves around the prow of the ship which bore him across the black water. (He was unable once to leave his cabin between Southampton and Alexandria.) How, when he sat upon the bench of judgement, all wondered at the precocious wisdom of the youthful sage, and how the

rulers of the land vied to do him honour, and disputed with each other the possession of so bright a jewel. (He began his public career in the Northwest, under a Magistrate who reversed three-fourths of his decisions, and made it a personal favour that he should be removed to Bahar, where he turned over a new leaf.) She then spoke of the condition of the province over which he now extended his fostering care. She told us that the period of his government was the golden age of the district; that force and fraud were unknown throughout the borders; that the planter did not grind the ryot, nor the ryot write libels on the planter; that the fields were white with poppies, and that grain had fallen three seers in the rupee; that fuller vats foamed with bluer indigo, and more vigilant policemen watched over emptier jails. At this point of the eulogium, Tom, who had only the day before committed twenty-three dacoits, blushed visibly,—a performance to which I had thought him unequal. All this while, two stunted girls had been coming forward at intervals of some minutes, who, after waving their arms in time to the music, turned short round and ran back to their places. Meantime, another woman, with a sword between her teeth and bells on her fingers, was throwing about her head and hands in most ungraceful contortions. And this is the famous nautch, on which natives of the highest class gaze in rapture for three, four, six hours together!

To the nautch succeeded the drolleries of a company of comedians, ten or twelve in number. The

Rajah had prudently given them a hint to be careful, feeling that even greater reverence is due to Collectors than to boys. The affair, in consequence, was irreproachably proper, but exceedingly childish and absurd. We were roused from the profound depression, into which we had been thrown by this specimen of Eastern humour, by a summons from our host to take supper previously to witnessing a display of fireworks. A magnificent banquet was laid out in an adjoining tent. We each sipped a glass of wine, and, declining any more solid refreshment, proceeded to mount a sort of Grand Stand, which had been erected for our accommodation. The dullness of the nautch certainly had not communicated itself to the fireworks. Rockets, wheels, flowerpots, fountains, Bahar lights, Roman candles, were fizzing and blazing in every direction. There was no attempt at effect or grouping. Men rushed about with torches, lighting anything that stood most convenient. Within twenty minutes a good two hundred pounds' worth of gunpowder must have flashed away into the illimitable. The whole entertainment could not have cost the Rajah less than four thousand rupees. But all the world within a hundred miles around will hear that the Futteh-gunge man has induced the Sahibs of Mofussilpore to be present at a "tumasha"; and the Rajah of Doodiah will not know a moment's peace until he has achieved the same honour.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A "tumasha" is anything special in the way of amusement,—a feast, a ball, or a play. The term has a magical

Next day the servants of the Rajah came with the intimation that the great man would pay us a visit in the course of the morning. They brought Tom a "dolly," which is the name given to the only description of present that Government Servants are permitted to accept. A dolly consists of trays of provisions, the number of which is regulated by the rank of the person to whom the compliment is paid. Thus, a Lieutenant-Governor gets fifty trays; while I, as a hanger-on of Tom's, came in for a little dolly of ten. The size of the offering, however, is of no consequence at all, as the only article that an Englishman ever dreams of touching is the box of Cabul grapes, of which each dolly, great or small, contains one, and only one. The huge unsightly fish from the tanks, the heaps of greasy sweetmeats, and the piles of nondescript fruit and vegetables, are appropriated by your servants, who continue in a state of dyspepsia during the whole of the next week.

Towards noon the Rajah came with a following of eighteen or twenty cavaliers, mounted on raw-boned horses daubed with paint according to the taste of their riders, and about two score guards on foot, armed with halberts, sabres, and blunderbusses. A government less powerful than our own might object to the troops of armed ragamuffins who live

effect upon the native mind. A scientific friend of mine prevailed upon his bearer to submit, proudly and gladly, to an agonizing series of electric shocks under the assurance that the proceeding was a "tumasha."

at the expense of the great noblemen of these parts. But it is well understood that all his state is merely maintained with a view to keep up their position in the eyes of their own countrymen. The Rajah's conversation was a curious compound of solemnity and simplicity. He told us a little about the Durbar, and we told him a little about the Great Exhibition of 1862. He spoke of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales, and expressed his surprise at that ceremony having been deferred till the bridegroom was twice the age at which he himself had taken his first wife. He informed us that a report prevailed in Bahar to the effect that the Muscovites, assisted by the King of Roum, were on the point of sailing up the Persian Gulf to the rescue of Brigadier Jefferson Lincoln. My cousin advised him to have his son vaccinated, and in return he made a wild attempt to get his assessment lowered. Tom pretended to mistake his meaning, and answered that the Government was inclined to regard with favour the Zemindars who promoted the cause of popular education by example and pecuniary assistance. Upon this the Rajah, who found the conversation growing unprofitable, took his leave, and drove away amidst a salute from all the fire-arms in his train which were capable of going off on so short a notice.

The Indian Civil Service is undoubtedly a very fine career. Here is Tom Goddard, in his thirty-first year, in charge of a population as numerous as that of England in the reign of Elizabeth. His Burghley

is a Joint Magistrate of eight-and-twenty, and his Walsingham an Assistant-Magistrate who took his degree at Christ Church within the last fifteen months. These, with two or three Superintendents of Police,—and last, but by no means least, a Judge, who in rank and amount of salary, stands to Tom in the position which the Lord Chancellor holds to the Prime Minister,—are the only English officials in a province a hundred and twenty miles by seventy. The Collector and Magistrate is the chief executive and fiscal authority in the District to which he is attached. His freedom of action is controlled by none but the Commissioner, who presides over a Division of five or six Districts; whose immediate superior is the “Lord Sahib” or Lieutenant-Governor, who is inferior only to the “Burra Lord Sahib” or Viceroy, who owns no master save the Secretary of State at Whitehall,—for whom the natives have not as yet invented a title, and of whom they know very little, unless they happen to be in the service of a planter, in which case they have heard Sir Charles Wood anathematized by their employer whenever the ryots, who grow the indigo, display any symptom of self-respect and independence.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Wood was Lord Palmerston's Secretary of State for India. The late Lord Northbrook,—who himself had been Governor-General, and who had sat in the Cabinet,—“put Sir Charles Wood much above any one whom he had seen at work as administrator.” His wisdom and patience, his unbounded belief in humane and just principles of government, his boldness of initiative and persistence in execution, carried India safely and successfully through the critical period of



Work in India is so diversified as to be always interesting. During the cold season, the Collector travels about his district, pitching his camp for a night at one place, and for three days at another; while at the larger towns he may find sufficient business to occupy him for a week. Tent-life in the winter months is very enjoyable, especially to a man who has his heart in his duties. It is pleasant, after having spent the forenoon in examining schools and inspecting infirmaries, and quarrelling about the sites of bridges with the Superintending Engineer in the Public Works Department, to take a light tiffin, and start off with your gun and your Assistant-Magistrate on a roundabout ride to the next camping-ground. It is pleasant to dismount at a likely piece of grass, and, flushing a bouncing black partridge, to wipe the eye of your subordinate; and then to miss a hare, which your bearer knocks over with a stick, pretending to find the marks of your shot in its fore-quarter. It is pleasant, as you reach the rendezvous in the gloaming, rather tired and very dusty, to find your tents pitched, and your soup and curry within a few minutes of perfection, and your kitmudgar with a bottle of lemonade, just drawn from its cool bed of saltpetre, and the head man of transition from the rule of the Company to the rule of the Crown. Sir Charles was right royally attacked in the Anglo-Indian Press; but he accepted abuse with the amused indifference which characterized the old Whigs. At sixty years of age, and well on to seventy, he would have minded a blank day with the hounds in Yorkshire more than all the leading articles in the Calcutta papers, or the London papers either.

the village ready with his report of a deadly affray that would have taken place if you had come in a day later. Is not this better than the heart-sickness of briefs deferred; the dreary chambers, and the hateful lobby; the hopeless struggle against the sons of attorneys and the nephews of railway-directors; the petition to be put into one of the law offices, that you may eat a piece of bread? Is it not better than grinding year after year at the school-mill, teaching the young idea how to turn good English verses into bad Latin; stopping the allowances, and paring down the journey-money, and crowding as many particles into an iambic line as the metre will bear? Is it not better than hanging wearily on at college; feeling your early triumphs turn to bitterness; doubting whether to class yourself with the old or the young; seeing around you an ever-changing succession of lads, who, as fast as they grow to be friends and companions to you, pass away into the world, and are no more seen?

During ten months in the year the Collector resides at the station. The Government does not provide its servants with house-room; but they seldom experience any inconvenience in finding suitable accommodation, for the native landlords make a point of reserving for every official the residence which had been occupied by his predecessor. No advance in terms will tempt them to let the Judge's bungalow to any but the Judge, or to turn the Joint Sahib out of the dwelling which has been appropriated to Joint Sahibs ever since that class of

functionaries came into being. They charge a very moderate rent, which includes the cost of gardeners and sweepers for the use of the tenant. This is an effect of the passion for conferring obligations upon men in authority which exists in the mind of every Hindoo. The life of a Collector in the Mofussil is varied and bustling even in the hot weather. He rises at daybreak, and goes straight from his bed to the saddle. Then off he gallops across fields bright with dew to visit the scene of the late Dacoit robbery; or to see with his own eyes whether the crops of the Zemindar who is so unpunctual with his assessment have really failed; or to watch with fond parental care the progress of his pet embankment. Perhaps he has a run with the bobbery pack of the station, consisting of a superannuated fox-hound, four beagles, a greyhound, the doctor's retriever, and a Skye terrier belonging to the Assistant-Magistrate, who unites in his own person the offices of M. F. H., huntsman, and whipper-in. They probably start a jackal, who gives them a smart run of ten minutes, and takes refuge in a patch of sugar-cane: whence he steals away in safety while the pack are occupied in mobbing a fresh fox and a brace of wolf-cubs, to the delight of a remarkably full field of five sportsmen, with one pair of top-boots amongst them. On their return, the whole party adjourn to the subscription swimming-bath, where they find their servants ready with clothes, razors, and brushes. After a few headers, and "chota hasaree," or "little breakfast," of tea and toast, flavoured with the daily

papers and scandal about the Commissioner, the Collector returns to his bungalow, and settles down to the hard business of the day. Seated under a punkah in his veranda, he works through the contents of one despatch-box after another; signing orders, and passing them on to the neighbouring Collectors; dashing through drafts, to be filled up by his subordinates; writing Reports, Minutes, Digests, letters of explanation, of remonstrance, of warning, of commendation. Noon finds him quite ready for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the favourite meal in the Mofussil, where the tea-tray is lost amidst a crowd of dishes,—fried fish, curried fowl, roast kid and mint-sauce, and mango-fool. Then he sets off in his buggy to Cutcherry, where he spends the afternoon in hearing and deciding questions connected with land and revenue. If the cases are few, and easy to be disposed of, he may get away in time for three or four games at rackets in the new court of glaring white plaster, which a rich native has built, partly as a speculation, and partly to please the Sahibs. Otherwise, he drives with his wife on the race-course; or plays at billiards with the Inspector of Police; or, if horticulturally inclined, superintends the labours of his Mollies. Then follows dinner, and an hour of reading or music. By ten o'clock he is in bed, with his little ones asleep in cribs, enclosed within the same mosquito curtains as their parents.

The ladies, poor things, come in for all the disagreeables of up-country life. Without plenty of

work, India is unbearable. That alone can stave off languor, and a depth of *ennui* of which a person who has never left Europe can form no conception. In a climate, which keeps every one within doors from eight in the morning till five in the evening, it is, humanly speaking, impossible to make sufficient occupation for yourself, if it does not come to you in the way of business. After a prolonged absence from home, reviews and newspapers become uninteresting. Good novels are limited in number; and it is too much to expect that a lady should read history and poetry for six hours every day. What well-regulated female can make dress an object in a society of a dozen people, who know her rank to a tittle, and her income to a pice; or music, when her audience consists of a Punkah-wallah and a Portuguese Ayah? Some ladies, as a matter of conscience, go very closely into the details of household affairs; but after a time they come to the conclusion that it is better to allow the servants to cheat within a certain margin, for the sake of peace and quietness; for cheat they will, do what you may. Oh! the dreariness of that hour in the middle of the long day, when the children are asleep; and your husband has gone to tiffin with the Judge; and the book-club has sent nothing but Latham's "Nationalities of Europe," and three refutations of Colenso, (who seems to take an unconscionable amount of refuting, considering the size of his publication;) and the English post has come in yesterday, with nothing but a letter from your old governess, congratulating

you for being settled among the associations of the Mahomedan conquerors of India, and asking you to take some notice of her nephew, who is in the office of the Accountant-General of Bombay. It is very up-hill work for a lady out here to keep up her spirits and pluck, and her interest in general subjects. The race-week, the visit to her sister in the Punjab, the hope of being ordered down to Calcutta, the reminiscences of the Sick-leave, and the anticipations of the Furlough, are the consolations of a life which none but a very brave or a very stupid woman can endure long without suffering in mind, health, and *tourneur*. If a lady becomes dowdy, it is all up with her; and the temptations to dowdiness in the Mofussil cannot well be exaggerated.

I know of no better company in the world than a rising Civilian. There is an entire absence of the carping, pining spirit of discontent which is so painfully apparent in able men at home who find themselves kept in the background for want of interest or money. In most cases, the normal condition of a clever Englishman between the ages of twenty-two, and thirty, is a dreary feeling of dissatisfaction about his work and his prospects, and a chronic anxiety for "a sphere." If he is a master at a public school, he wastes a couple of hundred pounds at Lincoln's Inn or the Temple, in order to delude himself with the fond idea that he will one day exchange his desk in the Fourth-form room for the more stirring cares of forensic life. If he still hesitates to surrender the ease and security of a Fellowship, he com-

pounds with his intellect by writing for the "Saturday Review," and representing the liberal element in the governing body of his college. He takes to the law, only to discover that there are instincts in the human heart which even conveyancing will not satisfy; to the Church—no, he does not take to the Church; to literature, and finds himself in the plight of that gentleman, who

At thirty years of age

Writes stately for *Blackwood's Magazine*,

And thinks he sees three points in Hamlet's soul

As yet unseized by Germans.

An Englishman cannot be comfortable if he is in a false position; and he never allows himself to be in a true position unless he is proud of his occupation, and convinced that success will depend upon his own efforts. These agreeable sensations are experienced to the full by an Indian Civil Servant. It is impossible for him to have any misgiving concerning the dignity and importance of his work. His power for good and evil is almost unlimited. His individual influence is as great as that arrogated by the most sublime of Dr. Arnold's favourite praeceptors during his first term at the university. He is the member of an official aristocracy, owning no social superior; bound to no man; fearing no man. Even though he may be passed over once and again by a prejudice in the mind of his Commissioner, or some theory on the subject of promotion held by his Lieutenant-Governor, he is well aware that his advancement does not hang upon the will and pleasure

of this or the other great man, but is regulated by the opinion entertained of his ability and character by the Service in general. In order to rise in India, it is not necessary to be notorious. In fact, notoriety is rather a clog than otherwise. People out here are not easily bamboozled, and like you none the better for trying to bamboozle them. A Civilian who is conscious of power does not seek to push his way into notice by inditing sensation minutes, or by riding a hobby to the death; but makes it his aim to turn off his work in good style, trusting for his reward to the sense and public spirit of his chief. There is nothing which men in power out here so cordially abominate as solemnity and long-winded pedantry. A ready, dashing subordinate, who, to use a favourite Platonic phrase, "sees things as they are," is sure to win the heart of every Resident and Chief Commissioner with whom he may have to do. I have observed that, if ever a young fellow is spoken of in high quarters as an able and promising public servant, he is sure, on acquaintance, to turn out a remarkably pleasant and interesting companion. A Collector or Under Secretary will sometimes get a little maudlin over his cheroot, and confidesundrylongings for literary society and European topics; but he never speaks of his duties except in a spirit of enthusiasm, or of his profession without a tone of profound satisfaction. He no more dreams of yearning for "a sphere" than for a pentagon or a rhomboid. A magistrate had been mildly complaining to me that he found no time for scientific



pursuits. "But, after all," he said, "who can think about butterflies or strata when there are embankments to be raised on which depends the famine or plenty of a thousand square miles; and scores of human beings are waiting their trial in jail; and millions are living and dying in ignorance, for want of schools and teachers?" He must be a happy man who can talk of his daily occupations and responsibilities in such terms as these.

But, besides the blessings of absorbing work and an assured position, a Civilian enjoys the inestimable comfort of freedom from pecuniary troubles. Intriguing mothers used to say that a Writer was worth three hundred a year, dead or alive. It requires some self-denial, during the probation in Calcutta, to make both ends of the six months meet; but in the Mofussil a young bachelor has enough and to spare. Tom's Assistant Magistrate keeps four horses, and lives well within as many hundred rupees a month. If a man puts off his marriage to within a year or two of the age at which he may take a wife in England without being disinherited by his great-uncle, he may always have a good house and plenty of servants, his champagne and his refrigerator, his carriage and buggy, an Arab for the Mem Sahib, and for himself a hundred-guinea horse that will face a pig without flinching. He will be able to portion his daughters, and send his son to Harrow and Oxford; and, while still in the vigour of life, he may retire to a villa at Esher, or a farm in his native county, with a pension of a thousand a year,

and as much more from the interest of his savings. Bobus Smith, Sydney's brother, who knew India well, used to say that a man could not live in that country on less than two thousand a year, and could not spend more than three thousand. An amendment which would insert the word "married" before the word "man," and alter the numbers to fifteen hundred and two thousand respectively, would be nearer the mark. In a climate where fresh air and cool water are bought for a price, a good income is essential to comfort; but, when comfort has been attained, there is no object on which money can be laid out. A man might subscribe to every charity, and every newspaper, without being two hundred pounds the worse at the end of the year. The sum which can be thrown away on horse-racing is limited by the paucity of the people who desire to win your gold mohurs or to lose their own. There is no temptation to display; for every member of society knows the exact number of rupees which you draw on the fifteenth of each month. A Joint Magistrate and Deputy-Collector who marries on nine hundred a year may count on being a full Magistrate and Collector at one or two and thirty, with an income of two thousand three hundred. In five years more, with industry and ordinary parts, he will be in receipt of three thousand a year as a Civil and Sessions Judge; or, if he prefers to wait his time, he will have charge of a division, with a Commissioner's salary of three thousand six hundred. Then there are the quartern loaves and the plump fishes; the

chance of Bombay or Madras; the Lieutenant-Governorships, with an income of ten thousand pounds; the Council, with an income of eight thousand; the Chief Commissionerships, with an income of six thousand; the Secretariat and the Board of Revenue, with something under five thousand a year. And these prizes are open to every subject of the Queen, though his father be as poor as Job subsequently to the crash in that patriarch's affairs, and though he does not number so much as the butler of a member of Parliament among his patrons and connexions.<sup>1</sup>

To those who think that life should be one long education, the choice of a profession is a matter of the greatest moment: for every profession that deserves the name must draw so largely on the time and intellect of a man as to allow scant opportunity for general study. Therefore any one who wishes to preserve a high tone of thought, and a mind constantly open to new impressions, must look for a calling which is an education in itself,—a calling which presents a succession of generous and elevating interests. And such is pre-eminently the career of a Civil Servant in India. There is no career which holds out such certain and splendid prospects to honourable ambition. But, better far than this, there is no career which so surely inspires men with the desire to do something useful in their generation,—to

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered by readers of this paragraph that a rupee of 1862 had a very different value from a rupee in the early years of the Twentieth Century.

leave their mark upon the world for good, and not for evil. The public spirit among the servants of the Government at home is faint compared with the fire of zeal which glows in every vein of an Indian official. During a progress through his province, a Lieutenant Governor is everywhere followed about by Magistrates, who beg with the most invincible pertinacity for a thousand rupees more towards this infirmary, for another one per cent. on the Court fees towards the re-building of that Cutcherry. Our modern quaestors are every whit as grasping and venal as the satellites of Verres and Dolabella; but it is for the benefit of their District, and not for their own pockets. It is this deep and pure love for his adopted country, transplanted to an uncongenial soil, which too often attaches to the retired Indian the fatal title of "bore;" which unites all parties in the endeavour to keep him out of the House of Commons, and cough him down if he succeeds in forcing an entrance. It seems incredible to him that people should exhibit indifference towards subjects which have been his dearest care ever since he was punted up the Burrampootra river to his first station; that there should be men who shudder at the bare mention of the Annexation Policy, and who shift their chairs at the most faint allusion to the indigo troubles. But it is out here that the fruits of this noble and earnest philanthropy are manifested in their true light. It is a rare phenomenon this, of a race of statesmen and judges scattered throughout a conquered land, ruling it, not with an eye to private profit, not even in the selfish

interests of the mother country, but in single-minded solicitude for the happiness and improvement of the children of the soil. It is a fine thing to see a homely old pro-consul retiring from the government of a region as large as France and Austria together, with a clear conscience and a sound digestion, to plague his friends about the Amalgamation Act and the Contract Law; to fill his villa on the Thames or the Mole, not with statues and bronzes snatched from violated shrines, but with ground-plans of hospitals and markets and colleges, and translations of codes, and schemes for the introduction of the Roman character into books of Oriental literature.

Whence comes this high standard of efficiency and public virtue among men taken at random, and then exposed to the temptations of unbounded power, and of unlimited facilities for illicit gain? It cannot be peculiarly the result of Haileybury, for that institution, from its very nature, united many of the faults of school and college. The real education of a Civil Servant consists in the responsibility that devolves on him at an early age, which brings out whatever good there is in a man; the obligation to do nothing that can reflect dishonour on the Service; the varied and attractive character of his duties; and the example and precept of his superiors, who regard him rather as a younger brother than as a subordinate official. One black sheep, and two or three incapables, in a yearly list of forty or fifty names, is an unusually bad average for the Indian Civil Service. A young member

of the Secretariat, a dead hand at a minute, and the best amateur literary critic I ever came across,<sup>1</sup> told me that, if he had been the eldest son of a man with broad acres in England, and destined for Parliament, he should nevertheless be glad to have spent ten years in India for the sake of the training, moral and intellectual. The absence of bigotry and intolerance out here is undoubtedly very remarkable, although there is no want of genuine religious conviction and practice. Where there is so much work to be done by any one who will set his hand to the

<sup>1</sup> This was Sir Steuart Clive Bayley, in 1863 Under Secretary to the government of Bengal; afterwards Lieutenant Governor of that province; and now a Member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India.

The truth of Sir Steuart Bayley's observation was strikingly exemplified by the career of the author's own father. In 1839 Mr. Trevelyan, an Indian Civilian at home on furlough, was made Permanent Secretary of the Treasury in London, and thereby placed at the head of the English Civil Service. Mr. Trevelyan was then little more than thirty years old; but he had been engaged during twelve years in responsible and important public work at Delhi, in Rajpootana, and at Calcutta. Entering upon his new duties with the energy of a man in the spring of life, combined with the experience of a practised administrator, he succeeded in turning the official world upside down,—in the right direction. Owing to his determined efforts, the privilege of serving the country was thrown open to free and fair competition among all the citizens of the country, instead of being a close preserve for private favouritism and electoral influence; and it was mainly due to him, (whoever else may have the credit of it,) that the purchase of Military Commissions was extinguished, and promotion in the army made the reward of merit, and no longer an affair of money.

plough, men have no time to quarrel about the direction and depth of the furrows. Here, at least, the waste lands are plenteous, and the labourers are very few. Here people can well afford to leave each other to toil in peace.

The drawbacks of Indian life begin to be severely felt when it becomes necessary to send the first-born home. From that period, until his final retirement, there is little domestic comfort for the father of the family. After two or three years have gone by, and two or three children have gone home, your wife's spirits are no longer what they were. She is uneasy for days after a letter has come in with the Brighton post-mark. At last there arrives a sheet of paper scrawled over in a large round hand, and smeared with tears and dirty fingers, which puts her beside herself. You wake two or three times in the night always to find her crying at your side; and the next morning you write to the agent of the P. and O. to engage places for a lady and ayah. At the end of the six months she writes to say that the doctor has insisted on the child's going to Nice for the winter, and that she must stay to take him; and shortly afterwards you receive a communication from your mother-in-law, to the effect that you must give her daughter another summer in England, under pain of the life-long displeasure of that estimable relative. And so it goes on till, after the lapse of some three or four years, your wife joins you at the Presidency in a state of wild delight at meeting you, and intense misery at finding herself again in India. Within

the next two hot seasons she has had three fevers. She tries the hills, but it will not do; and at last you make up your mind to the inevitable, and run down to Calcutta to take your seat at the Board of Revenue and despatch her to England, with a tacit understanding that she is never to return. Then you settle down into confirmed bachelor habits, until one day in August, when all Chowringhee is a vast vapour-bath, you feel, in the region of your liver, an unusually smart touch of the pain which has been constantly recurring during the last eighteen months, and it strikes you that your clever idle son will be more likely to pass his competitive examination if you are on the spot to superintend his studies. So you resign your seat in Council, accept a farewell dinner from your friends, who by this time comprise nearly the whole of Calcutta society, and go on board at Garden Reach, under a salute from the guns of Fort William and an abusive article in the *Hurkaru* on your infatuated predilection for the natives.

But the returned Indian does not leave all his troubles behind him on the ghaut whence he embarks for England. In fact, it is not till after the first year of home-life that he begins to appreciate the dark side of the career in which he takes just pride. The first sight of turnip fields and broad-backed sheep; the first debauch on home-made bread, and bright yellow butter, and bacon which is above suspicion; the first pic-nic; the first visit to the Haymarket Theatre; the first stroll round the



playing-fields with his pet son, the Newcastle medallist of the year, are joys so fresh and pure as to admit no doubt about the future or yearnings for the past. But before long he is conscious of a certain craving for the daily occupation to which he has been accustomed since boyhood. He remembers, with fond regret, the pleasure with which he plunged headlong into the Settlement of the Rajbehār district on his return from furlough in '47. Though far from a vain man, he misses the secure and important position which he has so long occupied. He feels the want of the old friends with whom he lived during his prime; the old habits and associations which are so familiar and so dear to him. It is a severe trial for a leader of Calcutta society to become one of the rank and file in the pump-room at a watering-place; to sink from the Council-board to the Vestry, and from the High Court to the Petty Sessions. It is a severe trial,—when settled down at Rugby or Cheltenham, seeing that his boys learn their repetitions and get up in time for morning school, quarrelling with their tutor, and requesting the headmaster to publish his Confirmation sermon,—for a man to look back to the days when he coerced refractory Rajahs, bearded the Secretariat, and did the Finance Minister out of a lac and half for his favourite cotton-road. It is a severe trial to live among men who know not John Peter Grant, who hold the opinion that the opium duty is immoral, and who are under the impression that a Zemindar is a native non-commissioned officer. He

must console himself with English air and scenery and books and faces, with the consciousness of a good work well done, and a good name handed on unstained to the children who are growing up around him.



**THE DAWK BUNGALOW;  
OR,  
“IS HIS APPOINTMENT PUCKA?”**

**1863**



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that the author was anything but a purist in Hindoostanee.

The "Dawk Bungalow" was originally acted at the Residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, before an audience nine-tenths of which held either pukka or cutcha appointments. It has been frequently played in various parts of India, and enriched, by the pens of ingenious Aides-de-camp and Private Secretaries, with local allusions, and topical songs, adapted to later times and other Presidencies. This circumstance, (it must be admitted,) is an additional reason with the author for reprinting the piece as nearly as possible in its pristine form. This little drama, and the "Letters from Patna," do not profess to be a picture of India, but only of Anglo-Indian life. Twelve months are sufficient to catch the tone of a society, and understand the spirit of an administration; but a much longer residence is needed in order to learn the secrets of a vast and unfamiliar country.

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*Mr. JUDKINS, Commissioner of Budgemahal.*

*The Hon. Mr. HORACE CHOLMONDELEY, M.P., a Gentleman travelling in search of facts.*

*Lieut. MARSDEN, of the B.N.I., Acting-Assistant-Sub-Deputy-Inspector of Bridges in the Public Works Department.*

*ABDOOL, a Madras Boy in the service of Mr. CHOLMONDELEY.*

*The KHANSAUMAUN, or STEWARD, of the Dawk Bungalow at Muckapore Bikra.*

*Mrs. SMART, Wife of the Judge of Budgemahal.*

*Miss FANNY SMART, her Daughter.*

*SUSAN THACKER, her European Lady's-maid.*

## ACT I

*The Centre Room in the Dawk Bungalow at  
Muckapore Bikra.*

*A Bedstead and Table on opposite sides of the  
Apartment.*

*Enter CHOLMONDELEY and ABDOOL.*

C.—Hi, there! Landlord! Landlord!

A.—Ho! Khansaumaun!

[*Enter KHANSAUMAUN.*

K.—Salaam, Sahib!

C.—Why didn't you come before, you lazy old rascal? Abdool, tell him to bring some soda-water.

A.—Ho, Khansaumaun—Belattee pawnee, brandy shrub!

C.—Abdool, let the landlord know that he had better make me comfortable. Tell him that I am an English gentleman of good family. Tell him, too, that I am related to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

A.—Ho, Khansaumaun! Sahib Burra Mahngee ke Bhai hai. Sahib Belattee koolin brahmin hai.<sup>1</sup>

K.—Bah Wah!

<sup>1</sup> "Ho, Khansaumaun! the Sahib is the brother of the great bargee. The Sahib is an English high-caste Brahmin."



C.—Now I flatter myself that I have impressed him sufficiently. Abdool, ask him whether there are any letters for Mr. Cholmondeley.

A.—Chulmungular Sahib ke wasti chittee hi?

[KHANSAUMAUN *gives a letter.*

C.—Here is a hand I ought to know. Why, it's from my old school-fellow Tom Blake, the Junior Secretary in the Home Department. Let me see what he says. [*Reads.*] "Dear Chum, Very glad you enjoy your tour. Sorry I can't join you. My chief keeps me tight to work. Takes no holidays himself. Gives me fewer still." Tom's style is curt. He is said to get through more work in a given time than any man in the secretariat; and, gad, I begin to understand how he earns his reputation. [*Reads.*]—"I enclose a letter of introduction to old Judkins, the Commissioner of Budgemahal. Tell you more about Waste Lands than any man in India. Wrote a report so long that the Lieutenant-Governor would not read it, and gave him Budgemahal to get him out of the way. Telegraphed to you on Friday week to say I would not come." Hullo, Abdool, has a telegraph come for me?

A.—No, master. Master not understand Indian system of telegrumps. Suppose Blake Sahib want send telegrump to master, he send telegrump Friday. Next Monday he write letter. Master get letter first: tell him contents of telegrump. Two, three day after telegrump done coming. Master then know what to expect. That way no mistake made.

C.—Oh! that is the case, is it? I'll make a note of

that in my commonplace-book. [*Writes.*]"—"Telegraph in India employed as auxiliary to epistolary communication." Gad! I've neglected my commonplace-book lately. I must make up for lost time. But, while I think of it, let me settle my accounts. Abdool, what have you paid for me since yesterday morning?

A.—Master drive three dawks yesterday. Give syce three rupee, grass-cutter two rupee. Three syce three grass-cutter fifteen rupee. That make one gold Mohur.

C.—That seems rather a high rate of tips, considering that the longest stage was under six miles.

A.—Oh! Master plenty Burra Lord Sahib. Chota<sup>1</sup> Sahib one rupee give. Burra Sahib two rupee. Burra Lord Sahib three rupee.

C.—Well, the man's right. Gad, the man's right. But what did you pay at the bungalow where we stopped last night?

A.—Bungalow servants, three rupee yeight anna. Beer shrub, two rupee yeight anna. Master's bed, five rupee.

C.—Five rupees for the privilege of laying my mattress in an apartment shared by seven other individuals, where I was kept awake the first half of the night by two Civilians discussing the respective merits of ryotwaree and village tenures, and the last half by two planters abusing the Secretary of State for India! Well, go on.

A. Coolies, ten rupee.

<sup>1</sup> Little.

C.—What! Ten rupees for carrying my baggage from the ghaut to the dog-cart?

A.—Master's bokkus plenty heavy. Wages plenty too much high. Coolies dig at Reproductertive Pubberlic Workus. Coolie now get three rupee a day.

C.—Gad so. Very true. [*Writes.*]—"Labour market sensibly understocked. Impulse given to trade by demand for cotton. Unskilled labour out here paid higher than skilled labour at home." Go ahead.

A.—Light for cheroot, yeight anna. Master's dinner, twelve rupee.

C.—Why, I'd nothing but one curried fowl, and that fowl had no wings or breast. And, now that I come to think of it, the fowl I had the day before yesterday had no wings or breast either. How's that, Abdool?

A.—Sahib, these Bengal fowls no wings got. Bad fowl these. Madras fowl plenty too much wings got.

C.—Well, wings or no wings, I am mortally tired of fowls. I've had nothing for the last week but those unlucky birds, except, indeed a pot of preserved grouse which had been left by an officer who was quartered in these parts during the Mutiny. [*Clucking heard outside.*] What's that?

A.—Master's dinner done killing.

C.—O Lord! another fowl! Well, what's the total of my account?

A.—Forty-nine rupee, twelve anna.

C.—Here's a fifty-rupee note. Never mind the odd annas. You may keep them for yourself.

A.—O, master very kind. Plenty much thanks to master. [*Exit CHOLMONDELEY into Bedroom.*] Ha! ha!—Master plenty wise Sahib. He know plenty much about Indian institutions. He not know greatest institution of all. He never heard of Dustoorie.<sup>1</sup> Wah! Wah! Here come one Burrah Mem Sahib, and one plenty pretty Missy Baba! [*Enter MRS. SMART and FANNY, followed by SUSAN THACKER.*] Salaam, Lady!

F.—La, Ma, what a well-dressed bearer! I wonder who he belongs to.

Mrs. S.—Kiska Nowkar?<sup>2</sup>

A.—My master Chulmungular Sahib. Plenty great Sahib he. Member of Council for making Laws and Regulations for Presidency of England.

[*Exit ABDOOL.*]

Mrs. S.—Good gracious, Fanny, this must be Mr. Cholmondeley, the young Member of Parliament, about whom Mrs. Foley wrote to us from Calcutta. How fortunate we are in having met him here! Now listen, my dear! I insist on your making yourself agreeable to him. Don't frown, Miss. I *insist* upon it.

F.—I don't know what you mean by making myself agreeable, Ma. If I try to make myself more agreeable than Heaven made me, that would be flying in the face of Providence.

<sup>1</sup> The commission pocketed by servants.

<sup>2</sup> "Whose servant are you?"

*Mrs. S.*—Silence, Fanny. Since that young Marsden came to the station your undutifulness has been past bearing. I wish he had been under the scaffolding when the roof of that new Cutcherry which he was building fell in, and killed two mookhtars<sup>1</sup> and your Pa's principal Sudder Ameen.<sup>2</sup>

*F.*—How wicked of you to speak so, Mamma! I'm sure I don't know why you are always abusing that poor Mr. Marsden. I believe it's only because I care for him; and why shouldn't I care for him, I should like to know? [Cries.

*Mrs. S.*—Why shouldn't you care for him, you abandoned girl? That I should live to hear *my* daughter ask such a question. Are you not aware, Fanny, that he is only *Acting*-Assistant-Sub-Deputy-Inspector? Do you imagine that I should give my child to a man whose appointment was not pukka?

*F.*—But, Mamma, is Mr. Cholmondeley's appointment pukka?

*Mrs. S.*—How can you talk such nonsense, child? One would think you only came out at the end of this cold weather, instead of during the rains before last. Mr. Cholmondeley is a landed gentleman, and draws twelve thousand rupees a month from his estates in Derbyshire, besides holding Government paper to a large amount.

*F.*—Well, Ma, I don't see what that matters to us. You don't suppose he came to India to look for a wife? He might have found plenty of girls at home who would endure to marry twelve thousand a month.

<sup>1</sup> Attorneys.

<sup>2</sup> County Court Judge.

*Mrs. S.*—Choopraho! You are a naughty, impertinent, self-willed girl. I have a good mind to counter-order the Europe ball-dress which is coming out for you by the first steamer in October.

*F.*—Why, Ma, you are always throwing that Europe ball-dress in my teeth. I hope and trust that before next October I shall no longer depend upon you and Papa for my wardrobe.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, Miss, if that means that you expect to marry young Marsden—! However, I'll have no more of this. But, Choop! Choop! Somebody's coming.

*Enter CHOLMONDELEY.*

*C.*—Gad, what a pleasure there is in having a thorough cleaning up after a journey! I hate temporary measures. None of your basins in the waiting-room, with a piece of soap borrowed from the station-master, and a napkin abstracted from the refreshment buffet. One never feels so dirty as after a partial wash. Ladies, by George! [*Bows.*] Madam, I fear that it was with the reverse of pleasure you found a stranger already settled in the hotel.

*Mrs. S.*—Oh, sir, my daughter and I are much too old travellers to expect solitude in a dawk bungalow. As there is no third party, I shall take the liberty of introducing myself as Mrs. Smart, wife of the late Judge of Budgemahal.

*C.* [*bows and writes.*]—"Peculiarities of Anglo-Indian manners. Old ladies take the liberty of introducing themselves as wives of late Judges." Well, madam, since you have taken the initiative, allow

me to present to your notice Mr. Horace Cholmondeley, of Paxton Park, Derbyshire.

*Mrs. S.*—Most happy, I am sure, to make your acquaintance.

*C.*—And, pray, who is the young lady with the bandbox?

*Mrs. S.*—That is our European lady's-maid, Mr. Cholmondeley.

*C. [aside.]*—A European lady's-maid! What gigantic ideas of nationality people have in this country! I suppose I shall hear next of a Caucasian cook and a Semitic footman.

*Mrs. S.*—This, Mr. Cholmondeley, is my daughter Fanny.

*C.*—My dear Mrs. Smart, your daughter? I thought she was your sister. [*Aside.*]—Gad, I suspect I have offended the young lady more than I have pleased the old one.—Miss Smart, I presume by your colour that you have only landed within the last month.

*F.*—Come, Mr. Cholmondeley, you can't return so soon upon your statement that I looked like my mother's sister. I came out during the rains before last, and two hot seasons have so altered me that I cannot wonder at strangers mistaking me for my own aunt.

*C.*—Two hot seasons! Good heavens, Miss Smart, what can the young men be about?

*F.*—Mr. Cholmondeley, the young men out here are much too hardly worked to allow them time for paying impertinent compliments.

[*Walks across the stage.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Mr. Cholmondeley, my daughter had a long dawk, and is tired and feverish.

*C. (courteously.)*—I trust *you* have not suffered from the journey, Mrs. Smart?

*Mrs. S.*—No, indeed. I am of the old school, Mr. Cholmondeley. These young ladies will dance till five o'clock in the morning for a week together, but a night in a palkee is too much for their delicate constitutions. Well do I remember how I came up-country with Mr. Smart to our first appointment five-and-twenty years ago. I landed at Garden Reach on the Monday, after a rapid passage of a hundred and sixty-four days in the "Bombay Castle." On the Wednesday I met Mr. Smart at a ball at the Chief's, and by Saturday evening we were in a budgerow on our way to Boglipore, which we reached after a pleasant voyage of seven weeks and three days. Oh, the delights of those days! My unwedded life in India was short indeed, for it extended only from the Monday evening till the Friday morning. But it was very sweet. I was acknowledged to be the belle of Calcutta; and a young gentleman was to have written me some verses in the "Friend of India," but unfortunately I was married before the number came out. Ah, Mr. Cholmondeley! I was called the Europe Angel.

*C.*—Yes, the late Mr. Smart must have been indeed a happy man! You said the *late*, did not you?

[*Sighs.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Oh no; not at all. I said the late Judge of Budgemahal. You must know, Mr. Cholmon-



deley, that a certain fatality has linked my husband's destiny to that of a person of the name of Judkins. Their rivalry dates from Haileybury, where Mr. Smart obtained seventeen gold and three silver medals, while Mr. Judkins was forced to content himself with three gold medals and seventeen silver. During the early part of their Indian career they were constantly pitted against each other. At length their lines diverged. Mr. Judkins went into the Revenue, and became Commissioner of Budgemahal; while my husband chose the Judicial, and was appointed to the Judgeship at the same station. Mr. Cholmondeley, you will hardly believe the insults we endured for the last three years from that man and his low up-country-bred wife! Thank heaven, my husband has now risen in his own line out of reach of Mr. Judkins. He has been appointed within the last month to the Sudder Court at Agra, and my daughter and I are now travelling down to join him. Oh, Mr. Cholmondeley! you little know the depth of villainy to which a thorough-bred Revenue officer is capable of stooping.

*C. [writes.]*—"Memo—To inform myself concerning the depth of villainy to which a thorough-bred Revenue officer is capable of stooping." I sympathize deeply, madam. Pray accept my warmest congratulations on your removal from the sphere of the machinations of that serpent. But what means of annoyance did he adopt?

*Mrs. S.*—Well, Mr. Cholmondeley, you must know that he has abetted a protégé of his own, one

Marsden, who has paid his addresses to my daughter,—a young man in the Public Works, who (would you believe it, Mr. Cholmondeley?) has not even been confirmed.

C.—The young heathen! And is not Mr. Marsden aware of his awful condition?

Mrs. S.—No; extraordinary to relate, he shows the greatest indifference. And though he has plenty of interest,—being, in fact, the son of a Member of the Indian Council,—he has not yet induced his father to use his influence to get him confirmed.

C.—Indeed! [*Writes.*].—“The official element so strong out here that private influence is required to obtain the performance of the most ordinary rites of the church.” A new phase of nepotism, by George!

Mrs. S.—But, Mr. Cholmondeley, what has brought you into these parts?

C.—Well, my dear madam, I am on my way to the Sonopore meeting. I am told that I shall see more Indian life at the Sonopore races in a week than during a year at Calcutta.

Mrs. S. [*with a bounce.*].—Indian life, indeed! A hole-and-corner gathering of Bahar people. I assure you, Mr. Cholmondeley, that we North-westerners don't think so much of those down country meetings. But to hear the Patna people talk, you would think Sonopore was the Derby and the St. Leger rolled into one. Indian life, indeed! Indian fiddlesticks!

C. [*aside.*].—Gad, the old girl seems irate. I'll go to my bedroom, and write out my notes. *Au revoir*,

Mrs. Smart. I wish you good morning, Miss Smart. [Exit C.]

Mrs. S.—Well, Fanny, I hope you consider you have behaved rudely enough to Mr. Cholmondeley.

F.—Oh, Mamma, I cannot endure a swell, even though his whiskers are pucka; and, upon my honour, I believe that Mr. Cholmondeley's are only an acting pair.

Mrs. S.—How vulgar you are, Fanny! Why, Susan, what is the matter?

Susan.—Matter enough, ma'am! I have just seen with my own eyes young Mr. Marsden in the stable a-watching his horse having his gram, and smoking his cheroot as cool as if the bungalow belonged to him.

Mrs. S.—Horrid young man! How can he have the face to come across us? I am quite certain that odious Mr. Judkins cannot be far off. Whenever you see Mr. Marsden, you may be sure that his patron is somewhere in the neighbourhood.

[Retires to rear of stage.]

Susan.—Oh, Miss, it is just what your Ma said, only I didn't dare to tell her so. That Mr. Judkins will be here in half-an-hour, and intends to stop till the cool of the evening. He is marching on a visit of inspection to the out-stations, to see that the roads are in proper order against the time that the members of Council go up to the Great Exhibition at Lahore. Mr. Marsden told me all that as free as might be, like a civil-spoken, handsome young gentleman as he is.

*F.*—Nonsense, Susan. But does Frank,—does Mr. Marsden know that I,—that our party is here?

*Susan.*—Yes, Miss. He said he knew it by the instinct of affection.

*F.*—He said a great deal of nonsense, I've no doubt. But silence! Here he comes.

*Enter MARSDEN. He goes up to FANNY, but MRS. SMART steps in.*

*Mrs. S.*—Well, Mr. Marsden, I should have thought that you might have abstained from forcing yourself into our company during the last day we spend in this Division. Before another word passes, I must insist on knowing definitely what are your intentions.

*M.*—My intentions, Mrs. Smart, are very avowable. I intend to have a bath and my tiffin, a smoke in the veranda, and possibly a peg,<sup>1</sup> or even two. I certainly have no desire to force myself into your company; but, unfortunately, the number of dawkbungalows at Muckapore Bikra is limited.

*Mrs. S.*—After what has passed, sir, you might have spared us the annoyance of this meeting.

*M.*—My dear Mrs. Smart, what can I do? You can hardly expect me to sit in the sun throughout the hottest hours of the day in this attitude. [*Squats down like a native.*] The villagers would mistake me for a Sahib who had turned Fakeer.

*Mrs. S.*—Sir, sir, I cannot stay here to be the butt of your ribaldry. I shall retire to my own apart-

<sup>1</sup> The Anglo-Indian for brandy and soda-water.

ment. As for you, Fanny, you may remain or not, as you like. But mind this: I absolutely forbid you to address a single word to this very objectionable young man. Do you hear, Miss?

*F.*—Yes, Mamma.

*Mrs. S.*—Do you heed, Miss?

*F.*—Yes, Mamma. [Exit *Mrs. SMART.*

[*FANNY sits down with her back to MARSDEN; MARSDEN with his back to FANNY.*

*M.* [*aside.*].—So we are not to address a single word to each other, aren't we? Well, thank Heaven; no one can forbid us to soliloquize. [*Aloud.*] I wonder what Mrs. Smart meant by talking about this being her last day in the Division.

*F.*—Susan, I wish Papa had not been appointed to that horrid Agra. To think that I have seen dear, dear Budgemahal for the last time!

*M.* [*jumping up*].—Good heavens! What do I hear! The Smarts leaving Budgemahal! What a frightful blow to my hopes! By Jove! sooner than such a misfortune should befall me, I would consent to give up my appointment, and enter the Staff Corps. 'Pon honour I would.

*F.*—And to think of the pleasant months we passed there! The pic-nics! The balls! The ho-o-o-g-hunting parties! [*Cries.*] O Susan, I am so wretched.

*M.*—Heavens! what a fool I was not to yield to Mrs. Smart's wishes, and get my father to ask Strachey to confirm me in my appointment!

*F.* [*cries.*].—O me! O me! How I do hate that

word p-p-pucka! I wish all the pucka appointments in the country were at the bottom of the sea.

*M.*—I cannot bear this. Fanny! [*FANNY shakes her head.*] Dearest Fanny! how can you be so cruel as not to vouchsafe one word at this our last meeting? And yet why should it be our last meeting? [*Aside.*] I have it. [*Aloud.*] Hem! I should not wonder if Mrs. Smart's bearers were to strike work to-morrow morning, opposite the mango-tope, beyond the eighth mile-stone on the Agra road. These fellows are so insolent with unprotected females. How fortunate it is that our camp is pitched in this precise tope! Mrs. Smart and Fanny will have somewhere to shelter themselves during the heat of the day. By Jove! I'll go at once and warn the bearers that they had better not strike work to-morrow morning, opposite the mango-tope, beyond the eighth mile-stone on the Agra road.

[*Exit* MARSDEN.]

*F.*—Oh, I cannot, cannot part from him! Oh, Mamma, how could you be so cruel?

*Susan.*—Well, miss, I don't wonder you're so fond of him. He is such a sweet young man, though he is cutcha. Thank goodness, my young man's pucka, though he is only a subordinate Government Salt Chowkie. However, he has great hopes of being promoted to be an opium godown.

*Enter* JUDKINS.

*J.*—Miss Smart! Dear me, Miss Smart, I am very fortunate in meeting you once more before you leave

my Division. Budgemahal will long regret the loss of its fairest flower.

*F.*—O, Mr. Judkins, I am so glad to see you again! You have been always so kind to me.

*J.*—Glad to see me again, eh, Miss Fanny? I suppose that there are others of your family here who will not be equally enchanted? Eh?

*F.*—Come, Mr. Judkins, you must not make jokes about Mamma. But,—Oh, how shall I ever thank you enough for—for—for—

*J.*—For doing my best to smooth matters with reference to a certain young gentleman? Is that what you mean? Eh, Fanny? Well, what should you say if I told you I had written a private note to my kind friend, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, telling him exactly how the matter stands; and, from what I know of Drummond, I'll engage that we shall have some good news in a day or two. He always had a soft heart, had Drummond! So, if Frank is confirmed, he will owe it to you, and nobody but you; eh, Fanny?

*F.*—Oh, Mr. Judkins, how could you? You unkind, treacherous, inconsiderate—dear old friend! God bless you. [*Kisses him and runs out.*]

*J.*—Well, she's a darling girl. It is hard to say whether she takes less after her father or mother. Smart was the greatest fool among the Zillah Judges, and now will be the greatest fool in the Sudder Court; while the mother,—But I don't trust myself to speak about the mother. [*Enter*

MARSDEN.] Well, youngster, have you seen to the horses? How's the Arab's off fore-leg?

M.—No better than it should be, I'm afraid.

J.—You've ordered dinner, I suppose. What's the bill of fare?

M.—Oh, the usual thing. Sub kooch hai, Sahib.<sup>1</sup> Muttony chop nahin hai. Beefy-steak nahin hai. Unda bakun nahin hai.<sup>2</sup> Ducky stew nahin hai. Moorghee grill hai. [*A fowl runs across the stage, with KHANSAUMAUN in pursuit. Soft music.*]

*Enter CHOLMONDELEY.*

M.—Hullo, Mr. Judkins, here's Lord Dundreary; or at any rate his brother Sam, come out in the Uncovenanted Service.

C.—Haw! Haw! Have I the pleasure of addressing the Commissioner of Budgemahal?

J.—You have, Sir.

C.—Will you then allow me to present you with a letter of introduction from Mr. Blake, Junior Secretary of the Home Department?

J.—I shall be most delighted to serve in any way a friend of Tom's. I never came across so promising a subordinate. Ah, Marsden, you would do well to tread in his steps. [*Reads.*] So it appears, Mr. Cholmondeley, that you want to be put up to a thing or two about Waste Lands. Well, though I say it as shouldn't, you could not well have applied to a better man. Could he, Frank? Now, I'll tell

<sup>1</sup> "Anything you like, Sahib."

<sup>2</sup> "There are no eggs and bacon."



you how we'll set to work. You shall commence your acquaintance with the subject by reading my celebrated MinutetotheLieutenant-Governor, which procured me my present appointment. It will give you a good general view of the subject in a small compass. It is a mere sketch; perhaps about half again as long as Mr. Plowden's Salt Report.

C.—Why, my good Sir, Mr. Plowden's Report served me for reading all the way from Marseilles to the Sandheads, and then I had only got into Henry Meredith Parker's letters.

J.—Well, well, I'll point out the passages best worth reading. And then, when you have mastered the outlines, we'll go into the details. Tell you what! If you'll join my camp for a week or so, you will have the opportunity of hearing my decision in several most important cases. We'll make you very comfortable, and perhaps we may manage to show you a little hog-hunting.

C.—Oh, Sir, you are very good; very good, indeed, 'pon honour. I shall accept your invitation with great pleasure; that is to say, if it does not incommode you.

J.—Incommode me! Who ever heard of incommoding in India? Unfortunately, we have only one spare tent, and that is a fly: unless, indeed, you care to double up with Frank. Well, I must go and make myself decent. I'll leave you with Marsden.

[Exit.

M.—May I ask what has brought you to India, Mr. Cholmondeley? Did you come out for sport, eh?

C.—Well, Mr. Marsden, I came out in search of facts: in quest of political capital, Mr. Marsden. During my first week I went about incognito, under the idea that people would speak more freely with an obscure Mr. Smith than they would venture to do in the presence of a member of the English Legislature; but I found that I was generally mistaken for the commercial traveller of a leading military tailor in Dhurrumtollah,<sup>1</sup> to whom I happened to bear a casual resemblance. In consequence, I could not obtain the *entrée* of Civilian society, and was forced to confine myself to the information which could be picked up in the dawk bungalows. Now, the political creed of the frequenters of dawk bungalows is too uniform to afford a field for the minute observer; for it consists in the following tenets,—that the Modified Resolutions are the curse of the country; that Sir Mordaunt Wells is the greatest Judge that ever sat on the English Bench; and that when you hit a nigger he dies on purpose to spite you.

M.—So you ceased to call yourself Smith?

C.—Yes, I ceased to call myself Smith, and adopted the title of Captain Jones, of the Fourth Madras Native Infantry, travelling up-country to do duty with a Sikh regiment at Peshawur. Thenceforth I lived exclusively in military society.

M.—Well, did you get on better than before?

C.—No, bedad, I found that the political creed of

<sup>1</sup> Dhurrumtollah is the Bond Street of Calcutta, as Chowringhee is its Belgravia.

the mess-rooms was even more simple than that of the dawk bungalows; for it was confined to one article of faith, which appeared to include all others,—that since the Amalgamation the Service had gone to the devil.

*M.*—So now you're travelling in your own character?

*C.*—Yes. In my character of Member of the English Legislature I go where I like, am welcome everywhere, and obtain information from persons of all shades of opinion. Ah! I've heard some facts which never come to the ears of you Civilians. You think you know India, but, after all, you take good care to hear only what suits your book. I could tell you stories that would make you stare.

*M.*—Could you give me a specimen, Mr. Cholmondeley?

*C.*—Well, it was only yesterday that I was dining at the house of an indigo planter, and he told me the following anecdote, which I am assured is well authenticated. A friend of his was desirous of purchasing some waste land which lay between the estates of two native Zemindars. He offered the Commissioner a certain sum of money; and these two native fellows subscribed, and offered a larger: and, (would you believe it?) the Commissioner actually accepted their bid.

*M.*—Good heavens! It is almost incredible.

*C.*—Ah! You Civilians see only one side of the question. Wait till I take my seat again in the Commons House of Parliament. Wait till I rise in

my place, and stand on the floor of the House, and say, "Sir, when from the top of the Ochterlony Monument I looked down on the environs of the capital of India; when I saw her stately river crowded with sails, her wharves heaped with bales and casks, her network of railways bearing the products of her industry to every corner of that vast continent, from Barrackpore to Diamond Harbour, from Budge-Budge to Dum-Dum;—then, Sir, I am free to confess that I took a solemn vow to exert my every power for the great principle of the Development of resources of India."

[*Knocks down the punkah. Enter ABDOOL.*

M.—Hear! Hear! That will have a grand effect in the House of Commons. Only I doubt whether they have any punkahs there.

C. [*very much excited.*].—I assure you that you Civilians know nothing about the country. [*Takes a chair, and sits astride opposite MARSDEN.*].—Look at the railways alone, Sir! What a field for the efforts of an enlightened Government! Connect Benares with Allahabad, connect Agra with Delhi, and what results will follow! The stream of passengers will flow up to the Punjab,—[*Hits MARSDEN'S knee one way*].

M.—Don't, Sir!

C.—And down to the Lower Gangetic provinces! [*Hits it the other way.*]

M.—Have done, will you?

C.—Our silver will pour from West to East! [*Hits MARSDEN'S knee again.*]

*M.*—Confound you, Sir!

*C.*—The produce of the looms of Cabul and the gorgeous fabrics of Cashmere will pour from East to West. [*In attempting the same manœuvre, he overbalances the chair and tumbles over.*]

*M.* [*picking him up*].—Hulloa! There appears to have been a collision on the line. I hope the gorgeous fabrics of Cashmere are not damaged.

*C.* [*confused, and rubbing his leg*].—Ah! you Civilians know nothing about the country.

*M.*—But, my good Sir, I'm not a Civilian.

*C.*—Well then, Sir, you ought to be. You ought to be, if you're not. Sir, I wish you a very good morning. [*Exit CHOLMONDELEY.*]

*A.*—Master plenty excitable Sahib. Whenever master done say "Develeropment of Soorces of India," then he talk plenty much and get plenty angry. I sing you song 'bout master. [*Sings.*]

My master is a great Sahib,  
 With whiskers fine and long,  
 And on a public question  
 He comes out very strong.  
 Judge Campbell<sup>1</sup> of the High Court,  
 And Mr. Seton Karr,  
 Whene'er they see my master  
 Invite him from afar:

"Walk in, Chumley, walk in, Chumley, pray,  
 Walk into the High Court, this warm and sunny day;

<sup>1</sup> This was Sir George Campbell, K.C.S.I., who became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and a Member of the Council of India. He sat in Parliament for the Kirkcaldy Burghs.

Walk into the High Court, this afternoon so fine,  
And listen to my reasoning on Ten of Fifty-nine."<sup>1</sup>

*M.*—Well, you are a droll fellow. Who taught *you* to sing English tunes?

*A.*—Missionary Sahib teach me to sing down Madras way. I learn plenty too many hymn tunes in Mission School. I Christian boy, master.

*M.*—Oh, you're a Christian, are you?

*A.*—Yes, Sahib, I Christian boy. Plenty poojah<sup>2</sup> do Sunday time. Never no work do. Plenty wrong that.

*M.*—No. I'll be bound you appreciate that part of our religion. Well, whatever your tenets may be, you are a funny dog. Here's a rupee for you.

*A.*—O, master too good: plenty too much good. I sing 'nother song to master:—

The Judge and the Collector  
They both have gone away,  
Gone to Mussoorie  
Their Privilege Leave to stay:  
And, while they're off together  
On a little bit of spree,  
I'm off to Sonapore  
The Planters' Cup to see.

Old Jones my chief descried me.

Says he: "I greatly grieve

<sup>1</sup> Act Ten of 1859 embodied a most praiseworthy effort to grapple with the Rent question,—a matter too serious to be discussed in the note to a farce.

<sup>2</sup> Religious worship.

To see you here at Sonapore  
 Without my special leave."  
 Says I: "I ventured hither  
 To come, Sir, in the hope  
 Of playing croquet with Miss Jones  
 Beneath the Race-course tope."

*Enter JUDKINS.*

*J.*—Hollo, Marsden, you appear to be having a tumasha<sup>1</sup> here on your own account. If it's all the same to you, I'll assume the liberty of sending this fellow about his business, (if he has got any, that is to say, which doesn't seem probable,) and taking a quiet snooze. Jao!<sup>2</sup> [*Exit ABDOOL.*] Wake me when dinner comes, there's a good boy. [*Goes to sleep, with a handkerchief over his face.*]

*M.*—Well, what with that Madras boy and his master, I don't know when I have spent a more amusing time in a dawk bungalow. But I wish Fanny would come out again. If she has half the sense I give her credit for, she will find out that the coast is clear, and take her opportunity. I'll run the risk, and tap at her door. No; excellent idea! I'll let off the cork of a bottle of Belattee pawnee against the panel, and then, if the mother comes out instead of Fanny, I can pretend that it was done by mistake. [*Takes a bottle of soda-water, and lets off the cork.*]

*Enter FANNY.*

*F.*—My dear Mr. Marsden, how very rash you are! How could you knock at our door?

<sup>1</sup> A musical or theatrical entertainment.

<sup>2</sup> "Be off!"

*M.*—I protest, Fanny, that your suspicions are unworthy of you. I was making the preparations for a modest peg, when out you bolt, and charge me in the most gratuitous manner with knocking at your door. Knocking at the door! I assure you I feel your conduct deeply. [*Turns away.*]

*F.*—Well, well, Frank, I beg your pardon for my suspicions, though I cannot help thinking that they are not without foundation. But have you nothing pretty to say to me, now I am here?

*M.*—Nothing except what I've told you a thousand times already, that you are the dearest, sweetest of women; that you are a pukka angel; that I would die for you; that I would give up my accumulated arrears of Privilege Leave for you; that for you I would do unpaid duty with the East Indian Regiment at Dacca. In fact, everything that I have told you so often and so eagerly ever since that thrice auspicious night, (you remember it, Fanny?) when the Station Ball was held in the Judge's Cutcherry, much to the disgust of your respected Governor. Shall you ever forget how we pulled a cracker together, and how I read to you the motto;—simple verses, perhaps, Fanny, but dearer to me thenceforward than all Shakespeare, and Tennyson, and Byron bound up together?

“I soon shall die unless I see  
That you love me as I love thee;—”

*F.*—Well, well! I won't deny that we have talked a great deal of pleasant nonsense together. But I



have a piece of news for you. Are you sure he's asleep? [JUDKINS *snores*.]

*M.*—He's not very wide awake at any rate.

*F.*—Dear old gentleman! Would you believe it, Frank? He has written a private letter to Mr. Drummond, telling him our whole story, and requesting that your appointment may be confirmed.

*M.*—Has he indeed? What a jolly old budzart it is!

*F.*—But listen, Frank. The answer has not come yet, and before it arrives *we* shall be at Agra, and *you* far away at some out-station, making horrid bridges that will all tumble down next rainy season. Ah me! What an unlucky girl I am!

*M.*—No, you are not, Fanny. An unlucky girl never has a devoted lover with hopes of a pukka appointment. I don't intend that you shall leave the District until Mr. Drummond's answer comes. Don't you remember that I expressed to you my apprehension lest your bearers should strike work opposite the mango-tope beyond the eighth milestone on the Agra road; in which case your mother and you would be forced to take shelter in our camp? Well! That apprehension has since been converted into a horrible certainty.

*F.*—Good Heavens, Frank, do you mean to say that you have bribed the bearers?

*M.*—There! there! Don't speak so loud! Think on the enormity of the misdemeanour you have imputed to me. What would the "Englishman" say if it heard than an English official had been instigat-

ing natives to violate a contract after receiving a consideration? Conceive the tone of the leading article that would infallibly be written. "It is confidently asserted that a young gentleman in the Public Works Department, who, though not a Civilian himself, has been so long under Civilian influence as to be imbued with the traditional policy of the class, has, in virtue of his high authority, used underhand means to induce the palkee-bearers"—Good Heavens, here's your mother! [*They start apart.*]

*Enter Mrs. SMART.*

*Mrs. S.*—What do I see? Fanny, have you no delicacy, no retenue? If I turn my back for ten minutes you disobey my positive orders, throw to the winds my maternal authority, and openly encourage the advances of an *acting* officer. And you, Sir,—do you consider it manly to presume on the unfortunate chance which has thrown you once more of necessity into our society? You allow me no choice. I must fling myself on the protection of the other visitors at the bungalow. Here is one asleep on a chair. Whoever he is, he has the heart of an Englishman, and will not see me insulted by a profligate who is not even pukka. Sir, I appeal to you. [*Twitches the handkerchief off JUDKINS' face, who rises, and confronts her.*] Mr. Judkins! So *you* are the person who has arranged a meeting for these two young people to come off under your auspices! So *you* are the go-between in this precious love-affair! So this match is to be of *your* making! So,

Mr. Judkins, after robbing me and Mr. Smart of our peace, you intend to rob us of our daughter!

*J.*—Good gracious, Mrs. Smart, I have no idea what you are driving at. All I know about the matter is that I was enjoying a very sweet dream, and that I have awoke to an exceeding unpleasant reality.

*Mrs. S. [curtsies.]*—O, Mr. Judkins, you are pleased to be sarcastic. Would you, however, if you can for a few moments rein in your satire, tell me in plain words why you thought fit to sanction by your presence an interview between my daughter and a young man of whom you know well I disapprove?

*J.*—Well, Mrs. Smart, I can only repeat that I was aroused from a slumber, such as only the innocent can enjoy, to find myself in the presence of two people looking very shy, and one looking very angry. That is all the part I have had in the affair. Not that I should have objected to play Friar Lawrence to so dashing a Romeo and so sweet a Juliet. [*Bows to FANNY.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Well, upon my word, Mr. Judkins! Upon my word! Perhaps you won't call a daughter of mine names, though she has descended below herself on this occasion.

*J.*—After all, Mrs. Smart, I am surprised that you do not consider your daughter honoured by the attentions of so fine a young fellow.

*Mrs. S.*—Mr. Judkins, I have principles. It is not for nothing that I trace my origin on either side from old Indian families. I thank heaven that I have been

brought up to know the difference between pukka and cutcha appointments.

*J.*—I have no doubt you do, Mrs. Smart; I have no doubt you do; and I have no doubt either that when you retire from the service Sir Charles Wood will at once offer you a seat in the Indian Council.

*Mrs. S.*—That, I suppose, would be considered wit at the Board of Revenue: a Board of which you doubtless count upon becoming the most brilliant light. You are an ornament to your line of the Service, Mr. Judkins; you are indeed.

*J.*—My line! Bless the woman! My line! Well, whatever it may be, I cannot say it has at present fallen to me in a pleasant place.

*Enter SUSAN, with tray. Sets it down on table.*

*Susan.*—Never mind him, Ma'am. I've made a nice basin of soup for you and Miss Fanny. After your long journey you won't be right again till you've had something to eat.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, Mr. Judkins, I am sorry that I so far forgot myself as to address you. Come, Fanny, and take your tiffin. Thank heaven, it is the last meal we shall eat in the same room with the present company. [*MRS. SMART and FANNY sit down at the table.*]

*Enter KHANSAUMAUN with dinner.*

*K.*—Khana tyar hi, Sahib.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Dinner is ready, Sahib."

*J.*—Khansaumaun, palanpurkhana rùcko.<sup>1</sup> Come, Marsden, we must rough it a little to accommodate the ladies. [*Aside.*] Horrid old woman! I should like to accommodate her into the middle of next week. [*JUDKINS and MARSDEN sit down at the bed.*] Marsden, I feel a little out of sorts. A cup of tea might do us both good. Ho, Khansaumaun! Chah banno!<sup>2</sup>

*Mrs. S.*—Well, I never! Tea for tiffin! What would an official of the good old school say if he heard a Mofussil Commissioner ordering tea for tiffin? Tea, indeed! Ho, Khansaumaun, beer shrub lao!

*J.*—This moorghee is plaguy tough. Ho, Khansaumaun, aur kooch hai?<sup>3</sup>

*K.*—Sahib, curry bat hai.

*J.*—O, bother curry bat! It's only the old moorghee under another shape. We'll have some eggs with our tea. Ho, Khansaumaun, unda lao, toast banno.

*Mrs. S.*—Tea, toast, and boiled eggs! There's a tiffin for a Covenanted Servant of five-and-twenty years' standing! Fancy a Senior Merchant<sup>4</sup> going without his curry bat. Ho! curry bat do!

*J.*—Well, I should have thought that the temper of some people was hot enough already without requiring to be warmed by curry.

<sup>1</sup> "Steward, put the dinner on the bed."

<sup>2</sup> "Make some tea."

<sup>3</sup> "Is there anything else?"

<sup>4</sup> In days gone by the Company's servants were classed as Senior Merchants, Junior Merchants, and Writers.

*Mrs. S.*—Fanny, I repent more and more having been betrayed into an altercation with that man. However, I am resolved never to address another word to him.

*J.*—For these and all his mercies make us truly thankful!

*Mrs. S.* [*starts up.*].—What is that, Sir? What is this last piece of insolence to which you have given vent?

*J.* [*without turning.*].—I was only saying grace after meat, or rather after moorghee.

*Mrs. S.*—Your brutality, Sir, is only equalled by your impiety.

*J.*—Pray sit down, Mrs. Smart. I have no intention of betraying you into a second altercation.

*Mrs. S.* [*sits down.*].—Monster! Fanny, would that we were out of this dreadful place!

*J.*—The agreeableness of places generally depends on the state of our tempers. For my part, this bungalow seems quite a paradise. Thank Providence for having endowed me with an imperturbable tranquillity!

*Mrs. S.*—Hem! Fanny, did you hear what your papa said to the Lieutenant-Governor about the inefficiency of Revenue officers when concerned with a question of law? He told Mr. Drummond that during the past year, in a certain Division, there was not one in ten of the Commissioner's decisions which would not have been reversed before the most ordinary tribunal.

*J.* [*starts up.*].—To what Division did he refer,

Mrs. Smart? If he alluded to Budgemahal, he was knowingly guilty of a vile calumny.

*Mrs. S. [without turning.]*—Pray sit down, Mr. Judkins. I have no desire of being betrayed into a second altercation.

*J.*—Mrs. Smart, whoever uttered that falsehood was capable of anything: even of marrying a low, uneducated, up-country-bred wife.

*Mrs. S. [starts up.]*—Mr. Judkins, my father enjoyed the highest Judicial appointments in the Covenanted Service; and my dear mother was grand-daughter to the first Judge of the first settled district in Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. No member of our family ever dabbled in Revenue.

*J.*—Ha! Ha! Ha! My dear Mrs. Smart, your mother's brother ended his career as Sub-collector of Shahabad; and devilish glad he was to get the appointment.

*Mrs. S.*—Go on, Mr. Judkins; pray go on. Thank heaven, *I* was brought up among people who knew the difference between pukka and cutcha appointments.

*J.*—Mrs. Smart, the last place which your father held was that of Acting Magistrate at Jessore:—*Acting* Magistrate, do you hear, Mrs. Smart?

*Mrs. S.*—Base man, you never uttered a more contemptible slander:—a slander worthy of one who gained his present position by acting as stalking-horse to his Lieutenant-Governor.

*J.*—Mrs. Smart! Who schemed to get the Governor-General's Aide-de-Camp for her daughter?

*Mrs. S.*—Mr. Judkins! Who refused to subscribe to the new church on the pretext that the padre was a humbug?

*J.*—Who asked the Station to dinner, and allowed only one glass of simkin <sup>1</sup> to each guest,—eh, Mrs. Smart?

*Mrs. S.*—Who tried to lead off the District Ball, and didn't know his steps,—eh, Mr. Judkins?

*[They both speak at once. Curtain falls.]*

## ACT II

*Outside the Commissioner's Tent. Table and Chairs at one side of the Stage.*

*Enter JUDKINS from tent, in dressing-gown.*

*J.*—Well! I'm all the better for a good night. I always manage to sleep sound in camp. Now for a bath. Ho, Bheestie! <sup>2</sup> This is a very pleasant camping ground; but I wonder why Marsden insisted so strongly on our stopping here instead of going on to Bunderbustgunge. Whatever I said, he would have it that there was nothing like the mango tope just beyond the eighth mile-stone on the Agra road. The eighth mile-stone on the Agra road! Young men are not, generally speaking, so accurate about the number of their mile-stones. However, he's a

<sup>1</sup> Champagne.

<sup>2</sup> Bath-man.



dear boy, and I always humour him. [*Enter MARS-DEN.*] I say, young shaver, what makes you so particular about the eighth mile-stone on the Agra road? I wish now that we had pushed on to Bunderbustgunge.

*M.*—Well, my dear Sir, I'll make a confession. You must know that I have received information which leads me to suppose that Mrs. Smart's bearers will strike work somewhere near this spot.

*J.*—You have received information which leads you to suppose! You unscrupulous young villain! Well! I presume that you intend to saddle me with the women for the rest of the day?

*M.*—Such, I blush to say, is my intention. Now, my dear Sir, will you do me a great—a very great favour? Will you be very civil to Mrs. Smart? [*JUDKINS shakes his head.*] For my sake and for Fanny's, Mr. Judkins!

*J.*—Well! Well! the woman will be out of the country in another day. I promise to be as polite to her as she will allow me to be. But here's the bheestie.

*Enter BHEESTIE with water-skin. Exeunt JUDKINS and BHEESTIE into tent.*

*M.*—Now for the pleasantest hour of the twenty-four. Ho, Sirdar! Chah lao!<sup>1</sup> [*Enter CHOLMON-DELEY, in hunting costume, followed by ABDOOL.*] The top of the morning to you, Mr. Cholmondeley.

<sup>1</sup> "Bring my tea."

C.—Fine morning this. [*Aside.*] What a damned foolish observation! It always is a fine morning in India.

M.—Are you ready for some chota hasaree?<sup>1</sup>

C.—Chota hasaree! What's chota hasaree?

M.—Why the meal I'm taking at the present moment.

C.—O, begad! They call that down in Madras "early tea." So "chota hasaree" is "early tea."

M.—Just so. "Chota" "early"; "hasaree" "tea."

C.—O! "Chota" is "early," is it? Well, that accounts for the assistant-magistrate being termed the Chota Sahib. He gets up early to go to Cutcherry,<sup>2</sup> while the collector lies in bed to wait till the appeals come in. I'll put that down. [*Writes.*]

M.—You've hit it. But here come the papers. What an old brick Judkins is for taking in such a packet of them! The "Hurkaru" as usual. An article comparing Sir Charles Wood to Nero, and Sir Mordaunt Wells to Aristides. Very pretty reading for rabid Anglo-Saxons! And here's the "Delhi Punch"! I did hope we had marched out of the region within which circulates that melancholy periodical. After all, there's nothing like the "Englishman." What's the news, Cholmondeley? [*Sips his tea.*]

C.—Let's see. [*Reads.*] "Latest from America.—The Federals under Meade attacked Lee's position on the morning of the 18th, and after three days'

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "little breakfast."

<sup>2</sup> Court.

hard fighting were forced to recross the Rappahannock after losing fifteen thousand men." "Latest from Furruckabad.—There is no truth in the report that Lieutenant Smith, of the Engineers, is about to avail himself of some days' leave." H'm! h'm! h'm!

[*Splashing heard inside the tent.*]

M.—There's the old boy having his mussuck.<sup>1</sup>

C. [*reads.*].—"The 'Nubia' arrived at Garden Reach on the 12th instant. Passengers—Mr. Williams, B.C.S., Captain James, B.N.I., Mrs. James, Miss Prettyman." H'm! h'm! h'm! "Married, on the fifteenth instant, at the Cathedral, John Williams, Collector and Magistrate of Mozufferpore, to Alicia, eleventh daughter of the late Ebenezer Prettyman of the Bengal Civil Service." Quick work that,—eh, Mr. Marsden?

M.—Oh, nothing out of the way. But might I ask why you are got up in that style?

C.—I'm going out for my first day's hog-hunting. [*Enter* JUDKINS.] Good morning, Mr. Judkins. I'm off to cover side.

J.—Well, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't you go mistaking tame pigs for wild. If you see a fellow with a straight tail, whip him through the body; but if you come across a curly-tailed chap, fight shy of him. He's being fed up for the Agricultural Exhibition at Alipore. But the sun is getting powerful, and I must be going inside the tent. I wish you good sport. [*Exit* JUDKINS *into tent.*]

M.—Good-bye, Cholmondeley. Don't forget; the

<sup>1</sup> Water-skin.

wild pigs have curly tails. Curly tails, remember! You'll get into no end of trouble if you kill a fellow with a straight tail. *[Exit MARSDEN.]*

A.—Master plenty great shikaree.<sup>1</sup> Master go kill plenty pig. I stay 'tome. Make good master's clothes.

C.—Yes. You stay at home, Abdool. Have some coffee ready for me when I come back. Take care of my things.

A. *[aside.]*—Ha! ha! I take care of master's spirit chest. Cognac shrub, plenty nice drink. I got no caste. I plenty good Christian. Drink plenty rum. Do no work Sunday. Them my Thirty-nine Article-icles. *[Exit ABDOOL.]*

C.—Now I'll be off. Holloa! What the deuce is the row now? Here's the European lady's-maid.

*Enter SUSAN.*

Susan.—O! thank goodness, here's a belattee Christian man! O, Sir! O, Mr. Chimbly! Here's such a dreadful business!

C.—Why, bless my soul, young woman, what ever is the matter?

Susan.—Why, Sir,—would you believe it?—as soon as ever we came opposite that there mangel-wurzel tope the bearers put down the palkees with a bang, and cut and run into the jungle. O my poor mistress! My poor mistress!

*Enter MRS. SMART and FANNY.*

Mrs. S.—O, dear me, Fanny, what shall we do?

<sup>1</sup> Sportsman.

I never was in such a position. Here we are in the full heat of the sun, four coss from the last dawk bungalow, and the Lord only knows how many from the next.

*F.*—Yes, mamma, what shall we do? O! what could have induced the bearers to behave so?

*[Pretends to cry.]*

*Mrs. S.*—Bless my heart, there's Mr. Cholmondeley. O! Mr. Cholmondeley! I am so glad to see you. Those budmashes<sup>1</sup> who were carrying our palkees have run away into the tope. We had only three coss to go, and we should have met a pair of tum-tums<sup>2</sup> which would have taken us on to the Grand Trunk Road, where my husband was to have met us with a two-horse gharee.<sup>3</sup> I had made such an utcha bunderbust.<sup>4</sup>

*C.*—My dear Madam! My dear Madam! Are you sure you perceive the full extent of your misfortune? I am convinced that there is more in this than you think. Mere ryots would never have arrived at such a pitch of insolence unless they had been aware that a mutiny was imminent. We are on the eve of another outbreak. Did you observe whether the men called out "Deen! Deen!"<sup>5</sup> as they ran into the jungle?

*Mrs. S.*—Good heavens, Mr. Cholmondeley, how should Hindoo ryots call out "Deen! Deen!" I

<sup>1</sup> Mauvais sujets.

<sup>2</sup> Dog-carts.

<sup>3</sup> Carriage.

<sup>4</sup> Excellent arrangement.

<sup>5</sup> "The Faith! The Faith!" The rallying cry of the Mahomedans.

should as soon expect to meet Dr. Pusey walking up and down the High Street of Oxford, bawling out "No Popery!"

*C.*—Now, Mrs. Smart, do be advised, and make a timely retreat. At such a crisis hesitation is death. Allow me to conduct you to the nearest military station. I will hold Miss Smart before me on the horse's neck, while you ride on the crupper with your arms round my waist.

*Mrs. S.*—Ride to the nearest military station with my arms round your waist! Why, people would think we were the last elopement from Simla.

*C.*—We will pursue our way at night. You shall hide in the jungle during the day, and I will repair to the neighbouring villages disguised as a fakeer.

*Mrs. S.*—Nonsense, Sir. You won't find it so easy to frighten an old Mofussil lady. The truth of the matter is that I was foolish enough to pay these budmashes beforehand, and they have thrown me over. I must have been an idiot to do it!

*C.*—O, that quite alters the business, Mrs. Smart. This is a clear case of Wilful Breach of Contract. 'Pon honour, Mrs. Smart, I believe it comes within the scope of the clauses of Mr. Maine's new Bill.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, I dare say it does: but I don't see how that will help us: unless, indeed, Mr. Maine would go into the next village and beat up for coolies. But what do you advise, Mr. Cholmondeley?

*C.*—Well, Mrs. Smart, I should advise you to institute a civil suit at once; and, meanwhile, I will press the Government at home to pass a modified

Criminal Contract Bill. I will engage to do that much for you, Mrs. Smart.

*Mrs. S.*—Bless me, Sir, if you have no wiser suggestion to make you had better choop. A modified Criminal Contract Bill, indeed!

*C.*—Well, it appears that I can't be of much use in this quarter. I shall mount and be off. Good-bye, Mrs. Smart. Good-bye, Miss Smart. [*Aside.*] Let me see! The tame pig has a straight tail, and the wild pig a curly tail. I'll take good care to keep that in my head.

[*Exit* CHOLMONDELEY.]

*Mrs. S.*—Well, Fanny, there's an ooloo-ke-but-cha<sup>1</sup> for you. He'll never set the Hooghly on fire. I wish we could see some sensible, good-natured man who knows the country. Dear me! What with the heat and vexation, I am quite overcome. I never was out in the sun so late before. Dear me! What ever shall I do? [*Cries.*] I wish somebody would come to our assistance. What would I give to see a Civilian,—or—a military man,—or—or—or—an Uncovenanted Servant, or—or—or—or—or—or—an interloper.

*Enter* MARSDEN.

*M.*—What do I see? Mrs. Smart, and in tears! I hope and trust no accident has happened to your party. Can I be of any service to you?

*Mrs. S.*—Oh, Sir, we are in great trouble on account of the dishonesty of our bearers, who have taken to their heels, and left the palkees in the middle of the road some hundred yards from hence.

<sup>1</sup> Son of an owl.

*M.*—Dear me! I am very much concerned. What a set of rascals! I trust, Madam, that you have received no injury.

*Mrs. S. [aside.]*—Upon my word he is a very polite young man. I begin to wish he was pucka. [*Aloud.*] No, Sir, we have received no injury, but a great deal of inconvenience. We have still three coss to travel before we reach the tum-tums.

*M.*—Oh, in that case, pray do not trouble yourself. I shall have great pleasure in driving you on your way in our gharee: that is to say, if you will permit me to have the honour of so doing.

*Mrs. S. [aside.]*—He certainly is most courteous. I do wish he was pucka. [*Aloud.*] Oh, Sir, many, many thanks. Under the circumstances, I shall have great pleasure in accepting your very kind offer.

*M.*—I am sure, Mrs. Smart, yourself and your daughter must have been shaken by this *contretemps*. Would you do us the honour of taking some rest and refreshment in the tent?

*Mrs. S. [aside.]*—He is really a delightful young man. I begin not to care whether he is pucka or cutcha. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I am deeply obliged to you, but I cannot consent to receive the hospitality of Mr. Judkins. I prefer remaining here. [*Opens her umbrella.*]

*M. [sighs.]*—Ah, Madam, you little know how deeply wounded would be the heart of that gentleman could he hear the sentiment to which you have given utterance. His exterior is rough, but he is sound at core. You will hardly believe me when I



tell you that he lay awake half the night regretting the intemperate language which he used in your presence.

*Mrs. S.*—And well he might, Mr. Marsden:—well he might. However, I am glad that he is sorry.

*M.*—And, Mrs. Smart, you must allow me to say that you are unfair towards him. If you knew him better, your opinion of him would be very different. About three o'clock this morning I was awoke by hearing him sigh. I asked him whether he had a touch of liver, or whether the mosquitoes troubled him. "No, Marsden," said he, "I was reflecting on my unhappy fortune in having parted in anger with a lady whom I so cordially respect as the last existing specimen of the good old Anglo-Indian style,—"

*Mrs. S.*—Did he say that?

*M.*—"That style which went out with the old Company,—"

*Mrs. S.*—Upon my honour!

*M.*—"A lady who is daughter, sister, and wife of Sudder Judges."

*Mrs. S.*—Really, now!

*M.*—"Marsden," he said, "how that woman will shine in Chowringhee when Smart goes to Calcutta to take his seat in the Supreme Council."

*Mrs. S.*—Poor Mr. Judkins! His head was turned by his appointment to Budgemahal, but his heart is in the right place.

*M.*—I knew that you would come to think so, Mrs. Smart. But he is coming out of the tent.

Pray, Mrs. Smart, receive him with cordiality. He is dreadfully depressed. [*Aside.*] He looks like it.

*Enter* JUDKINS.

*J.*—Mrs. Smart, my servants have informed me how scandalously you have been treated by your bearers. I can assure you that the budmashes shall receive their deserts.

*Mrs. S.*—I have no doubt that everything will be done which justice can demand.

*J.*—Yes, Mrs. Smart, budmashes have a bad time of it in my division. In 1857 I was the terror of all the disaffected villagers for a hundred miles round. The wives of sepoy used to silence their children with the dreaded name of Judkins. The people of those parts long will tell how, on the information that a mutineer was concealed in a neighbouring jungle, I turned out with my elephants and horses; how I marched night and day for eleven consecutive hours; how I surrounded the lair of the fugitive with a cordon of burkundazzes;<sup>1</sup> how I advanced into the thicket, accompanied by the slender escort of three thannadars<sup>2</sup> and a tipsy darogah;<sup>3</sup> how fiercely I flung myself on my prey,—

*Mrs. S.*—And how you hung him, I suppose, Mr. Judkins?

*J.*—Well, Mrs. Smart, to tell you the truth, he turned out to be a bunnya,<sup>4</sup> who had concealed himself for fear of the disbanded sepoy. But I trust

<sup>1</sup> Policemen.

<sup>2</sup> Sergeants.

<sup>3</sup> Inspector.

<sup>4</sup> Shopkeeper.

you and Miss Smart will repose yourselves in my tent while the gharee is getting ready. Breakfast will be on the table in half an hour. I should feel highly honoured if you would share our meal.

*Mrs. S.*—Sir, I shall have the greatest pleasure.

[*Exeunt Mrs. SMART, FANNY, and MAID into tent.*]

*M.*—Why, Sir, how seductive your manners have become all of a sudden! you have talked over the old lady already. But what is the meaning of all this bobbery? [Noise heard.]

*Enter CHOLMONDELEY, in the custody of two Bengal police, and followed by a ryot.*

*J.*—Mr. Cholmondeley! in Heaven's name what has happened? I trust you have not had what the *Hurkaru* calls "an unfortunate collision with a native:"—a collision in which, somehow or other, the native always comes off the worst.

*Ryot.*—Hussoor, Sahib ne hamara soor marra hai?<sup>1</sup>

*C.*—Upon my honour, Mr. Judkins, I have not the slightest idea what my crime may be. All I know is that my beaters started a fine hog, which I rode down and speared. While I was engaged in cutting off his head as a trophy, this native fellow came up and made a great noise, calling out something about "hamara soor," and "foujdaree."<sup>2</sup>

*J.*—Well! how did you reply?

<sup>1</sup> "Please your worship, the gentleman has killed my pig."

<sup>2</sup> Justice.

C.—Why, I said “Jungly soor doom,” and held my finger out like that. [*Crooks his finger.*] On which he said “Nahin, Sahib, jungly soor ke doom seder hai.”<sup>1</sup> [*Straightens his finger.*]

J.—What did you say to that?

C.—Why, I told him to stop his noise, or I would give him a thrashing.

J.—Well, what next?

C.—Why, he called in these two peelers, who happened to be passing, and they brought me here like a condemned felon.

J.—Well, the question is, whether the pig was tame or wild.

C.—Mr. Judkins, I may be a young pig-sticker, but I am too old a sportsman to make such a mistake as that. However, to convince you, I have brought away the tail. [*Holds out a curly tail.*]

J.—My dear Sir, if pigs are tame in proportion to the curliness of their tails, this is the most civilized animal of the sort I ever came across.

C.—But, happily, as pigs are tame in inverse proportion to the curliness of their tails, this must be the wildest hog in all the North-West.

J.—Mr. Cholmondeley, you are under a fatal mistake. Wild pigs have straight tails, and tame pigs curly ones.

C. [*clasps his hands before his face.*].—Undone! Undone!

J.—Well, Mr. Cholmondeley, you certainly have committed a misdemeanour; but I don't know un-

<sup>1</sup> “No, Sir, a wild pig's tail is like this.”

der what head it comes in the Penal Code. [JUDKINS takes up the "Code."] I'll look through the index. Let me see. "Housebreaking by night." Your offence can hardly be said to come under that section. "Idiot,—Act of, when no offence." But you're not an idiot. [*Aside.*] He's only a fool. "Landmark,—Diminishing usefulness of one fixed by public servant." You certainly have diminished the usefulness of a pig, but that animal is not a landmark fixed by a public servant. "Lieutenant-Governor,—Assault on." "Member of Council,—Attempt to overawe." This looks more like it: "Mischief,—Punishment for, when simple. By exhibiting false light or mark to mislead navigators." "By causing inundation or obstructing drainage." That won't do. Oh, here it is: "Whoever commits mischief by killing, poisoning, maiming, or rendering useless any animal or animals of the value of ten rupees or upwards, shall be punished with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to two years, or five, or both." Ho, you! Tumarar soor ke dam kitna hai?<sup>1</sup>

*Ryot.*—Eck sou rupea, Sahib.<sup>2</sup>

*J.*—There, Cholmondeley, you are liable to imprisonment of either description for a term of two years, or five, or both. Which will you take? You may as well have both while you're about it.

*C.*—O Lord! This is a dreadful business. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> "What is your pig worth?"

<sup>2</sup> "One hundred rupees Sir."

Judkins, for heaven's sake arrange it somehow. Why did I come out to this awful country?

*J.*—Well, I'll try. Atcha, Sahib teen rupea toom ko dagabuss.<sup>1</sup>

*Ryot.*—Nahin, Sahib, dega teen rupea ath anna.<sup>2</sup>

*J.*—Here, Cholmondeley, give this fellow three rupees and a half, and he'll say no more about it.

*C.*—Lord, what influence you local officers have over the natives! [*Pays the money.*] Thank heaven! I'm out of that. [*Exeunt natives.*]

*J.*—Now, Marsden, we'll go in to the ladies. Breakfast must be ready by this time. You'll join us soon, I hope, Mr. Cholmondeley.

[*Exeunt JUDKINS and MARSDEN into tent.*]

*C.*—This unlucky business has quite taken away my appetite for India. I'm hanged if I don't go home by the next boat, and make my arrangements for bringing Sir Charles Wood to book. I'm resolved never to come out here again, not even as Governor-General. Hulloo! There goes that rascal Abdool as drunk as an engine-driver on the East Indian Railway. [*Exit, calling to ABDPOOL.*]

*Enter JUDKINS and Mrs. SMART.*

*Mrs. S.*—Well, Mr. Judkins, I consider that we were very fortunate in having met with our disaster. We have been most magnificently entertained.

*J.*—You are very good to say so.

*Mrs. S.*—That vegetable curry was excellent. Of

<sup>1</sup> "Look here. The Sahib will give you three rupees."

<sup>2</sup> "Ah! Sahib, give me three rupees eight annas."

course your cook is a Mug?<sup>1</sup> What do you give him?

*J.*—Well, Mrs. Smart, he used to get eighteen, but now I cut him two rupees. I told him that it would never do for domestic servants to get the same, now that Civil Servants are being cut all round. Hang these reductions, Mrs. Smart! Hang these reductions! The Civil Service will soon cease to be a decent provision for the cadet in the family of a thriving greengrocer.

*Mrs. S.*—Yes, you and I have lived to see sad changes, Mr. Judkins. I remember the days when every servant in my house was a Government chuprassie,<sup>2</sup> with the exception of the khansaumaun and a Portuguese ayah. Now we think ourselves well provided if we have some six fellows, who grumble if they are told to carry a chit<sup>3</sup> or take the children a walk.

*J.*—Yes, Mrs. Smart, times are altered. Times are altered.

*Mrs. S.*—They are indeed, Mr. Judkins. But do you know that Mr. Marsden reminds me of the good old style more than any young man whom I have met for years? He has quite the manners of the best set among the Junior Factors a quarter of a century ago.

*J.*—Ah, Madam, I wish you could bring yourself

<sup>1</sup> A native of Arracan, whence the best cooks come.

<sup>2</sup> Messengers. In old days these officers were very generally employed for domestic purposes.

<sup>3</sup> A note.

to look more kindly on his suit, both for his sake and for Fanny's. It is impossible to avoid seeing that she will never be happy with anyone else.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, I am not opposed to the marriage on mercenary grounds. He is low down in the Service; but that matters little at his age. A clever Assistant-Magistrate is a better match than a foolish Collector with Full Powers. But, Mr. Judkins, I am a woman of principle. I cannot and will not give my daughter to a man whose appointment is not pukka.

*Enter TROOPER.*

*Trooper.*—Commissioner Sahib ke waste chittee hai. [*Presents a letter,—JUDKINS reads.*]

*J.*—Here, Marsden! Fanny! All the world! Come out here, everybody! O yes! O yes! Listen all good people!—"The Lieutenant-Governor, having received information that the bridge over the Rotawaddy nullah, built by Lieutenant Marsden, of the Bengal Native Infantry, Acting-Assistant-Sub-Deputy-Inspector of Bridges in the Public Works Department, stood during a whole fortnight of the rains, and then only gave way in one arch, desires to express his satisfaction in the conduct of that officer by confirming his appointment." Frank, I congratulate you. Come, young fellow, go and thank the powerful friend to whom you owe the appointment. There she stands. [*Points to FANNY.*]

*M.*—I must first request Mrs. Smart to inform me whether the gulf which separates me from her



daughter is bridged over as well as the Rotawaddy nullah?

*Mrs. S.*—Well, Mr. Marsden, you have *now* my leave to say what you like to Fanny.

*M.*—Fanny, I am cutcha no longer. May I become a Covenanted Servant in the sweetest sense? [*Kisses her hand.*]

*Mrs. S.*—Well, it seems that you will not have much difficulty in that quarter.

*J.*—But what will Mr. Smart say to it?

*Mrs. S.*—O, pray don't trouble yourselves about that. Mr. Smart does not play the Sudder Judge in his own family. [*Coming forward.*] And now only one thing remains. Whatever may have been the merits of our acting, the performance must be cutcha unless *you* confirm it with your applause. Will you pass an order to that effect? As to the stage, scenery, and dresses, we have done our best, and the Lieutenant-Governor his kindest; and we trust that we may with confidence ask the vital question,—“Were the appointments pukka?” [*Curtain falls.*]

**AN ANCIENT GREEK WAR**

**1866**

**R**



**I**N the autumn of 1865, after the General Election, the author was under engagement to join some friends who were yachting in Greek waters. On reaching Italy, however, he found cholera at Brindisi and Ancona, Trieste and Venice; a circumstance which would involve a long period of quarantine at any port of disembarkation on the opposite shore of the Adriatic. He accordingly gave up his project of a tour in Greece, and came home through Germany; hearing on the way of the death of Lord Palmerston, whom he had been elected to support, but with whom he never had the honour of sitting in Parliament.

The author had arranged with the Literary and Philosophical Societies of Edinburgh, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, to deliver, after returning from Greece, a discourse on his experiences and observations in that country. The paper, to which these few lines are a preface, was prepared, and graciously accepted by both those distinguished audiences, as a substitute for the promised lecture.



## AN ANCIENT GREEK WAR

OUR own poets have described, far too minutely to need repetition here, the charms and glories of Grecian scenery:—the chains of lofty peaks, their summits crowned with snow, and their lower slopes clad with dwarf-oak and arbutus;—the valleys running from the shore into the heart of the mountains;—the bold headlands alternating with shady creeks, the haunt of nymphs in the days of Hesiod, and the lair of pirates in the days of Byron. This fair region is now for the most part deserted and neglected, brown and arid from the disuse of artificial irrigation. The traveller paces across the market-place of Sparta revolver in hand, and with side-long glances into the bushes that fringe his path; and amidst the ruins of Thebes the sportsman may shoot in a forenoon woodcocks enough to make the fortune of ten Norfolk battues. But it was not so always. There was once another and far different Greece, which can no longer be visited by steamer, and diligence, and railway, and which can be viewed only through the medium of her own eternal literature. In the old time every one of those valleys swarmed with cattle, and blushed with orchards, and glowed

with harvests. Every one of those innumerable creeks was the site of some proud city, whose name, and history, and legendary lore are familiar to the British school-boy long before he can name within fifty miles the locality of one in three among the great seats of industry enfranchised by the bill of Mr. Disraeli.

Each of these cities was a little state in itself, governed by its own laws, its own interests, and its own traditions. It is difficult for the member of a great European nation to realize such a condition of things. These notable communities, whose names have been household words to the educated men of fourscore generations,—Argos and Mycenae, Corinth and Megara,—were mere parishes compared with the smallest kingdoms of our epoch; mere bits of territory, seven, ten, or fifteen miles square, with a walled town planted somewhere towards the centre of the region. Athens was the most populous among the whole cluster of Grecian states, and the Athenian citizens who were capable of bearing arms in the field numbered only sixteen thousand in the days of Pericles. She was by far more opulent than any of her neighbours; and yet her public revenue at no time reached half a million sterling. And, nevertheless, these tiny republics carried matters with a high hand. They waged war, and despatched embassies, and concluded alliances with a solemnity and an earnestness which would do credit to the government of the most extensive modern empires. They had their Cavours, and their Palmerstons, and their

Bismarcks. They swore to treaties of guarantee as readily, and violated those treaties as complacently, as any European statesman of our days. One little nationality would invade the confines of another with a host of seven hundred foot, and two or three and twenty cavalry; while the invaded party would retaliate by despatching a fleet of a dozen cock-boats to lay waste the seaboard of the aggressors.

A homely illustration will give a better conception of Grecian international policy than pages of antique statistics. Imagine a jealousy to spring up between the boroughs of the Falkirk district and the boroughs of the Stirling district, in consequence of the authorities of the latter community having assessed to poor-rates the sacred soil of Bannockburn. On a misty drizzling night towards the end of November some burgesses of Linlithgow, who are not satisfied with the result of the late municipal elections, open one of the gates to a party of the enemy. The Stirling men enter the town stealthily, penetrate to the Grassmarket, and then blow a bugle, and invite the citizens of Linlithgow, on pain of sack and massacre, to separate themselves from the neighbouring boroughs. The inhabitants are at first taken by surprise; but presently they recover themselves, and stand on their defence. They overturn waggons, tear up the pavement, man the walls, and send off post-haste for assistance. Down come fifty score stout fellows from Lanark and Airdrie. The invaders make a gallant resistance, but are overpowered and slaughtered to a man. Then the cry for vengeance rises over



the whole Stirling district. Hostilities are at once proclaimed. The town council assembles, and passes a war-budget. A duty of five per cent. is laid on butter, and ten per cent. on woollen cloth. There is to be a loan of twenty thousand pounds, and a vote of credit for three thousand five hundred. The local Tories object to this lavish expenditure; upon which two leading Conservatives are banished, and two more are slain in a popular tumult. The Stirling people take into their pay three hundred Perthshire Highlanders, commanded by the Duke of Athol's head forester; but, on the other hand, two companies of the City of Edinburgh Volunteers march out of their own accord to the aid of the men of Falkirk. Presently there is a pitched battle under the walls of Queensferry. Mr. Oliphant<sup>1</sup> breaks the right wing of his opponents, and drives it as far as Dalmeny. But in another part of the field, the discipline and valour of the Edinburgh contingent carries everything before it. Some of the Stirling men fly to Leith; some take refuge in Queensferry. Their leader, after behaving with more than his wonted courage, is left on the plain for dead. The Inverkeithing detachment is caught between the sea and the foe, and entirely destroyed. The booty is enormous. A Volunteer from the Old Town comes home with seven captives; one of whom he makes his groom, and another his footman; three he employs as day-labourers; the sixth, a graduate of St.

<sup>1</sup> In the Parliament of 1866 Mr Lawrence Oliphant, the diplomatist and author, was member for the Stirling burghs.

Andrew's, he hires out to wealthy families as a daily tutor; while the seventh, who happens to be a Baillie, he ransoms for five hundred pounds, a sea-piece by Stanfield, and ten shares in a limited company. This slight sketch will give a shrewd idea of an old Greek war; indeed, were we to substitute "Thebes" for "Stirling," and "Plataea" for "Linlithgow," it would read like a roughly executed epitome of one of the most interesting passages in Thucydides.

The curse of Hellenic life was the constant fighting. Partly from circumstances, partly from natural inclination, the Greeks formed the most quarrelsome family that has existed since the days of Cain and Abel. Those old republics fell out as readily as Scotch and English borderers in the fifteenth century, and then carried on hostilities with yet more system and pertinacity than the most civilized and Christian of the great modern nations. A remarkable indication of the bellicose propensities of these peppery little states is that, instead of declaring war, they used to declare peace. The instant that a five years' truce, or a twenty years' truce, between two cities had come to an end the contracting parties were at full liberty to begin driving cattle, and cutting down orchards, and burning crops: thereby evincing their belief in the principle that war was the normal condition of human existence.

A *casus belli* was never far to seek. Now it was a slight offered by individual members of one community to the patron deity of another: now some time-honoured dispute about boundaries, revived for

the occasion beneath the influence of local jealousy untempered by the possession of ordnance maps: now a complaint about the harbouring of runaway slaves, or the entertainment of political refugees. A standing bone of contention was the protective tendency of ancient commerce: which may be realized by depicting to oneself all the towns on the Humber actuated in their mutual dealings by the spirit that existed between the Spanish and English traders in the reign of Elizabeth, when a Devonshire skipper detected west of the Azores might make his account never to see Lyme or Dartmouth again unless he could turn the tables upon his captors. When such sentiments everywhere prevailed against the importers of foreign goods, it may well be believed that informers drove a bouncing trade. The prohibition placed upon the traffic in fruit by the Attic law has been immortalized in the term "sycophant," which has somehow lost its original signification of a custom-house spy.

Then there were the claims of the parent city upon the colony: a fruitful source of discord among an enterprising people, pinched for room at home, who, in the space of three centuries, covered with thriving settlements the coasts of the *Ægean*, the *Euxine*, the *Adriatic*, and the *Ionian* seas. These claims, in theory most extensive and peculiarly binding, in practice were generally allowed to lie dormant until their resuscitation seemed likely to afford a pretext for going to war. The longest and most determined struggle recorded in Grecian history arose from a

dispute between the mother country, and the grandmother, as to which had the best right to protect their offspring from the incursion of the surrounding aborigines.

Anybody who has watched during a period of some years the diplomatic relations of English municipalities must have been impressed by the strength and permanence of their corporate patriotism; how greedily the public opinion of a town will cling to any mark of hereditary superiority over a rival; with what uneasiness it is brought to recognize such superiority in another; with what perseverance and eagerness the object of desire is sought and with what satisfaction obtained,—whether it be a separate custom-house, or a fresh batch of magistrates, or an exemption from the restrictions on the transport of live cattle, or the abolition of a toll which goes to pave and light the streets of a privileged neighbour. No one can form a true conception of Hellenic society who for a moment loses sight of the fact that Hellas consisted of an assemblage of boroughs with these sentiments of ambition and self-respect intensified twenty-fold; sanctified by religious associations; ennobled by the names of heroes and demigods; dignified by the eloquence of orators like Pericles, and the imaginations of poets like Æschylus and Pindar; inflamed by the recollection of past insults and injuries; unrestrained by the influence of any central and paramount authority. There is much truth in the picture drawn by Aristophanes in his play of the “Acharnians,”

where the principal actor speaks as follows, in a very free translation:—

“I hope the spectators will not take it amiss if I talk a little about public affairs, though I *am* playing burlesque; for one has a conscience, even in burlesque. And this time Cleon will hardly be able to charge me with vilifying the State in the presence of foreigners, because it is too early in the year for foreigners, and we have the theatre to ourselves.

“Now, you must know that I perfectly abominate the Lacedaemonians, and cordially hope that the next earthquake will bring all their houses about their ears; for I, as well as others, have had their foragers in my vineyard. But, come now, (for I see none but friends about me), why, after all, are we to lay everything to the door of the Lacedaemonians? For you will remember that certain of our people;—I do not refer to the country in general: don’t mistake me for a moment; I make no allusion to the country in general;—certain dirty, counterfeit, contemptible scamps were always giving the police notice about Megarian woollens. And if they caught sight of a cucumber, or a leveret, or a sucking-pig, or a head of garlic, or a lump of salt, as a matter of course it came from Megara, and was declared contraband on the spot. But these doings were a trifle, and too much in the ordinary Athenian style to need remark, until some young sparks thought fit to go on a tippy frolic to Megara, and carry off a woman. Whereupon the Megarians were cut to the soul by the outrage, and made reprisals by running away

with two of Aspasia's girls; and so the Grecian world broke out into war for the sake of a leash of baggages. And then Olympian Pericles, in all his terrors, fell to thundering, and lightening, and shutting our markets against the Megarians, and bringing in a string of prohibitory laws that ran like drinking-catches. And, when the Megarians found themselves dying by slow starvation, they petitioned the Lacedaemonians to get the enactments repealed that had been passed on behalf of those three hussies. But we would not hear of it; and so shields began banging together from one end of Greece to the other. 'It was all very wrong,' you will say; but how can you expect other people to be more patient than yourselves? Why, if a Lacedaemonian had chartered a bumboat, and run a cargo of a single blind puppy into one of your dependencies, would you have sat quiet at home? Not you. Before the day was out, you would be putting in commission three hundred galleys; and the dockyards would resound with the planing of oar-blades, and the driving in of bolts, and the shifting of rowlocks, and the whistling of boatswains; and the streets would be alive with paying of bounties, and weighing out of rations, and marines squabbling, and captains getting elected, and figure-heads getting gilded, and garlic and olives and onions getting stuffed into nets, and tins of preserved anchovies, and garlands, and dancing-girls, and bloody-noses, and black eyes."

The historical interest of these incessant wars is out of all proportion to their size. Indeed, military

narratives are usually attractive in inverse ratio to the number of combatants engaged; for, the fewer the actors, the more marked becomes the personal character of the scene. The result of a great modern conflict depends on an immense multitude of incidents, so interwoven that it is all but impossible to disentangle them and to credit each with its due importance; and it is delightful to turn from the elaborate technicalities of contemporary warfare to the simple manoeuvres by which Miltiades and Epaminondas won and lost their battles. Commanding, as he did, a small but high-spirited body of militiamen,—who were at home the equals of their leader, and while on active service never forgot that he was their fellow-citizen,—a Greek strategist was forced to adapt his tactics quite as much to the temper of his men as to the nature of the locality. He was not even permitted to take their courage for granted, as is the privilege of generals who have to do with regular soldiers; but was under the necessity of haranguing his army whenever there was a prospect of coming to blows. Athenian military men, trained in their courts of law and their popular assembly, were for the most part voluble enough; but it must have been a serious addition to the responsibilities of an honest Boeotian veteran to spend the eve of an action in stringing together platitudes about patriotism, and tutelary gods, and ancestral ashes, when he ought to have been eating his supper and visiting his outposts.

A good illustration, both of the minute scale on

which a Greek commander conducted his operations, and of the weight which he attached to catching his adversaries when they were not in a fighting humour, is afforded by Cleon's expedition to Amphipolis, against which he marched at the head of 1,500 foot and 300 cavalry. Brasidas, the best partisan leader of the day, and perhaps of all time, hesitated to attack so powerful a force in the open field, and made arrangements for sallying forth upon the invaders at an unexpected moment, just when they should imagine that they were going to occupy the place without opposition. But it so happened that some Athenian scouts espied symptoms of an ambuscade within the city, and took the information to Cleon, who, having reconnoitred the Spartan position by the very primitive method of looking underneath the gate, ordered his column to draw off towards higher ground. Upon which Brasidas said to those about him, "I can see by the movement of their heads and their pikes that the enemy will not stand. People who march in that style never await the onset. Throw open the gates, and let us charge them like men who are sure to win!" And with a hundred and fifty picked soldiers at his heels he ran out to his last victory.

The multifarious talents and accomplishments that were indispensable to a Greek general made a heavy demand even upon the many-sided Athenian character. It was of primary necessity that he should be a skilful diplomatist, in order to keep his network of intrigues under his own hand, and not leave them



to the criticism and manipulation of his political rivals at home. He had one agent at the Macedonian court, urging Perdiccas to attack the hostile colonies from the land-side, and promising, in return, to get the heir-apparent naturalized as an Attic freeman; another among the Thracian mountains, levying a corps of archers and slingers, and doing his best to prejudice the barbarian intellect against the Lacedaemonian recruiting-officers; while his most confidential emissary was at Sardis, watching the carefully balanced policy of the Satrap, or even posting up-country on a six-months' journey to the neighbourhood of the Caspian sea, with a remote hope of inducing the Great King to forget Marathon. He must know the rudiments of divination, so as to keep a sharp eye on his prophets, and insist with authority, when he had once made up his mind to engage the enemy, on the priest sacrificing sheep after sheep until the omens chose to be favourable. He must be well acquainted with naval matters, in a country where nine-tenths of the fighting took place among the islands or along the sea-board. And, besides being something of a soothsayer, and something more of a sailor, it was, above all, essential that he should be very much of a politician; for the success or failure of a military enterprise was inextricably bound up in the changes and chances of internal politics. Throughout the towns of Greece the oligarchy held staunchly by conservative Sparta. The democrats habitually looked to Athens as their natural patron and protector; regarded her triumphs

and humiliations as their own; summoned her without scruple to the rescue, if their political adversaries proved too strong for them to manage single-handed; and, when their own ascendancy had been secured, freely sent their ships and squadrons to back her quarrel for the time being. A member of the popular party at Corinth virtually reckoned an Athenian as his countryman, and a Corinthian aristocrat as an alien; whereas a Megarian Tory would far rather see a Lacedaemonian garrison in the citadel than a Liberal majority in the senate. If her friends gained the upper hand, a city which had been a thorn in the side of Athens might in a day become an outpost for her protection; while a lucky *coup d'état*, or a few judicious assassinations, might place thousands of shields and scores of galleys at the disposal of Sparta. So that a wise commander paid quite as much attention to the opinions of the enemy as to his own tactics; and a prudent engineer trusted less to his scaling-ladders and his mines than to the chance of finding a gate left on the jar, or a rope hanging over the parapet.

In every Greek state there existed two parties, ranged against each other in open or covert hostility. The democratical faction was strong in numbers and enthusiasm. The oligarchical faction held its own by dint of wealth, energy, and an excellent organization. When the popular spirit was excited by hope, or resentment, or panic, the onward rush of the masses was irresistible; but at ordinary times the aristocrats, ever on the alert for an opportunity,

gradually recovered their lost ground. Cooped up within the ramparts of a single town, and brought into daily collision throughout all the departments of municipal administration, these factions hated each other with a ferocity which very seldom for long together confined itself to words and looks. Mutual suspicions, mutual injuries, mutual treacheries, soon brought about such a state of feeling that men began to believe in the necessity for mutual butchery. Then came riots in the public places, nocturnal murders of the leading demagogues, arson, chance-medley, and every manifestation of rancour and anarchy. Moderate politicians went to the wall, and were lucky if they did not go to the gallows. Men paid to their party-club the allegiance which they refused to their common country, and did not hesitate to call in the aid of the foreign sword, or the servile torch and bludgeon. When matters were at this pass, a civil war was the inevitable issue. The battle would be fought out among the warehouses, the temples, and the wharves of the unhappy city. Victory would at length place the beaten faction beneath the feet of its vindictive rival. Then would follow proscriptions, confiscations, the execution of scores, and the banishment of hundreds. Bad men would take advantage of the general licence to wreak their personal vengeance, and glut their private cupidity. Debtors cancelled their bonds in the blood of the holders; lovers laid information against their successful rivals; actors retaliated on the critics who had hissed them off the stage; and

philosophers turned the tables upon some unfortunate logician who had refuted their favourite syllogism.

If any one suspects that this account is over-coloured, let him turn to the fourth book of Thucydides, and read what took place in lovely Corfu, on a day in the late autumn, near three-and-twenty centuries back in the depths of time. After the island had been distracted by internal war for the space of many months, it came to pass that the relics of the oligarchy, some three hundred in number, fell into the hands of their opponents; "who," says the historian, "shut up the prisoners in a large building, and then brought them forth, twenty at a time, tied them in a string, and sent them down between two parallel rows of armed men, attended by people with cart-whips, whose business it was to quicken the steps of those who lagged behind; and whoever happened to have a grudge against any of the captives got a cut or stab at him as he passed by. And sixty had been so disposed of before those in the building were aware of what was going on, (for they imagined that their companions were being simply conducted to another place of confinement). But at last someone let them into the secret: and then the poor fellows began to call upon the Athenian admiral, and bade *him* kill them, if it seemed good to him; but they positively refused to leave the building, and swore that no one should enter from the outside as long as they had power to prevent it. And then the populace gave up the idea of forcing the doors, and clambered on to the roof,

tore open the ceiling, and pelted the people below with the tiles; while others got bows, and shot down through the aperture. And the men inside kept off the missiles as best they might; but soon they found reason to give themselves up for lost, and one after another they made away with their lives. Some picked up the arrows, and thrust them into their throats; while others twisted themselves halters with strips torn from their clothes, or with the cords of some beds which happened to have been left about. And far into the night, (for the sun went down upon the melancholy scene,) they continued dying by their own hands, or beneath the shower of darts and brick-bats. And, when day broke, the townspeople piled them in layers on waggons, and took them outside the city."

From such horrors we are effectually preserved by the very different character of our political situation. Wherever party feeling runs high among a fiery and earnest race, there is always a latent possibility of party violence; but in a country which counts its inhabitants by tens of millions the very size of the community is a sure protection against any fatal excesses. However fierce and eager may be the factions in a particular borough or city, the force of external public opinion, and the overwhelming strength of the central government, will speedily check all dangerous manifestations of political passions. Where Hellenic democrats would have called in the Athenian fleet to assist them in getting the better of their adversaries,—where Hel-

lenic aristocrats would have welcomed an invasion of Spartans or an insurrection of serfs,—we content ourselves with telegraphing for a few dozen of the county police, or a troop of hussars from the neighbouring assize-town. And so our civic strife is waged,—not with daggers, and clubs, and fire-brands, and fragments of broken pottery,—but with the more pacific artillery of polling-cards, and leaflets, and platform speeches, and electoral addresses.

The historians of Greece, from Xenophon downwards, have imitated the people of whom they write, and make a point of ranging themselves under the banners of one or the other of the two leading cities. This spirit of uncompromising partisanship, excusable in a contemporary, writing of the scenes in which he had acted and the men whom he had loved and hated, becomes somewhat absurd when transferred to pages printed in Paternoster Row. For some time previous to the French Revolution Athens had the best of it. Freedom and equality were the order of the day. Liberals of a milder type talked with admiration of Pericles and Aristides; while sterner spirits were all for Harmodius and Aristogiton, and for carrying their daggers in boughs of myrtle, and for irrigating trees of liberty with the blood of tyrants. Then came the great flood of Conservative reaction, which penetrated into this singular side-channel, and produced a crop of authors who discovered that the Attic democracy was a fickle and ferocious mob; so godless that it burned the temples of a conquered city, and so superstitious that it flew

into a frenzy of rage and terror when an idol was mutilated by a party of midnight roysterers; so inconstant that it deserted Alcibiades, and so fond and besotted that it always stuck to Cleon. This school could see nothing in the Athenian constitution except ballot, universal suffrage, and graduated taxation bearing lightly on the poor and heavily on the rich and powerful; struck at Charles Fox in the person of Demosthenes, and bespattered Orator Hunt under the guise of Hyperbolus; and loathed the wreath on the brows of an Hellenic demagogue as if it were the white hat of a British radical. For a generation the serried ranks of Mitford and his disciples carried all before them; but a far keener intellect, and an abler though not an impartial pen, has at length turned the balance of war; and it is probable that Englishmen will henceforward in the main take their opinions on Grecian international history from Mr. Grote's exhaustive, yet most attractive, work.

The security of these little Greek boroughs, hating each other more bitterly than Vienna and Turin, and situated in closer proximity than Putney and Islington, depended absolutely on the natural or artificial strength of their defences. In most cases the citadel, in some the entire town, was planted on the summit of a precipitous rock. Where the site was less advantageous the place was surrounded by battlements of immense height and solidity. If the territory comprised a port anywhere within six or seven miles of the capital, the city was connected with the harbour

and the docks by works known technically as "long walls." In time of war a sufficient number of the burghers were told off to man the line of circumvallation. A bell was passed from hand to hand, whose continuous ringing announced that the cordon of sentries was on the alert. Sparta, alone of Hellenic communities, scorned to surround herself with material bulwarks other than the corselets of her soldiers; but, like Paris in 1814, she found reason to repent of this over-confidence when her power had been shaken, and her ascendancy called in question, by the vital defeat of Leuctra.

In the eyes of a Greek the town wall was the symbol of distinct national existence. The first act of a conqueror, who desired to have his prostrate enemies permanently at his mercy, was to level the fortifications, and split up the municipality into separate villages. In the case where a modern victor would prohibit a dependent sovereign from increasing his standing army beyond police requirements, Lysander or Agesilaus would have thought it enough to forbid the rebuilding of the ramparts. There is little in ancient narrative more curious than the mixture, so intensely Greek, of heroism with mendacity, whereby Themistocles gained time to fortify Athens in the teeth of Spartan jealousy and selfishness; and there is nothing more touching than the passage in which Xenophon relates how Conon sailed straight from his victory off Cnidus to restore the walls that had lain in ruins since the sad day when, undone by her own ambition rather than by the prowess of



the foe, after facing Greece in arms for a generation the imperial city fell. To the completion of that design the townsmen fondly looked for the return of her old supremacy and ancestral renown by land and sea. They believed that they should once more see their home such as they loved to describe her in conventional, but not unmerited, epithets,—“the bright, the violet-crowned, the enviable, the famed in song.” And no wonder; for he who to-day peruses that story,—though his patriotism is due elsewhere, and his more enlightened ideas of right and wrong are shocked at every turn by the iniquity and cruelty displayed by Athens during the period of her domination,—can hardly repress a transient hope, in defiance of his acquaintance with what is now history, that he is again to read of her as she was under the rule of Pericles; willing for the moment to forget that, however deftly the architect might piece together the scattered stones, no skill or industry could recall the valour, the energy, the simple hardihood which urged on the galleys at Salamis, and cut its way through the stockade at Mycale.

The loftiness of the walls, and the multitude of the garrison, consisting, as it did, of every able-bodied male in the population, effectually insured a Greek city from capture by escalade; and it has been abundantly proved by the experience of many ages and countries that militia inside a work fight better than militia in the field. Nor was it easy for the assailants to proceed by the more tardy method of block-

ade, which would have necessitated the retention under arms for months together of men who, after the first few days of soldiering, began to fret at being kept from their barns and workshops. If a small town had made itself exceptionally obnoxious, the besiegers, intent on vengeance, sometimes had resort to the plan of running a counter-wall round the entire circuit of the fortifications, which could be readily guarded by successive detachments of themselves and their allies until the place was reduced by famine. Athens, indeed, was enabled by her opulence to keep on foot considerable bodies of troops during protracted and distant campaigns. Throughout the siege of Potidaea her heavy-armed infantry at no time fell below a force of three thousand shields, every man receiving pay at the rate of twenty pence a-day. She spent in all half a million of money upon this operation, which closely resembled the siege of Sebastopol in duration, locality, and climate; and surpassed it in the misery undergone by the invading army.

In the ranks of that army marched a pikeman conspicuous for courage and eccentricity, with whose description Alcibiades amused a circle of guests over the wine of Agathon the tragic poet,—having already taken a good deal too much of somebody else's. "You must know," said he, "that Socrates and I served together at Potidaea, and belonged to the same mess. And there, whenever, as is so often the case on active service, we ran short of provisions, no one came near him in the power of enduring

privation. On the other hand, when we had plenty to eat and drink, he showed a rare capacity for enjoyment. Though he did not care for wine, if he was put to it he could sit out the whole table; and yet no living man ever saw Socrates the worse for liquor: both of which facts the present company are likely to find out in the course of the evening. And during the depth of the winter, (and a winter in those parts is no trifle), when all who were off duty kept close at home, and the men on guard turned out in the most extraordinary panoply of wrappers, with their feet stuffed into sheepskins and rolls of felt, this wonderful person went abroad in that old cloak we all know by heart, and trudged barefoot through the ice and snow more freely than his comrades who had taken such precautions against the cold.

“And I remember well that one morning early, as he was going about his business, an idea struck him, and he stood still to examine it. And, when it did not resolve itself to his satisfaction, he would not give it up, but remained standing until noon came, and people began to notice him and to say among themselves: ‘Socrates has been standing there since morning, thinking something out.’ Eventually a party of Ionians, after their dinner, finding the weather sultry, brought out some bedding and lay down in the open air; keeping an eye on him meanwhile, to see whether he would stand there all night. And they were not disappointed, for he never stirred till daylight, when he saluted the rising sun, and went his way.

“Then, too, you ought to have witnessed his behaviour on the occasion when the army was escaping from the rout of Delium; where I was present in the cavalry, and he in the line of spears. When our people broke and ran he walked away with Laches. And I fell in with them, and bade him keep his heart up, as I would not desert him. Now, as I was in comparative safety on the back of my horse, I could watch the pair at my leisure: and there could be no doubt which was the more cool and collected. For Socrates marched along, as if he were crossing the market-place at home, with his nose cocked up and his eyes busy to the right and left,—just as you, Aristophanes, described him in your burlesque,—quietly scanning the stream of friends and enemies, as it poured by, with an air which most unmistakably proclaimed to all in the neighbourhood that whoever meddled with him would have cause to regret it. And so he brought himself and his companion safe off the field; for, when a man carries himself in that fashion, the pursuers generally keep their distance, and prefer to go after those who are flying helter-skelter.”

As a Greek general had seldom the force to storm a city, or the time to starve it out, he for the most part confined himself to two modes of warfare. He would enter the hostile borders, and select some mountain village planted amidst a network of gorges and torrents, or some sheer rock standing out like an island from the surrounding plain, and occupy it with a party of light troops, horse and foot, under

the orders of an active and adroit leader. Or perhaps he would hunt up the evicted inhabitants of some town which had perished by the act of the people whom he was engaged in annoying, and plant them down bodily in the territory of their former persecutors. Among all the calamities of war none came so vividly home to a Greek as the presence of a marauding garrison within his own confines. Apart from the disgrace,—apart from the bitter consciousness that tributary populations would not long submit to the ascendancy of a state which could not keep the enemy off its own soil,—there were the daily losses by excursions of the foragers into the adjacent country; the expense and trouble of feeding the army of observation which watched the approaches, and maintaining doubled and trebled guards along the city walls; the sleeplessness; the worry; the bad food; the bivouacs in the snow; the wear and tear of horsehoofs amidst the ravines where the fighting lay; the nightly disappearance of slaves, the smartest and most valuable of whom were always the first to be aware that they had an asylum close at hand. During the Peloponnesian War upwards of twenty thousand runaways emancipated themselves by taking refuge in the Spartan outpost of Decelea; and, owing to the increased exigencies of the war both in town and country, Athens, (to quote the words of Thucydides,) was brought from the condition of a city to that of a military station.

Or in the early summer, when the crops were green

on the ground, the belligerent who was the stronger or the more enterprising would summon all his allies to some convenient rendezvous, and repair thither himself with every available man equipped and provisioned for a campaign of from ten to thirty days. And then he would cross the frontier, and pour forth a deluge of spoilers over the domain of his unfortunate rival. Meanwhile, in expectation of the coming storm, the entire rural population of the invaded country would have betaken itself to its strongholds. If the combatant who was inferior on land had command of the sea, the cattle would have been ferried across to the nearest friendly islands; while the agricultural implements, the jars of wine, the family gods, the furniture, and even the fixtures of the homesteads, would have been packed into carts and transported within the walls of the capital. Unless the farmer was lucky enough to possess a town residence he made shift to live in a temple or an outhouse, or even to encamp gipsy-fashion along the inside of the rampart.

It is easy to conceive the distress of the half-fed and badly sheltered multitude during these most unwelcome annual gatherings. May and June in the Levant are at best trying months, and must indeed have been intolerable in the over-crowded by-lanes of a beleaguered town; especially if the engineers of the aggressor succeeded in diverting the supply of water. Grecian cities, never very rich in sanitary appliances, were under these circumstances peculiarly susceptible to the inroads of

disease: and it was in such a plight that Athens first harboured the fearful epidemic immortalized by Thucydides in the simple and striking narrative of an eye-witness and a sufferer, which has afforded matter for imitation in many languages and metres. The impatience of the people inside, tormented by drought and discomfort, and goaded to desperation by the scenes of rapine and wanton destruction which were enacting beneath their very eyes, would inevitably break forth in a cry for instant combat. Forgetting that they had surrendered their land to depredation because, at a time when their judgement could be better trusted, they had deliberately come to the conclusion that the enemy were too strong for them in the field, they would assail the authorities with passionate demands for permission to strike a blow in defence of their hearths and holdings. At such a crisis a conscientious prime minister, or commander-in-chief, had indeed a thankless office: and the more so, should the invaders have been careful to aggravate his difficulties by ostentatiously excepting his property from the general spoliation, and thereby attaching to him a suspicion of treachery and collusion. If the leading man had the character required to withstand, and the influence to restrain, his more impulsive countrymen, (a service which they whom he benefited seldom forgave or forgot), the enemy after a time would grow tired of plundering other people's crops, and, gorged with booty, would march home to gather in their own.

But things did not always end so peaceably. Un-

less a recent defeat had cooled the temper of the weaker party, the third or fourth day of a foray often witnessed the forces of the two cities drawn out face to face. Free from the smoke of a modern engagement, and the fog and drizzle of a suburban British review, an Hellenic battle must have been a gallant sight. In purple tunics and burnished armour the men stood ten, fifteen, and twenty deep beneath a glittering forest of spear-heads. Those who were well-to-do had no lack of gold about their greaves and breastplates, and were dandified in plumes and sword-belts; while even the poorest citizen wore a helmet fashioned by the exquisite taste of a Greek artificer. It must have been a trial for the nerves of the bravest to stand biting his moustache; humming a bar of the Paean which he was to sing within the next quarter of an hour; wondering whether his widow would marry again; hoping that the cobbler on his right might not turn tail, or the teacher of gymnastics on his left shove him out of the line; dimly conscious meanwhile that his colonel was exhorting him, in a series of well-turned periods, to bethink himself of the tomb which covered those who died in Thermopylae, and the trophy which stood on the beach at Artemisium. And then the signal trumpet sounded; and the music struck up; and the whole array moved forward, steadily at first, but breaking into a run when only a few hundred yards separated the approaching lines. And, as the distance between grew shorter, and the tramp of the enemy mingled with their own,



the front-rank men had just time to try and imagine that the countenances of the people opposite looked like flinching and that the notes of their war-chant had begun to falter, and the next second there would be a crash of pikes, and a grating of bucklers, and a clutching of beards; and those who would fain be home again were pushed on by the mass behind, excited at hearing others fighting, and with no steel at its own throat; and, after five minutes of thrusting, and shouting, and fierce straining of foot and knee and shoulder, the less determined, or the worst disciplined, of the two hosts would learn, by one more cruel experience, the old lesson that life as well as honour is for those who retain their self-respect and their shields.

Romantic as were the incidents of a pitched battle on land, the accompaniments of an ancient sea-fight appear still more diverting to an English reader; for a naval action consisted in driving one against another ships almost as slender in proportion to the number of people whom they carried as the racing-boats built by Messrs. Searle of Oxford. Athens, in her day of greatness, far surpassed all other powers in this branch of warfare. Her valiant and noble bearing during the Persian troubles in the first quarter of the fifth century before Christ, as contrasted with the underhand self-seeking policy of Sparta, gained her the general confidence and esteem, and laid the foundations of her empire, which ere long comprehended most of the islands and maritime cities of the Grecian world. Honourably

won, her supremacy was upheld and extended by far more questionable procedures, and soon degenerated into an execrable tyranny. She converted the contingent of galleys due to the national fleet from each of those whom she was still pleased to call her allies into a contribution of money, and in so far contrived to lessen the number of states which kept on foot a war-navy; while with the funds thus obtained she put on the stocks annually from twenty to thirty keels,—a supply which enabled her to maintain an average of three hundred ships laid up in ordinary. This department was managed with true republican economy. The mouth of a modern critic of Navy Estimates may well water when he reads that the cash balance in the hands of the Chief Constructor of the Athenian Admiralty fell short of seven hundred pounds. The galleys were called by every pretty female name whose etymology contained an allusion to the sea; and, when the list of Nausicaas and Nauphantes had been exhausted, recourse was had to the abstract qualities, "Health," "Foresight," and the like; or to words of happy omen, such as "The Fair Voyage," "The Sovereign," and "The Saviour of the State." The Romans, who took to the water on compulsion, and never could be brought to understand how anybody should prefer to fight on a deck who could get a bit of firm and dry turf, thought masculine appellations quite good enough for vessels which they loved one less than another.

The imperial city prudently monopolized nautical

skill by taking care that her petty officers, whose excellence was acknowledged by her rivals with despair and envy, should be one and all of pure Attic blood. There was the master, who superintended the sailing of the vessel when the wind allowed the canvas to be spread; the boatswain, who instructed the rowers, gave them the time with his flute, and picked out men with straight backs and strong loins to handle the heavy sweeps of the upper tier; and the steersman, whose aim it was to avoid the direct shock of the enemy's beak, and by a dexterous manœuvre to strike her amidships or astern, sweep away a bank of oars, break her rudder, or perhaps sink her outright with all hands on board. Her vast resources gave Athens the command of the labour-market, and permitted her to take into pay from every port in Greece crowds of seamen to perform the subordinate duties of the ship. But, though at ordinary times the bulk of the rowers were foreign mercenaries, on occasions of urgent public danger the State summoned all her citizens, who were not touched in the wind, to help in pulling along her galleys. There is something quaint in the notion that Aeschylus and his brothers must have been familiar with those miseries which a College crew know so well, and in all probability prided themselves on a pet salve for raw fingers, or a knowing receipt for training. Aristophanes writes with contempt of sluggards who could not show an honourable blister earned in their country's cause, and commends one of his characters for

placing a soft cushion beneath a veteran who had fought at Salamis.

From the causes enumerated in the preceding paragraphs Athens was always beforehand with her adversaries, and established a vast naval superiority at the commencement of hostilities. At an early period of the Peloponnesian War, Phormio, an old salt of the best Attic school, with a score of ships, went straight into the midst of a fleet of forty-seven triremes, and captured twelve of them after a fight which apparently did not last as many minutes. The result is less marvellous when we learn that the allies arranged their galleys in a circle with prows outwards, like the spokes of a wheel: a formation which the land-breeze blowing down the Corinthian Gulf soon converted into a hopeless medley. While the men were swearing at their neighbours, and shoving each other apart with poles, the Athenian admiral bore down on them with his squadron of crack sailors following him in single file. The Peloponnesians soon appeared again, reinforced to a sum total of seventy-seven vessels, and this time much better commanded. Phormio, by an act of carelessness, was forced to fight at a disadvantage, lost nine of his ships, and had to run for it. But, when the action seemed to have been already decided against him, the hindmost of the fugitives, noticing one of the hostile galleys considerably ahead of the main body, dodged round a merchantman which happened to be lying at anchor, and sent the presumptuous foe to the bottom; but not before the

Lacedaemonian admiral, who was on board the ill-fated craft, had found time to stab himself with his sword. Upon this the eleven Athenians recovered their courage, turned on their pursuers, drove before them exactly seven times their own number in ignominious rout, and recaptured all that they had lost, besides taking six of the enemy.

Accommodating themselves as best they might to the overwhelming disparity in fighting power, the Spartans adopted the usual course of a belligerent who cannot keep the sea, and freely granted letters of marque among their naval allies. Elastic Greek consciences soon began to ignore the faint line which separates privateering from piracy; and a Megarian corsair was very indifferent as to whether the fishermen and traders, with whom she fell in, did, or did not, own allegiance to Attic rule. All prisoners, especially those whose dialect and credentials ought to have exempted them from capture, were killed as soon as caught, and hidden away by night among the ravines which ran down to the coast. The public mind, in a general way not over particular with regard to human life, appears to have considered that this proceeding carried somewhat to excess the principle of dead men telling no tales. Accordingly, when shortly afterwards the Athenians found means to seize some Spartan Commissioners who were passing through a neutral country on their way to the Persian court, the whole party were conducted to Athens, put to death without trial or inquiry, and thrown down a chasm among some rocks, as a

solemn reprisal for the outrages committed by the Peloponnesian freebooters: a sure method of anticipating summarily the objections of the international jurists on the other side. Those jurists, indeed, had against them an awkward precedent in the case of the heralds of Darius, whom sixty years back the Lacedaemonian authorities had disposed of in a manner precisely similar, even to the smallest details.

Under such a state of things it may well be believed that there were many disagreeable breaks in the round of duties and pleasures which composed the ordinary life of a Greek citizen. It must have been sad news for a rural proprietor, just as the corn was ripening to his mind, and his lambs had got well through the perils of the cold weather, and the fruit was sufficiently forward to allow of a fair guess at the yield of figs and pomegranates, to hear that Spartan cavalry had been seen cutting grass within a league of the frontier. It must have cost him a pang to abandon his cheerful and wholesome programme of country pursuits;—the morning inspection of the blood-colt which was to do something at the next Isthmian contest; the evening gossip over negus and chestnuts about the latest news from Sicily, and the best receipt for pickling olives; the fresh air; the early nights; the presidency of the local games; the observance and affection of his neighbours; the presence and favour of the paternal deities, whom he had but last year propitiated with a new bronze hearth, and a pair of statuettes from the hand of Phidias's foreman. To exchange all

this for a sojourn in the hot and dreary city;—where bread, and vinegar, and charcoal, and all that his farm gave him for the taking, had to be bought at war-prices; where the first year he lodged about among his old school-fellows, and the second year boarded with the agent who in more prosperous days had disposed of his wine and oil; until, as time went on, and peace seemed more remote than ever, he had outstayed his welcome in every quarter, and was fain to squat beneath a turret on the battlement, beguiling his involuntary idleness by speculating whether the pillagers would think it worth their trouble to cut down the rest of his orchard, and whether the slave whom he had left in charge was likely to keep dark about the pear-tree under which his plate was buried.

Nor was the Athenian, who habitually resided in town, without cares and trials of his own. Some winter evening, perhaps, as he was hurrying out to a dinner-party, curled, and oiled, and in his best tunic,—conning over the riddles and the impromptu puns wherewith he intended to astonish the company,—he would see a crowd gathered round some bills posted on a statue at a street-corner: and then he would turn to the slave who trotted behind him with his napkin, and spoon, and box of scents, and send the boy off to learn what the matter was: and the young varlet would return with a grin on his face to say that the Theban foragers were abroad, and that the generals had put up a notice designating the burghers who were to turn out and

watch the passes, and that his master's name stood third upon the list. And the poor fellow would send off an excuse to his host, and run home to fill his knapsack with bread, and onions, and dried fish; and his wife would stuff wool under his cuirass to keep the cold from his bones; and then he would go, ankle-deep in slush, forth into the misty night,—lucky if his rear-rank man were not some irrepressible metaphysician who would entertain him during the march out with a disquisition on the Pre-existence of the Soul, or the difference between Sense and Sensation.

And it might be that some fine morning,—or, what was worse, on some morning that was anything but fine,—he would find himself in the thick of a naval fight off some reef notorious for shipwrecks. There he would sit on his leather pad, sea-sick, sore, and terrified; the blade of his oar hitting now against a shattered spar, and now across a floating corpse, as he vainly tried to put on an effective spurt; the man in front of him catching a crab, and the man behind him hitting him in the small of the back at every stroke; the boatswain's flute out of tune, and the whole crew out of time; his attention distracted by observing a hostile galley dashing through the surge with her beak exactly opposite the beach on which he was posted.

Aristophanes has a charming passage contrasting the comforts of peace with the hardships of war. "I am glad," says the farmer, "I am glad to be rid of helmets, and rations of garlic and musty cheese: for



I do not love battles: but I *do* love to sit over the fire, drinking with hearty comrades, and burning the driest of the logs, and toasting chick-pease, and setting beech-nuts among the embers, and kissing the Thracian housemaid while my wife is washing herself in the scullery.

“For, when we have got the seed into the ground, and the gods have been pleased to send us a timely rain, nothing is so delightful as to hear a neighbour say: ‘Well, Comarchides, what do you propose to do next? I am for sitting indoors and drinking, while the gods do their duty by the land. So come, wife, toast us three quarts of kidney-beans, and pick out the best of the figs, and let the Syrian wench call in the farm-servants: as this is not weather for dressing the vines, or grubbing in the mud, while the soil is all soaking wet. And let some one fetch me out the thrush and the two finches: and there ought to be a black-pudding in the larder, and four pieces of jugged hare: (unless indeed the cat has made off with them, for I heard her at some mischief last evening :) so let the foot-boy bring us three, and give the fourth to his father. And send to ask Æschinades to let us have some myrtle-boughs: and the messenger on his way had best look in upon Charinades, and see if he will come and drink with us in honour of the rain with which the gods have blessed our crops.’

“And, at the time of year when the grasshopper is chirping his welcome tune, I dearly love to watch my new Lemnian vines, and notice whether they

are as forward as they should be: for I am told they are an early sort. And I like to see the wild fig swelling daily; and, at the moment it is ripe, I put it to my mouth, and eat it, and say, 'Bless the dear Seasons!' And that is the way I grow plump and sleek in the summer, and not by staring at a great god-forsaken Brigadier-general, with three bunches of feathers and a flaring red cloak, who is always the first to run away when it comes to real fighting."

Had I the choice of time and place wherein to spend the term of existence, considerations of religion and morality apart, I would without hesitation prefer to be an Athenian in the age of Pericles; for such a man led a life the plan of which was exquisitely tempered with good sense, refinement, and simplicity. He knew nothing of the passions that agitate the modern votary of fashion, who is for ever jostling amidst an endless throng of competitors towards a common centre. He resided among the friends of his childhood; among people who had watched him, his virtues, and his foibles, from his youth up. He had none of our temptations towards assumption, insolence, and extravagance. It was idle to attempt to impose upon folks who knew his income to a drachma. If he aspired to cut a dash by setting up a second chariot, or treating his guests to Chian wine grown in the year of the earthquake, he was aware that all his father's cronies were shaking their heads, and wondering how long Aristippus, the son of Pasias, would take about going to the crows; for these ill-omened birds answered to what

are called the dogs in English metaphorical natural history. If he happened to be short-sighted when an old schoolfellow passed him in the street, he was aware that, at all the dinner-tables of the evening, men would be wondering how the grand-nephew of Ctesippus the process-server could venture to give himself such high and mighty airs. If he felt any aspiration towards a political career, he would think twice when he saw on the front bench of his audience those very contemporaries on whose backs, a few years before, he had been hoisted three times a week to be flogged for his mistakes in grammar and arithmetic. And so it was that society then had a less constrained and artificial aspect than it has ever worn in any famous and highly civilized community. Men talked for amusement and instruction, rather than for display. They lived with those whom they liked, not with those whom they feared. Their festivities and social gatherings were not special and extraordinary occasions, but formed an integral part of their everyday existence. They did not dine an hour and a-half later than was pleasant, nor sit up five hours later than was wholesome. They did not suffer themselves to be hustled upstairs by the ladies of their family a little before midnight to dress for a ball where they would have no space to dance. They did not get together to settle the affairs of the nation in a badly-ventilated senate-house at an hour when all honest men should be in bed,—at an hour when, if we are to believe certain cynics, all honest men *are* in bed.

The Athenian rose early; and, after performing a very primitive toilette, repaired forthwith to the market-place, to hear the news, to transact his business, and to make his purchases for the day. If he purposed to entertain his friends in the evening, there was no time to be lost. By seven in the morning the plumpest of the blackbirds, the whitest of the celery, and the firmest of the great eels from the Theban stewponds would have been bought up; and he would be forced to content himself with a string of lean thrushes, and a cuttle-fish whose freshness might be called in question. Perhaps, while he was engaged in beating down the purveyor, he might hear behind him a sudden rush of people; and, looking round, would see two Scythian policemen sweeping the square with a rope besmeared with red chalk. Then he would know that a General Assembly was to be held for the dispatch of business, and would hurry off to secure a good place. And there he would sit, (as an old Athenian describes himself,) groaning, stretching, yawning, scratching his head, jotting down notes, and waiting for the appearance of the President and the Committee to open the meeting. And presently, after a sufficiently long interval, the Committee would come bustling in; treading on each other's toes, jostling for a good place, and trying to look as if it was they who had been kept waiting by the audience; for human nature is materially the same, whether on the platform of Exeter Hall, or round the tribune of the Athenian Assembly. And thereupon the crier would proclaim: "Who wishes

to speak about the Spartan treaty?" and the call would be for "Pericles": and the prime-minister would rise, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, and something would be said which is still well worth the reading. And, when public business was concluded, after a light breakfast, our citizen would return to his shop or his counting-house until the first hour after noon; and then he would saunter down to his favourite gymnasium, and thence to his bath: for the old Greek did indeed regard his body as a sacred vessel, which he was bound to keep clean, fair, and fit for use, and would as soon have neglected his daily meal as his daily exercise.

Let us suppose, however, that our friend has sprained his wrist at quoits, or cricked his back while wrestling, and accordingly has determined to substitute an afternoon call for his athletic exercises. On such a call let us take the liberty to accompany him. Or rather let us, by the assistance of Plato, follow Socrates and his friend Hippocrates to the house of Callias, an Athenian person of quality, much given to letters. The purpose of their visit was to have a look at three famous sophists from foreign parts, Protagoras of Abdera, Hippias of Elis, and Prodicus of Ceos. "When we had arrived within the porch," says Socrates, "we stopped there to finish off the discussion of a question which had cropped up in the course of our walk. And I suppose that the porter heard us talking away outside the threshold: which was unfortunate; as he was already in a bad temper on account of the num-

ber of sophists who were about the premises. So when we knocked, he opened the door, and directly he saw us he cried; 'More sophists! eh! Master's not at home,' and slammed the door to. We, however, persevered, and beat the panels vigorously with both hands: upon which he bawled through the key-hole: 'I tell you, master's not at home.' 'But, my good fellow,' said I, 'we don't want your master, and we do not happen to be sophists. We have come to see Protagoras: so just send in our names.' And then he grumbled a good deal, and let us in.

"And, when we were inside, we found Callias and his friends walking about in the corridor, seven abreast, with Protagoras in the middle. And behind them came a crowd of his disciples, chiefly foreigners, whom the great man drags about in his train from city to city, listening with all their ears to whatever was said. And what amused me most was to observe how carefully these people avoided getting in the way of their master; for, whenever he and the rest of the vanguard came to the end of the space, and turned round, his followers parted to right and left, let him pass through, and then wheeled about, and fell into the rear with admirable regularity and discretion.

"And after this I noticed Hippias sitting on a chair in the opposite corridor: and around him were seated on footstools Eryximachus, and Phaedrus, and a group of citizens and strangers. And they appeared to be putting questions to Hippias concerning natural science, and the celestial bodies: and he, sitting on his chair, answered them in turn, and cleared up

their several difficulties. And Prodicus was occupying a closet, which Callias ordinarily uses as a still-room; but, on this occasion, what with his sophists and their disciples, he was so hard put to it for space that he had turned out all his stores, and made it into a bed-chamber. So Prodicus was lying there, rolled up in an immense number of blankets and counterpanes; while his hearers had planted themselves on the neighbouring beds. But, without going in, I could not catch the subject of their conversation, though I was very anxious to hear what was said, (for I consider Prodicus a wonderfully wise personage,) because his voice was so deep that the closet seemed full of an indistinct noise, something between humming and buzzing."

In such a picture there is something mightily refreshing to a denizen of that metropolis where a rout which commences at a quarter to twelve, and embraces a tithe of the Upper Ten Thousand, is conventionally described on the cards of invitation by the epithets "small" and "early." Such refined simplicity, such homely culture, such easy vigour of intellect, and such familiar play of fancy, have been found nowhere since; for they can exist only in a community that at the same time enjoys a large amount of leisure and of vitality: in such a community as Athens, which was in truth an oligarchy broad enough to present the symptoms of a democracy, and based upon a system of servile labour. The number of the slaves was enormous. In Athens, Corinth, and Aegina, they were to the free house-

holders in the proportion of twenty to one. For the most part they were employed as hinds on their master's estates, or artisans working for their master's benefit. A skilled mechanic might be bought for an average price of sixteen pounds; and the net proceeds of his labour ensured his proprietor some thirty per cent. on the purchase-money. The father of Demosthenes made a hundred and twenty pounds a-year by his thirty-two sword-cutlers, and fifty pounds a-year by a score of slaves in the pay of an upholsterer. Large sums were given for accomplishments and personal attractions, and yet larger for honesty and high character. A flute-girl with a pretty face and a good ear would fetch a hundred pounds in any market; but the highest price on record was given, by the very Callias whose acquaintance we made above, for a trustworthy man to act as a viewer in his mines. The rank and file, however, of the miners were the least esteemed, and the worst treated, amongst the slave population. They wrought in chained gangs, and died fast from the effects of the unwholesome atmosphere. The domestic servants were tolerably well off, and by many households were regarded in the light of pets. The first comic man of the Greek stage was generally some impudent, pilfering jackanapes of a Thracian slave; who came on rubbing his back, and howling and blubbering out of all proportion to the severity of a well-merited castigation; making jokes that read more decently in their native Attic than in a translation of modern Billingsgate; and singing snatches of airs



which, in their popularity and their servile origin, answered to the Ethiopian melodies of our day.

But there was another and a very different class of bondsmen. Ever and anon during time of war, bleeding from recent wounds, and smeared with the dust and sweat of the lost battle, there filed through the streets of the victorious town long strings of down-cast captives, who, the day before, had been flourishing merchants, famous lawyers, masters of science, of arts, and of letters. It was not probable that such men would forget, amidst the petty treats and indulgences of a menial life, the time when they were free citizens and happy fathers of families.<sup>1</sup> Their disaffection and discontent formed a perennial source of weakness and danger to the republic. Fear begat hatred, and hatred cruelty. Measures of precaution grew into measures of repression: and repression soon became another word for wholesale slaughter. In Lacedaemon the government sanctioned a policy of extermination, on the ground that the Helots were in a chronic state of insurrection. Thucydides tells us how the Spartan authorities, during the

<sup>1</sup> The "Captivi" of Plautus, which was the translation of an Athenian comedy, turns on the fate of some prisoners of this class who had been taken in a war between the Greek states. Lessing pronounced it the most faultless drama in the world. Macaulay, who read it five times in four years, had a somewhat more discriminating, but a hardly less exalted, estimate of its value. "I like the Captivi better," he wrote, "everytime I read it. The great merit is in the Second and Third acts. It excites a strong interest by natural means; nor is there any ancient composition which breathes a higher and more generous spirit of morality."

agony of their great struggle against the supremacy of Athens, were driven to arm their serfs, and employ them on military duties; how two thousand of the stoutest and the most courageous among their number were publicly emancipated with every mark of honour; and how, before the triumphal garlands had withered on their brows, every man of the two thousand had disappeared from the face of the land, and was never again seen, alive or dead. And, in the frequent recurrence of panic, the magistrates would choose out the most active and fierce of the young citizens, and send them forth in various directions, provided with daggers and wallets of food. To and fro they ranged, these bloodhounds of a ruthless tyranny, and slew all the Helots of sulky and dissatisfied appearance whom they met while travelling about the country, and all who happened, in Spartan opinion, to look as if they would take pleasure in cutting Spartan throats. This duty was considered so painful and degrading that it obtained the title of the "crypteia," or "secret service"; and the names of those to whom it was entrusted were carefully concealed.

Hellenic warfare, whether foreign or domestic, might have lost something of its barbarity, if Hellenic society had been more generally pervaded by the milder tendencies of female influence. But, unfortunately, the free married women held a most degraded and insignificant position. The mistress of a family neither dined out with her husband, nor was present at the table when he received his guests.

Education and accomplishments were confined entirely to ladies of quite another description. Those renowned dames of Corinth, Athens, and Miletus, who, (like Aspasia,) possessed the talents which qualified them to hold a *salon*, belonged to a class which has long ceased to exercise any ostensible sway over modern politics, though it might with advantage engage somewhat less frequently and fondly the attention of modern journalism. The same condition of society may be met with in Bengal, where native gentlemen, disgusted by the frivolous and illiterate gossip of their zenanas, are driven to seek intellectual sympathy in the company of clever and cultivated nautch-girls.

The Spartan girls were brought up amidst the manifold hardships and the severe discipline enjoined by their national lawgiver, whose object it was that in courage and bodily strength the woman should be to the man as the lioness to the lion. And so it came about that in Lacedaemon the softer,—or rather the less rugged,—sex was treated with a consideration that had very little in common with our notion of chivalry; and which resembled not so much the feelings of the Earl of Surrey towards the fair Geraldine as the respect with which Tom Sayers may be supposed to have regarded Nat Langham.<sup>1</sup> With

<sup>1</sup> The conversation in the “*Lysistrata*” of Aristophanes between the Athenian matron, and the Spartan girl, is worth reading, in an expurgated translation.

*Lysistrata*.—Welcome, Lampito, you dearest of Lacedaemonians. How lovely you are, you sweet one! What a com-

this single exception the Hellenic matrons were incredibly debased in morals, habits, and understanding. I blush,—across a score of intervening centuries I blush,—to have written such ungallant words; but a single sharp phrase may surely be forgiven when we recollect that, year after year, an Attic audience witnessed with glee and approbation their wives and daughters exposed to public derision and contempt. Three of the wittiest among the extravaganzas of Aristophanes are devoted to the faults and follies of his countrywomen, whom he was never weary of representing as drunken, lazy, gluttonous, silly, sly, infinitely coarse in ideas and in conversation. And, hard as the comedians were on them, the ladies did not come off much better in the other branches of literature. The two most eminent philosophers of Greece both came to the conclusion that the whole duty of woman was to obey her husband; the popular tragic writer was of opinion that it would be an excellent thing for mankind if babies could be born without the intervention of a mother; and the mass of his compatriots showed pretty clearly the relative estimation wherein they held the sexes by speaking instinctively, not of “wife and children,” but of “children and wife.” Witness the conduct of Socrates in the supreme hour of his life. When his

plexion! and what splendid condition you are in! you could strangle a bull.

*Lampito*.—I should think so, by the gods. That comes from the gymnasium, and from doing my jumping exercises regularly.

friends entered the prison, in the morning whereon he had been appointed to die, they found him just out of his bath, and his wife seated by him with a child on her lap. "And then," to quote the narrative left us by one of their number, "as soon as she caught sight of us she broke out into the exclamations which women use on such occasions, as 'O Socrates, this is the last time these gentlemen will ever again talk to you, or you to them.' And he motioned to Crito, and said,—'Crito, my friend, see that some one takes this poor thing home.' So Crito's people led her off bursting with grief; and Socrates, sitting up on the bed, bent his leg towards him, and rubbed it with his hand where it had been galled by the fetter, and said: 'What a singular thing, my dear friends, is that which men name Pleasure! What a wonderful relation it bears towards the sensation which is apparently its opposite!'" And so he went his way out of the world, conversing on matters of far deeper import, in the judgement of those present, than the love or the despair of a woman.

One striking effect of a limited national existence was the intense love of country which was engendered in the Greek mind. The calm, philosophical patriotism of the individual member of a vast European people was faint indeed compared with the flame which glowed in the bosom of an Argive or a Corinthian. Those men loved their country because their happiness, their comfort, their very existence, was bound up in her well-being. An inhabitant of the

British Isles for the most part feels the misfortunes and the prosperity of Great Britain only through his pocket. He knows that his nation is at war with Burmah or China merely by an increase of one per cent. in the Income-tax, or a fall of two per cent. in the Consols. If he is curious after such sights, he may perhaps get a look at a captured banner, or at the fireworks which commemorate an honorable peace. If he be of a speculative turn, he may amuse himself with doubting whether the Tower-guns are firing in honour of a victory, or the birthday of one of the younger princesses. But an old Greek knew by very different signs that his country was in danger. Blazing corn-ricks, and smoking villages, and the clouds of dust that marked the track of the hostile cavalry,—such were the Reuter's telegrams which told him that the invader was abroad. To this hour it is impossible to read without emotion the great comedian's account,—half pathetic, half ludicrous,—of the sufferings endured by the Athenian farmer in time of war: how, after the incursion was over, the poor fellow would go back to his holding, and find the olive-trees hewed down, and the vines burnt, and the wine-casks started into the oil vat, and the pigs with their throats cut, and the well choked with rubbish, and a big stone jammed into the works of the trough where he mixed his dough. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the honest man the next time he found himself face to face with the people who had done him such a mischief; the eagerness with which he would await the

signal of battle; the zest with which he would charge home when the trumpet blew; and the very poor chance a Spartan or Theban would run whose life depended on his forbearance. Victory, to an old Greek, meant personal security, wealth of captives and booty, and a fat slice of the conquered territory. Defeat meant ruin and shame: it meant the burning of his roof-tree, and the slaughter of his cattle, and the running away of his slaves, and the selling of his pet daughter to grace the harem of a Persian satrap. No wonder that he was a patriot in a sense that an inhabitant of London or Paris would be at some loss to appreciate.

And so it befell that, when the hour of trial came, these men gave an example of courage and self-devotion, the memory of which will never perish. Two several times Grecian civilization, which contained the germs of all subsequent European culture and progress, was within a hair's breadth of being swept away by the flood of Oriental barbarism. On both occasions that flood was stayed by the superhuman efforts of Grecian self-sacrifice. In the year 490 before Christ an innumerable host of Persians landed on Athenian soil:—Persians, who had found nothing that could resist the terror of their name from the Indus to the Ægean Sea. The crisis was awful. The states of Greece stood aloof in fear and amazement. Sparta, by an unworthy subterfuge, excused herself from coming to the aid of Athens. But the threatened city was true to herself. Her able-bodied sons turned out to a man, and marched quietly forth to make

appeal to the God of battles. Shopkeepers and mechanics, artists, merchants, and farmers, they took down their spears and shields, pocketed their biscuit and salt fish, kissed their children, and walked through their doors without any notion that they were going to take part in an affair which all coming generations would remember with gratitude and admiration. And, when they came to the sacred Plain of Marathon, they did not stop to count the odds; but went at a run straight into the midst of the twenty myriads of Medes and Phoenicians. Out of breath, but not of heart,—with such line as they could keep, and with so much martial science as a city militia might recall in the heat of contest,—they fought foot to foot and beard to beard, until the conquerors of the world broke and fled. And that very night they marched home to their supper;—all save one hundred and ninety and two, who were lying, with clenched teeth, and knit brows, and wounds all in front, on the threshold of their dear country, where it becomes brave men to lie.

And again, after an interval of ten years, the invader returned in such force that historians differ as to the number of millions whom he brought with him. He bridged the salt sea, and he cut through the dry land. His army drank up streams, and in a day devoured the substance of wealthy cities. Straight on Athens he marched, offering her vast power and privilege on condition of her agreeing to his terms; and threatening her with fire and sword if she remained obstinate. Again the rest of Greece



turned recreant. Boeotia joined the banner of Xerxes. The states of the Peloponnesus consulted their own security: but Athens,—deserted, slighted, and betrayed,—thought only of the common weal. Themistocles enjoined his countrymen to give up their city to destruction, place their women and children in sanctuary among the neighbouring islands, and take themselves on board their fleet. They obeyed his injunctions. Sorrowful, but resolute, they left their beloved homes to the spoiler; for they knew, to quote the words of their own historian, that men constitute a city, and not houses, nor temples, nor ramparts bare of defenders. And, ere long, in the Straits of Salamis, was fought that great sea-fight which rolled back the tide of Asiatic conquest, and saved the arts, the laws, the literature, and the sciences of the West from wholesale and irremediable extinction.

But there is a dark side to the picture of Hellenic patriotism. A Greek readily allowed that he owed his mother-country everything; but his sense of duty stopped there. In his dealings with foreign nations he had no idea whatsoever of honour, forbearance, humanity, or justice. He spoke no language save his own. He did not profess any consideration for mankind in general, and most assuredly he did not practise such unless it happened to suit his individual interests. There is something most revolting in the extreme ferocity of ancient warfare. Throughout the histories of Xenophon and Thucydides mention is seldom or never made of the wounded in the beaten

army. A soldier in the front rank who had lost his shield or helmet,—a fugitive who had once been trampled down in the *mêlée*,—knew in a moment that he was a dead man. And not only did the belligerents lose sight of compassion. They rarely consulted the dictates of the most common honesty. It is strange to read how these refined and highly-educated people coolly cut the throats of garrisons who had surrendered on promise of life: how they voted the extermination of all the males over the age of sixteen in a town with which, a twelvemonth before, they had been bound by the closest ties of social and commercial intercourse. During the Peloponnesian War the little city of Plataea, after a prolonged resistance, was given up to the Lacedaemonians on condition that each of the defenders should have a fair trial; and the Spartan notion of giving their enemies a fair trial consisted in asking them whether they had done any service to the Spartan cause during the war: a question which was, of course, a cruel and insulting preliminary to murder.

It is impossible to read the story of the late American war without being conscious at every turn that the democratic patriotism of all ages is the same in its leading features. In intelligent valour, in elasticity of temper, in versatility, energy, and enterprise, there was much in common between the Athenian militia and the citizen warriors who marched under Sherman and Grant. Our professional soldiers are too apt to ignore these qualities, (which are the peculiar excellences of an army of free men fighting

for an object which they appreciate), and were for ever dwelling upon that impatience of discipline, and those occasional manifestations of unsteadiness in the field, which were at least as noticeable at Delium and Chaeronea as at Chancellorsville and Pittsburg Landing. No free Greek city, save Sparta in her best days, ever sent forth a force which could match the armies of the Potomac and the Tennessee in the years 1864 and 1865. Laconic in every sense was the answer of the officer detached to hold the Allatoona Pass against all comers, who, when he had been surrounded by vastly superior numbers, replied to the conventional summons to spare the needless effusion of blood by quietly observing that he was ready for the needless effusion of blood whenever it should suit the Confederate general:—gallant words which he did not fail to make good. And Leonidas and his countrymen, performing their national toilette in preparation for the death which they knew to be inevitable, find a parallel among those veterans in Meade's army, who, when their Division was ordered upon a desperate service, were observed to be silently writing their names upon slips of paper and pinning them to the breasts of their blouses.

Nor did these modern republicans fall short of the Greeks in their preformance of the last offices towards those who had fallen in war. From every corner of that vast battle-field, stretching over eighteen hundred miles from Maryland to farthest Texas, the railways brought back the embalmed bodies of their slain to the farmsteads of Vermont and Illinois.

Then, too, were heard once more, in unconscious imitation of old Athenian custom, panegyrics pronounced over the honoured dead by chosen orators in solemn assembly of the people. Such was the speech of Mr. Lincoln at the consecration of the cemetery at Gettysburg,—a speech conceived in the spirit of what is perhaps the most touching passage of the funeral oration in the Second Book of Thucydides. Such, too, was the ode recited at the Commemoration of the Harvard University, which fell in the July immediately following the close of the war, by James Russell Lowell, himself a professor at that institution. The circumstances were in themselves a poem. Ninety-five graduates and undergraduates, most of them quite young men, had perished in the course of the past four years. Twenty-six had died of fatigue, exposure, and camp epidemics, and sixty-nine by the enemy's fire. Hitherto known on our side of the water by productions in which his muse utters the accents of wisdom and patriotism from behind a comic mask, the poet here adopts that tone of grave and elevated simplicity which is the essence of lyric majesty.

“ We sit here in the Promised Land  
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;  
 But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,  
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.  
 We welcome back our bravest and our best;  
 Ah me! not all! Some come not with the rest  
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here!

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I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,  
     But the sad strings complain,  
     And will not please the ear.  
 I sweep them for a Pæan, but they wane  
     Again and yet again  
 Into a dirge, and die away in pain.  
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,  
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,  
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.  
     Fittier may others greet the living.  
     For me the past is unforgiving.  
         I with uncovered head  
         Salute the sacred dead,  
 Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!  
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
 But the high faith that failed not by the way.  
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;  
 No ban of endless night exiles the brave;  
         And to the saner mind  
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.”

These sentiments recall to mind the expressions used by Pericles when speaking of the Athenians who fell in the Samian war: “They are like the Immortal Gods: for the Gods themselves are not visible to us; but from the honours they receive, and the blessings they bestow, we conclude that they are immortal: and so it is with those who have died for their country.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The same idea is put in not less beautiful words by the New England poet:

“They come transfigured back,  
*Secure from change in their high-hearted ways.*”

The memorial volumes to which Lowell's ode forms a fit preface present a very different picture of the part played by New England, and the Western States, from that which some of our contemporary orators and writers thought fit to sketch for our information. There, in the first pages, we may read how James Wadsworth, one of the most influential of Northern country gentlemen, at the age of fifty-four abandoned comfort, and position, and domestic ties, and fought through all the great Virginian battles, until, in the crisis of the terrible conflict of the Wilderness, at the head of his shattered division he threw himself across Longstreet's victorious path. At last his people gave way, and went back without him. He was found by a Confederate officer "in the woods, fifteen paces to the left of the Plank Road. None of the Federal dead or wounded were more than twenty or thirty yards nearer than he was to the open field, towards which the attack had been directed. He was lying upon his back under a shelter-tent, which was extended over him at about three feet from the ground, the two upper corners being attached to boughs of trees, and the lower ones and the sides supported by muskets. The officer recognized him by a paper with his name on it, which had been pinned to his coat. His appearance was perfectly natural, and his left hand grasped the stock of one of the supporting muskets near the ground. His fingers played with the trigger; and he occasionally pushed the piece from him as far as he could reach, still grasping it in his hand. No medical skill could save his life.

He lingered from Friday until Sunday morning, the eighth of May."

We may read, too, of men weakly, poor, and some already no longer in their first youth, who went into the ranks as common soldiers, at the call of conscience, and not of glory. Take, for instance, a former student of Harvard, who graduated in 1856, and in January, 1864, enlisted in the "Fourteenth Massachusetts Battery." Being of delicate constitution he contracted a severe cold, which brought on congestion of the lungs. He went home on furlough, and returned thence, not yet cured, to camp, "but was dropped for physical disability, without having been mustered into the service. Persevering in his efforts to join the army he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and enlisted as a private during the same month, but was again taken ill before being assigned to any regiment, and died at Hartford, April 17, 1864, aged twenty-nine years. His friends were with him in his last illness, and bore his body home for burial. Thus died, after two enlistments within two months, both times as a private soldier, and the second time with the hand of death almost visibly upon him, a young man who was scarcely known even to his classmates, and who was yet endeared to those who knew him by many amiable qualities. He died without seeing a battle-field; his name hardly appears upon the military records of his country; but he gave her all he had to give,—even his life."

Later in the book, when the births begin to date no earlier than the Forties, we come upon lads of

the type that our Universities know so well; deep in Plato, and Emerson, and Carlyle; for ever discussing the comparative merits of the life of action and the life of contemplation; pining after an ideal, and finding it, where once they little expected, in a brief career of hardship and peril; going home to Boston or Philadelphia to be cured of their wounds, like schoolboys returning for the holidays, until, after some murderous day, instead of the son or brother, there came a letter from the commanding officer, accompanied by a sword, or a watch, or a pocket-book scribbled over with the familiar hand-writing. Such was Charles Russell Lowell, one of Sheridan's ablest cavalry colonels, at nineteen much given to mysticism and transcendentalism; at nine-and-twenty, in the moment of victory, shot through neck and lung on the back of the fourteenth charger which he had ridden in the course of the war. Such were Robert Gould Shaw and his fellows, steadfastly facing the scorn and ridicule bestowed on all who served with black regiments; cheerfully submitting to the prospect of meeting with neither quarter nor Christian burial, and being huddled into a trench along with their dead negroes:—a shameful grave in the estimation of a Southern planter, but one where a brave man may rest as peacefully as in a village churchyard, and as nobly as beneath the aisle of a proud and ancient minster. And to think that the very existence of these men,—our equals in birth, circumstances, and education,—more fortunate than us in that they possessed a cause for which



